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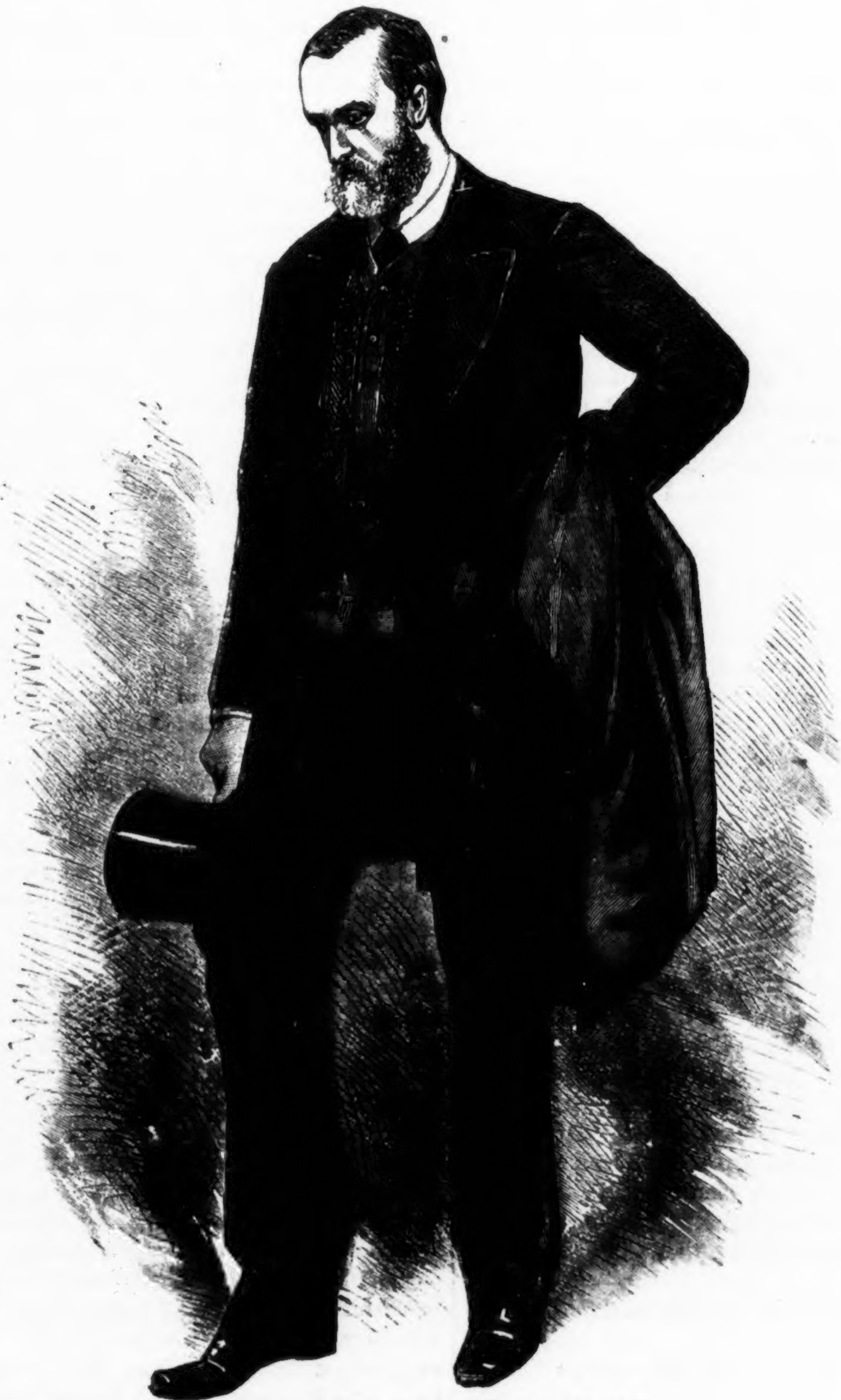
THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT

BY N. ROBINSON.



MR. C. S. PARNELL, M.P. FOR "ROYAL MEATH."

IN order to lead up to the new Irish movement, it will be necessary to step back and take a passing glance at the now extinct volcanoes that in their time blazed so fiercely all along the line, and to notice in chronological order the political upheavals which have led to "Obstruction" and the agitation for a "Peasant Proprietary."

The law of defeats separates the vanquished into two or three well-defined parties or sections: one party more bitter in opposition than ever; one party quietly put out of the way, who retire upon their shields; and a little party who recognize no defeat. This is just the outcome in Ireland of the years '48 and '49.

O'Connell's movement was from '42 to '44; but from that date, although Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel came to the front, the country was not at their backs. It is a fallacy to suppose that the Young Irelanders broke with O'Connell on a war policy. *They* had no war policy, neither had he. It was the blaze of revolution lighted in Paris in '48 that set men on fire in Ireland. The Young Ireland party seceded from O'Connell on the point of the celebrated test resolutions, which declared it would not be lawful to take up arms for the recovery of national rights. The non-acceptance of this declaration led to the Irish Confederation. The Confederates were decidedly unpopular, especially after the death of O'Connell, whose demise was laid at their door, and they themselves became the victims of secession. John Mitchel and his following were for preparing the people for war against England. Thus, Ireland had three parties, and no real national movement.

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When Paris hurled Louis Philippe from the throne, the pulse of Ireland became intensely agitated, and two schools of insurrectionists were to be found in the new insurrectionary party: one that declared that Smith O'Brien wanted a rose-water resolution; the other, that Mitchel was a Red, and wanted a Jacquerie. The refusal to rise for the release of Mitchel led to bad blood, and the subsequent rising resulted in a *fiasco.* The men who ordered it had no command from the nation, and were but a fraction of a nation. The Catholic clergy were opposed to the insurrectionists—not in a combative sense, but in the sense of a decided disapproval of rebellion. Also against them were the bulk of the million in favor of Repeal.

The cities, to be sure, became imbued with the spirit of revolution, and a desire to see it out; but, beyond their natural antipathy to English rule, the rural population had little or no participation in the '48 movement.

After the '48 movement had exhausted itself in transportations and expatriations, and the flower of Ireland's intellect and patriotism was literally pining away in England's penal settlements, the gaze of the country turned instinctively toward one man, Charles Gavan Duffy, and behind crouched the terrible problem "What next?"

Gavan Duffy's policy was a retreat all along the line. He tried the original Irish Confederation policy, but received no support. He at last got together a party under the banner of "Tenant Right." This was a move that brought the Presbyterians of Ulster to take counsel with the Catholics of Munster; it brought Repealers and Anti-Repealers, and men of every shade of politics and religion, upon one common platform, and an organization was formed to compel Parliament to pass a measure which would prevent the eviction of the tenant farmer, except for the non-payment of rent, and to prevent, also, the arbitrary raising of the rent.

Ireland sent about thirty-five or forty members to the British Parliament, who were returned at the instance of the Tenant League, and to work out its programme. They used the new shibboleth to suit their own ends, and many of them being both corrupt and dishonest, the pass was sold, and the party bought up through its leaders, Sadlier and Keogh. Some of the Catholic clergy there were who considered it was a goodly step in the right direction to see Catholics on the Bench, and their convictions were lulled by this soporific; but the cause of the luckless tenant was lost, and Ireland grasped the shadow while the substance floated beyond its reach.

A cohort of the exasperated section of the '48 party now came to the front, who, seeing the utter and shameful defeat of the Gavan Duffy following, instantly raised their voices for war to the knife, to the bitter, bitter end; and out of this cry arose the Fenian movement.

The Fenian movement did not represent anything like the full force of Irish patriotism, or even, indeed, a considerable portion of it—the bulk of the millions who believed in O'Connell and Smith O'Brien stood with folded arms outside the movement. Its policy was disbelieved in, although the Fenians worked with an energy worthy of the highest admiration, while an honest, manly, self-sacrificing spirit of patriotism marked the men who were its martyrs. Never did braver men stand in the dock; and to the Fenians, Ireland owes that stirring-up of public opinion upon Irish subjects which hitherto had slumbered in a wasting inactivity.

Ireland at length reached that stage where, as Phædrus says:

> "Gratis anhelans, multi agendo nihil agens."

She had been checkmated, and Britannia smiled contemptuously at her from behind the glistening bayonets of the regiments with which she had flooded the country. It was again the horrors of the lash and triangle, loathsome details of the treachery of informers and prosecutors, the chain-gangs at Portland and Chatham, and the terrible outrages inflicted upon men whose only fault lay in loving Ireland not wisely, but too well.

We now come to the burning question of Home Rule.

The Irish passion for national existence still glowed in Ireland's bosom, and the nation cried for light; a field for Irish devotion and heroism was what was wanted. The country was sick of the hecatomb of victims offered up by the last sad effort—sick "nigh unto death." The Tory party came into power during the Fenian scare, and they went to their work in a spirit that would have shamed Oliver Cromwell himself. They fined, fettered, imprisoned and hanged, until a glut of vengeance seemed an impossibility.

"This is my chance," said Mr. Gladstone. "I'll make capital out of this Fenian scare, and, dashing at the Church Establishment, I'll gather in the straying bands which once formed the rank and file of the Liberal party. England wants a salve, and when she finds herself doing a virtuous thing she will purge her conscience of all her recent evil-doing."

With the war-whoop of "Down with the Irish Church," Mr. Gladstone bounded into office at the head of a majority only equaled by that of Sir Robert Peel in '41; and with the faculty of persuading himself into a fervid conscientiousness upon any subject he likes, he flung himself body and soul into the disestablishment of the Church established in Ireland.

At this, uprose the Irish Protestants, who declared that, as faith had been broken with them by the English Government, they would repeal the Union by way of retaliation, and kick another crown into the Boyne.

"Break with us," said they, "and we'll break with you."

The Irish Church was disestablished, and the Irish Protestants, in a very craze of indignation, eagerly sought a vent for their feelings of revenge. They wouldn't touch Fenianism, and their minds insensibly reverted to '82, and to such Protestants as Grattan, Flood, Curran and Lord Charlemont. Some of the most influential Protestants were now prepared to take up the cudgels—peers, dignitaries of the Protestant Church, large landed proprietors, bankers, merchants, deputy lieutenants, and even Fellows of Trinity College.

This was no Falstaffian army—no mere food for powder; but a band of men who had a vast property at stake in the country, who saw a thousand reasons why Irishmen alone should regulate affairs. And now the late Mr. Isaac Butt comes upon the stage.

Mr. Butt was called to the front, from an obscurity into which a wild recklessness had hurled him, to defend the Fenian prisoners in 1865. Mr. Butt then became the centre figure, and, through the meetings of the Amnesty Association—larger than any since Tara and Mullaghmast—a centre figure he remained. The Protestants, who now chafed under the disestablishment, were, many of them, Butt's old comrades, college chums and political associates, and to them he turned, urging them no longer to act the secondary *rôle* of an English garrison.

"Act boldly and promptly now," he said, in one of his powerful addresses, "and you will save Ireland from revolutionary violence on the one side, and from alien misgovernment on the other. You, like myself, have been early trained to mistrust the Catholic multitude; but when you come to know them you will admire them. They are not anarchists, nor would they be revolutionists, if men like you would do your duty and lead them—that is, honestly and faithfully and carefully lead them—in the struggle for constitutional liberty."

Mr. Butt made a great impression, but, of course, was met with the old cries of "Wolf," "Catholic ascendency," "The tools of the priests," "Yoke of Rome," and all that sort of low Orange claptrap.

In the defeat of "honest John Martin" for Longford, the country saw a Catholic people fighting their own clergy—who had foolishly pledged themselves to support the Fulke-Greville-Nugent candidate—as vehemently as they and their own clergy had ever fought the Tory landlords. This was an exceptional and painful incident. A meeting was held in Dublin, under the presidency of a Protestant Lord Mayor, and a resolution was enthusiastically adopted, that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland was an Irish Parliament; and the standard of Home Rule was unfurled to the political sky.

A "Committee on Resolutions," comprising all the participators in a private conference which took place on the evening of Thursday, the 19th of May, 1870, at the Dillon Hotel, Dublin, was charged with the delicate task of formulating the national demand which they proposed to recommend to the country. They carefully disclaimed for themselves any representative character, or any right to speak or act in the name of Ireland. They proposed merely to ascertain what support such a scheme as they meditated might command, with the view of eventually submitting it to some formal assembly competent to speak with the national authority. In due time the committee reported the following as the fundamental resolutions of an organization to be called "The Home Rule Government Association of Ireland":

> "I.—This association is formed for the purpose of obtaining for Ireland the right of self-government by means of a national parliament.
>
> "II.—It is hereby declared, as the essential principle of this association, that the objects, and *the only objects*, contemplated by its organization are:
>
> "To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by a parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her Majesty the sovereign, and her successors, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland;
>
> "To secure for that parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditure;
>
> "To leave to an imperial parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown, the relations of the United Empire with foreign States, and all matters appertaining to the defense and the stability of the empire at large.
>
> "To attain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries, without any interference with the prerogatives of the crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the constitution.
>
> "III.—The association invites the co-operation of all Irishmen who are willing to join in seeking for Ireland a federal arrangement based upon these general principles.
>
> "IV.—The association will endeavor to forward the object it has in view, by using all legitimate means of influencing public sentiment, both in Ireland and Great Britain; by taking all opportunities of instructing and informing public opinion; and by seeking to unite Irishmen of all creeds and classes in one national movement, in support of the great national object hereby contemplated.
>
> "V.—It is declared to be an essential principle of the association that, while every member is understood by joining it to concur in its general object and plan of action, no person so joining is committed to any political opinion, except the advisability of seeking for Ireland the amount of self-government contemplated in the objects of the association."

This was not Repeal, as O'Connell's scheme was loosely and imperfectly called. O'Connell entirely avoided defining his plan of arrangement. By "Repeal" he caused the people to understand the one simple fact that the illegal overthrow of the Irish constitution in 1800 was to be undone. But in 1844 he knew right well that reverting to the state of things previous to 1800 would in many respects be impossible, and in others mischievous. He knew that many international arrangements, compromises, checks and counterpoises would have to be agreed upon; but he never attempted to outline or define any plan. This vagueness, while on the one hand it saved him from attack in details as well as principles, on the other gave room for Protestant alarm and apprehension. Repeal, *plus* all the changes of the past forty years, was very nearly separation; and O'Connell would not show his hand as to future details or guarantees.

This new plan of the Home Government Association took the other course. It attempted to suggest or indicate the nature of the arrangements under which the unity of the empire might be secured equally with Irish management of Irish affairs. In this sense it was at once less and more than "Repeal." "The pre-Union system," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., in his "New Ireland," "had two serious faults—one hazardous to the English connection, the other perilous to Irish liberties. The voting of Irish supplies, not merely for domestic, but general and imperial purposes, the voting of men, money or material for the navy and the army, lay altogether with the Irish Parliament. This was a state of things too uncertain and dangerous for British ministers to be really content with. It was a perpetual inducement, in the interests of imperial unity and safety, to a consolidation of the Parliaments. On the other hand, the Irish Parliament had no responsible ministry. Its vote was as powerless to remove a cabinet as to stir the Hill of Howth. The result was a standing menace to the freedom of the Assembly. The ministry sought openly, as it often did, in the most violent and corrupt attempts, to purchase a majority in the Chamber; and yet the Chamber itself could by no vote of 'want of confidence' remove the ministry from power."

The great feature in the Home Government Association scheme was: On the one hand, it offered to surrender the Irish control over imperial supplies; on the other, claimed a responsible Irish administration. All that related to imperial concerns was left to the imperial legislation; all that related to domestic Irish affairs was claimed for an Irish parliament.

"But what are 'local,' and what are 'imperial,' affairs?" asked hostile critics, anxious to draw Mr. Butt into a battle in details.

"That may or may not be a difficult point of arrangement between the countries, when they come to adjust such matters," was his reply. "Such points have been easily settled elsewhere, and they will not defy the ability of English and Irish statesmen when the time arrives for considering them here."

Conscious of the difficulties surrounding them, the leaders of the new society pushed their way very diffidently and hesitatingly at first. The new movement, however, made steady progress, and by the middle of January, 1872, the struggle had assumed national significance and importance. The London *Daily Telegraph* declared that Ireland was "on the eve of a very critical test." The *Daily News* said: "The contest is already exciting an amount of

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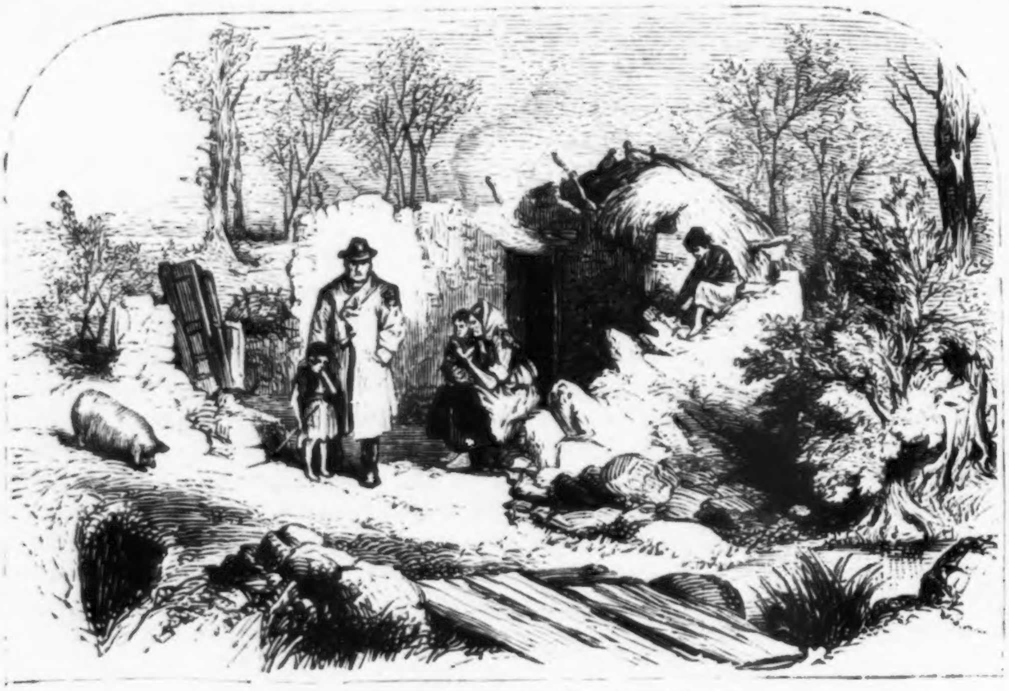
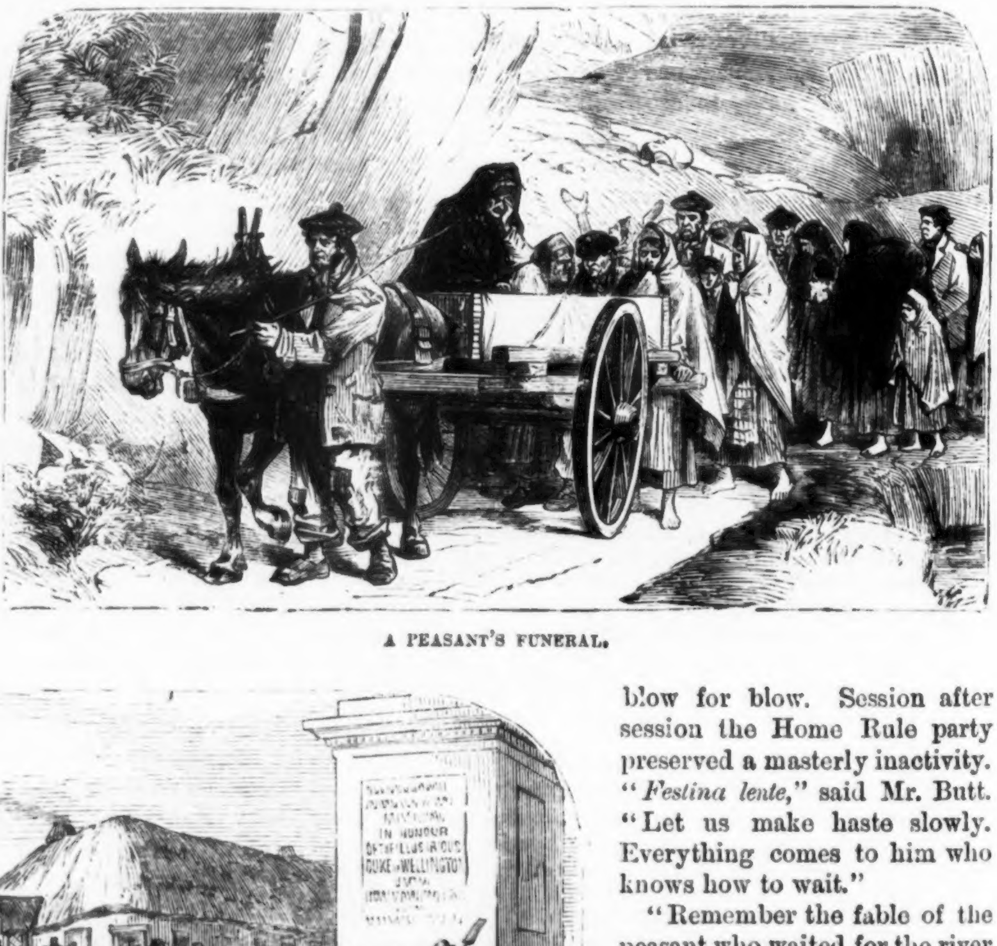


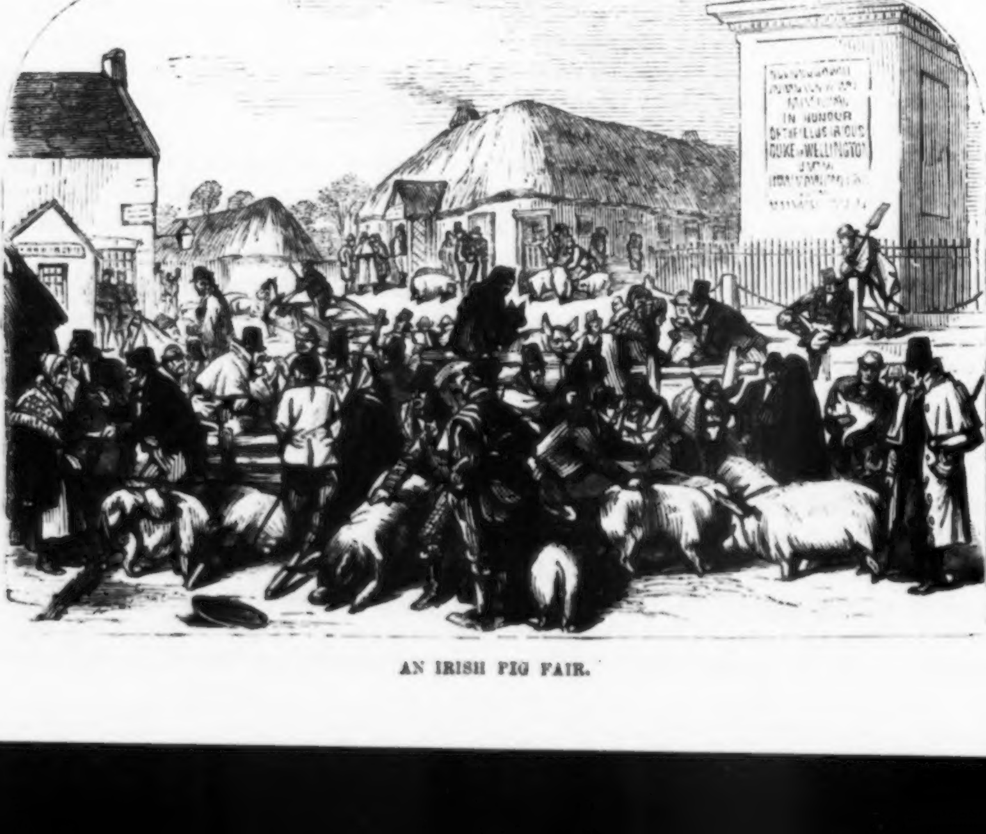
A CABIN ON THE ESTATE OF LORD CASTLEMAINE.

interest in Ireland scarcely equaled there since O'Connell contested Clare County. . . . . There are all the materials of a struggle, the result of which every English statesman must regard as important, if not indeed momentous."

The Kerry election decided the fortunes of the new movement, the Home Rule candidate, Mr. Blennerhasset, winning in a canter. On the 13th of July, 1872, the Ballot Act became law. This Act gave a death-blow to electoral intimidation, from whatever quarter directed, and delivered the reality of political power at the polls, for the first time, into the hands of the people themselves.



A PEASANT'S FUNERAL.

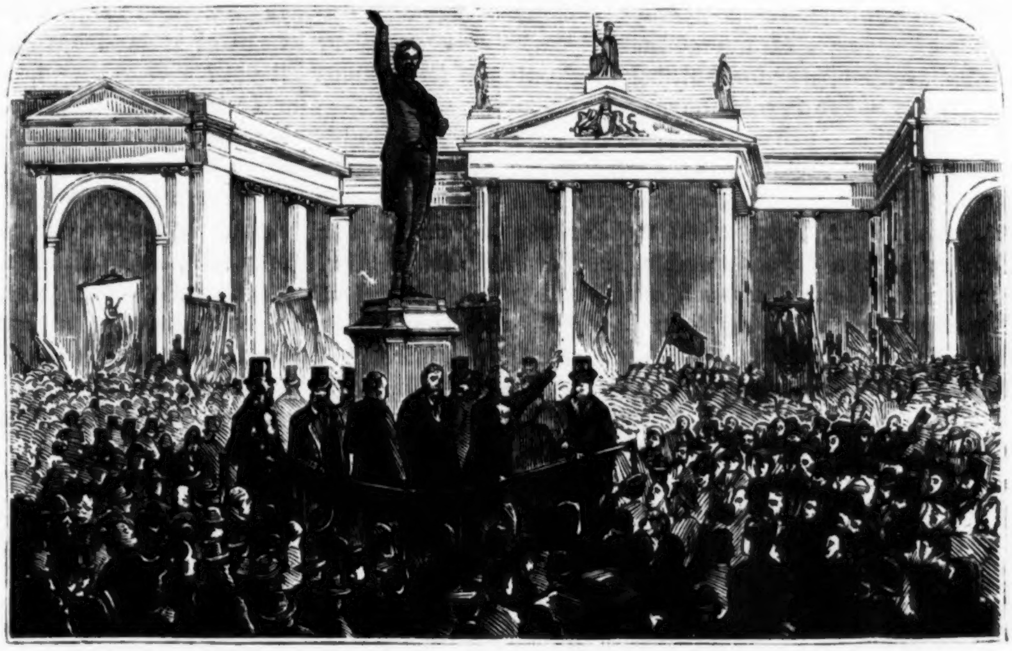


AN IRISH PIG FAIR.

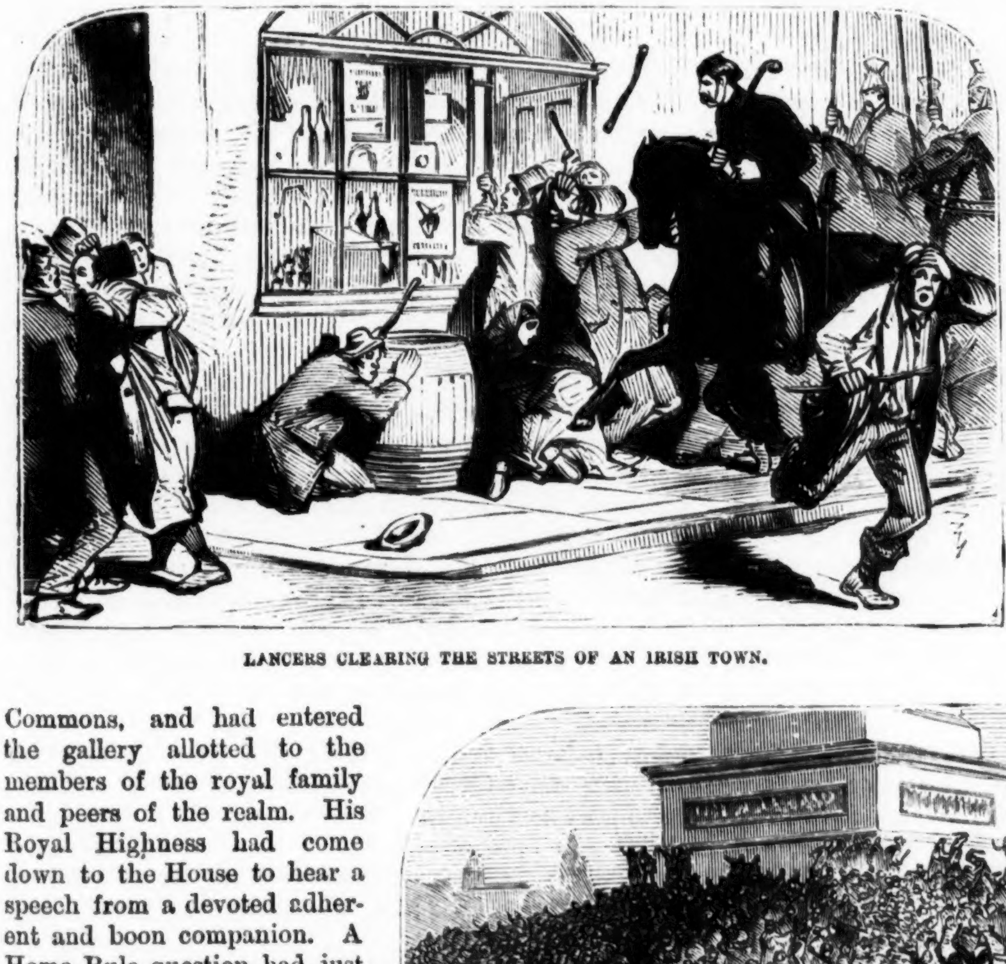
Mr. Butt's policy was the "policy of conciliation." It meant that, Lazarus-like, the Home Rule party were to pick up any crumbs that fell from the Dives Government Benches, and then to utter a long and devout grace of thankfulness. Mr. Butt, being an acute and able lawyer, believed thoroughly in constitutional measures, and above all in the great "leveler up," Time. But the fiery spirits in the Home Rule party, and there were a few, chafed under the galling weight of inactivity imposed upon them by their leader, and the humiliation of sitting session after session in the British Parliament, without being permitted to give scorn for scorn, and blow for blow. Session after session the Home Rule party preserved a masterly inactivity. "*Festina lente,*" said Mr. Butt. "Let us make haste slowly. Everything comes to him who knows how to wait."

"Remember the fable of the peasant who waited for the river to pass away, retorted Mr. Biggar.. And the reply of this sturdy North of Ireland man found its echo in many an Irish constituency, which had been befooled into sending "kid-gloved" representatives to Parliament, who had used the shibboleth "Home Rule" solely with a view to the social distinction of a seat in St. Stephen's, and who, by their persistent absence on the occasion of discussions in which Irish interests were concerned, plainly showed that they were either acting in concert with the powers that be, or were, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up to their own immediate advantage.

The few honest men and true remonstrated with Mr. Butt on the folly of pursuing a policy that reaped nothing but ridicule and contempt from the Government, and mistrust and anger from the Irish people; but their leader, true to his original programme, would not alter his plan of action by a single hair's-breadth.

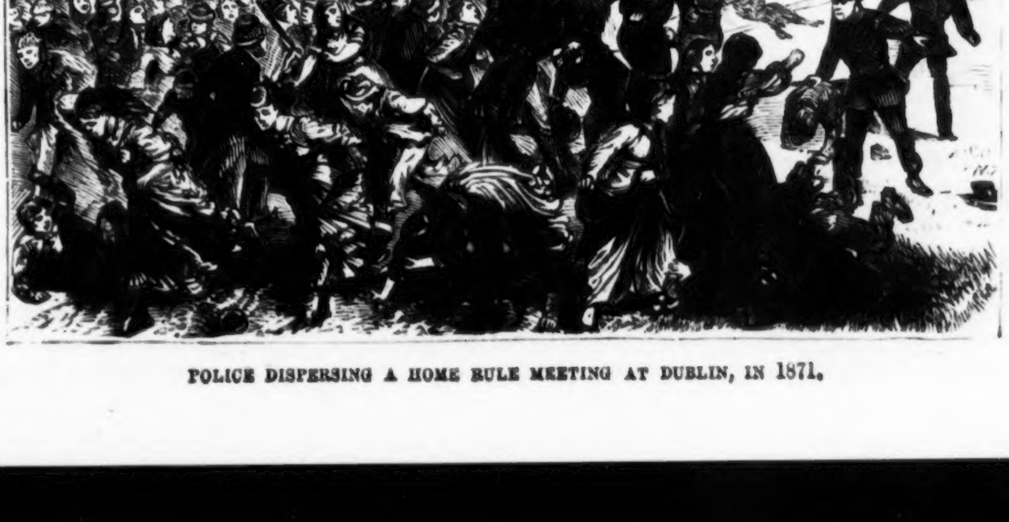


STATUE OF HENRY GRATTAN IN DUBLIN.



LANCERS CLEARING THE STREETS OF AN IRISH TOWN.

And now Mr. Biggar steps into startling prominence. The Prince of Wales had come down to the House of Commons, and had entered the gallery allotted to the members of the royal family and peers of the realm. His Royal Highness had come down to the House to hear a speech from a devoted adherent and boon companion. A Home Rule question had just been disposed of with very scant courtesy, and the member whom the Prince seemed so desirous of listening to had just arisen, when Mr. Biggar, springing to his feet and addressing the Speaker, exclaimed, while gazing up at the gallery where was seated the heir to the throne, "Sir, I espy strangers."



POLICE DISPERSING A HOME RULE MEETING AT DUBLIN, IN 1871.

Now, it is the privilege of any member of Parliament to utter these words in his place in Parliament, and with the effect of causing the Speaker to order strangers to withdraw. Instantly the galleries are cleared, the members of the press relegated to outer darkness, until no person remains within the House but its members and its officers.

This cry of Mr. Biggar fell like a live shell upon the assembled Commons. Order the Prince of Wales out of the House? Impossible! The dazed Speaker asked Mr. Biggar if he persisted in his "espial of strangers." Mr. Biggar replied, "Yea"; and the Prince of Wales marched out of the House, in company with the *oi polloi*—briefless barristers, country cousins, promoters of bubble companies, and that large and uninteresting class of the community who seek a gallery order as an opiate for putting to slumber a few tedious hours out of the twenty-four.

This action on the part of Mr. Biggar flashed like lightning all over Ireland, and a wild shout of approbation arose from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. Two or three members, who cared neither for the smiles nor frowns of the Government, rallied around Mr. Biggar, who had become a marked man; and in the removal of the heir to the throne from the gallery of the British House of Commons was born that stout little babe that in so short a time was destined to develop into the stalwart and muscular youth, known as "Obstruction." As the spirit of open and defiant antagonism to English sneer and English insolence was awakened, Mr. Biggar became the centre of a devoted band resolved upon showing the Government Benches that it neither courted nor feared their contemptuous occupants.

The pulses of Ireland leaped into life when she found that at least two or three out of those whom she sent to St. Stephen's to represent her were faithful to her, and the word passed all along the line:

"Let us send men of the Biggar stamp into Parliament whenever and wherever we get a chance."

This sentiment elected Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, for Royal Meath, who at once stepped into the very front rank, and commenced that system of lawful obstruction—for he is always within his rights—which has literally brought the business of Parliament to a complete standstill. Ministers at first adopted their usual tactics of sneer—sneer failed. They then tried soft sawder—soft sawder failed. They then resorted to threats—threats failed. They then invoked the Orders of the House. Mr. Parnell and his following had complied with them. Appeals were then made. But Government stood aghast. This nettle that stung so badly had grown up in the midst of their fair garden. Could it not be plucked up by the root?

One by one, the occupants of the Treasury Benches endeavored to seize it, only to recoil discomfited and dismayed.

Mr. O'Donnell was elected for Dungarvan, and almost before he had taken the oaths and his seat he was at the throat of the Ministry. Came the now celebrated continuous sitting of thirty-six hours, when the Obstructionists, six in number, divided the House all day and all night and all the next day on the question of South African Annexation. Six men, like Horatius in the days of old, kept the bridge, and if the Home Rule party as a party, or even a small, very small, section of it, had come to the rescue, the Bill could have been absolutely defeated.

After this hand-to-hand encounter, both parties paused for breath, and the Government were fairly driven to their wits' end in debating measures to be introduced into Parliament for the purpose of silencing the redoubtable Obstructionists. But the Irish Obstructionists could not be muzzled unless the English Radicals were muzzled, and to infringe on the rights of any member of the House would be to assail the prerogative of all, and a breach of the privilege of Parliament; consequently all remedial measures proved abortive, and the last measure of the Government at the end of last session was to place a special reporter in the gallery, for the purpose of taking down the exact expressions of Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, O'Donnell, O'Connor Power, and a few others, with the view of pouncing upon them should a treasonable word flash from their lips.

We now come to the question of a Peasant Proprietary. Just ten years have elapsed since Mr. Gladstone, then in possession of great power, said at the Guildhall, "The heart of Ireland has got to be won." Has England won it yet?

In regard to the Land Act, Mr. Gladstone did the best he could in a Parliament which, for two hundred years, has been composed, as to the majority, of very determined representatives of what is called the landed interest. But he did not do enough. He left the Irish farmer—and, we may add, he left Irish agriculture—a prey to that tenure of which Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, a great Ulster proprietor, and a thorough Irishman, exclaimed in the House of Lords: "What is the spectacle presented to us by Ireland? It is that of millions of persons, whose only dependence and whose chief occupation is agriculture—for the most part cultivating their lands—that is, sinking their past, their present and their future upon yearly tenancies. But what is a yearly tenancy? Why, it is an impossible tenure—a tenure which, if its terms were to be literally interpreted, no Christian man would offer and none but a madman would accept."

From the figures of a leading official statistician in Ireland, it appears that at present no fewer than 75 per cent., or 440,000, of the tenant farmers of Ireland hold their lands upon this insane and unchristian tenure, of which Adam Smith wrote, "It is against all reason and probability to suppose that yearly tenants will improve the soil."

In 1845 (the year immediately preceding the famine) the population was at the highest point it attained during the present century, and probably the highest it ever reached. It was estimated at 8,295,061. In 1847, the year when the famine was at its height, the numbers are given as 8,025,274. In 1875, just thirty years after the maximum, the numbers had fallen to 5,309,494. In 1877 they were estimated at 5,338,906, showing an increase over 1875 of 29,412.

Now, the census returns show that from 1851, very shortly after the famine, there has been a steady decrease in the number of farms under fifteen acres, and a steady increase in the number of farms between fifteen and thirty acres, as well as in farms exceeding thirty acres in area. Up to 1861, the number of holdings not exceeding fifteen acres had declined 55 per cent., while those above fifteen acres had increased 133 per cent. The number of farms between fifteen and thirty acres was, in 1861, double what it had been in 1841, and the farms above thirty acres amounted, in 1861, to 157,833, against 48,625, which had been their number twenty years before. Between 1861 and 1871, farms under fifteen acres decreased by 12,548, and farms above thirty acres increased by 1,470. According to the latest returns (1875), the farms not exceeding one acre in area were 51,459; those of one to five acres were 69,098; those of five to fifteen acres, 166,959; fifteen to thirty acres, 137,669; the total above thirty acres being 160,298 holdings.

This distribution of the land seems to indicate a considerable improvement, compared with the state of things prevailing before the famine. Unfortunately the increase in the size of holdings has not been attended by a corresponding decrease in the number held on an insecure tenure. Tenancy at will continues to be the rule, and permanency the exception, in Irish land tenure

An attempt to estimate roughly the classes of landholders has been made by an able writer in the *Contemporary Review.* The "Domesday" list of proprietors of land gives the number of owners of one acre and under ten as 6,892, holding 28,968 acres, or an average of a little over four acres each; between ten acres and fifty, there are 7,746 owners, holding 195,525 acres, or an average of a little over twenty-six acres; between fifty acres and a hun-

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dred, there are 3,479 owners, holding 250,147 acres, or an average of just under seventy-two acres. These make up a body of small proprietors, owning from one to a hundred acres, numbering 18,117.

Eason's Almanac for 1879 estimates the number of "proprietors in fee" of agricultural holdings at 20,217. The same authority gives the number of leaseholders in perpetuity as 10,298; for terms of years exceeding thirty-one, as 13,712; for thirty-one years and under, as 47,623 (many of which may be short leases); and of leases for lives, or lives and years alternative, as 63,759. The number of tenancies at will is 526,628, or 77.2 per cent. ot the whole number of holdings. These statistics, collected in 1870, have doubtless been in some degree modified by the working of the Church Act and the Land Act.

The Domesday list of the proprietors of under one acre is given in *Thom's Directory* as 36,144, holding 9,065 acres; but their holdings do not affect the present question, as they are mostly non-agricultural. The estimate in *Eason's Almanac* purports to relate wholly to agricultural holdings. Domesday includes all classes.

Another index of the condition of a people may be found in the way they are housed. Mean and comfortless dwellings imply not only a low standard of comfort, but often a low morality. Let us see how this matter has stood in Ireland.

The Census Commissioners of 1841 divided the dwellings of the people into four classes. The fourth, or lowest, comprised all mud cabins having only one room. Of this class there were in all Ireland, according to the 1841 census, 491,278. In the last census, 1871, the number had fallen to 155,675. The third-class dwellings were also built of mud, but contained three or four rooms, with windows; the latter convenience being by no means universally present in the one-roomed cabin of the fourth class. Of the third class, the census of 1841 enumerated 533,297; by 1871 this number had fallen to 357,126. The second class are described as good farmhouses, and in towns, houses having from five to nine rooms. Of this class, in 1841, there were 264,184; and in 1871 the number had increased to 387,660. The first class of houses increased during the same period from 40,080 to 60,919. Let us see now in what way the population has been distributed in the different classes of houses.

In 1841, the number of families occupying first-class houses was 31,333. In 1871 the number had risen to 49,693. During the same period the number of families in second-class houses rose from 241,664 to 357,752. On the other hand, the families in third-class houses decreased from 574,386 to 432,774; and those in the fourth-class, or one-roomed cabins, from 625,356 to 227,379. By a curious coincidence, the *proportion* of families to houses was the same in 1841 and in 1871—one hundred and eleven families to one hundred houses. In this way the very great shifting in the *classes* is all the more clearly proved to indicate a real rise in the condition of the people.

Mr. Baldwin, the Assistant Government Commissioner, has reported to the Irish Executive that "wide areas of land in Ireland are not yielding a fourth of the produce which could be obtained from them. The dwellings of a vast number of small farmers in Ireland are wretched. In this age of progress it is unsatisfactory to find that there are in Ireland very many small farmers with large families whose dwellings consist of a single apartment, in which cattle and pigs are also housed. There are 4,000,000 acres of medium land, now growing poor herbage, which would pay far better in tillage. At present, the gross return of these 4,000,000 acres does not amount to twice the rent; if put under a proper system, the yield would amount to five times the rent, and the wealth of the country would be increased to the extent of several millions. The want of drainage is a crying defect in Irish agriculture. In Ireland, at least 6,000,000 acres are in need of drainage. This work could be effected at a cost of £5 an acre. The annual letting value would be thereby increased by £3,000,000."

Mr. Baldwin's conclusions are worthy of attention. He says the small farmers fear that any improvement in their agriculture would be taken hold of by their landlords as a cloak for raising rents.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ. The cause of the backward and unproductive condition of Irish agriculture is declared, upon the authority of the man selected by their Lordships of the Government Commission, to be the fear that the landlords will confiscate improvements!

This is really the keystone to the whole fabric. A tenant, be he ever so anxious to improve the condition of his holding, has an inner wholesome dread of his rent being raised—a strange abiding terror. It is his *bête noir*.

In Ireland the relation between landlord and tenant is altogether different from that of England and Scotland. Previous to the famine of 1846, the great landowners were non-resident, and the land was still in a measure in the hands of middlemen on leases for lives, with leave to subdivide and sublet for the same time. These men had no permanent interest in its prosperity; their business was to make an income out of it at the least cost, and their intermediate position severed the otherwise natural connection between landlord and tenant. The famine of 1846 prostrated the class of middlemen entirely, and brought the landowners and real tenants face to face. But the hold which the latter had been permitted to obtain led them to consider the landowners very much as only the holders of the first charge upon the land, and they were in the habit of selling and buying their farms among themselves, subject to this charge—a course which, as a matter of practice, was tacitly accepted by the landowner. He had security for his rent in the money paid by an incoming tenant, who, for his own safety, required the landowner's consent to the change of tenancy; and the landowner's agent thus received the price of the farm—for that was the term used—and handed it over to the outgoing tenant, after deducting all arrears of rent. This suited the convenience of the landowners, the most of whom had no money to spend in improvements, many of them non-resident, and taking little interest in the country, and dealing with a numerous body of small tenants with whom they seldom came in personal contact. In the north of Ireland the custom of sale became legally recognized as tenant-right. The want of it in other parts of Ireland produced an agitation which ultimately led to the Irish Land Act, under which legislative protection is given to customs capable of proof. Cottier Tenancy has meant in Ireland that the peasantry were to accomplish all the improvements of the land, to do the drainage and building, which in England and Scotland fall upon the landlords; and they have to do this without security of tenure.

Absenteeism has proved a fruitful source of grievance to the Irish tenants, who, instead of being brought into contact with their landlords, are icily handled by matter-of-fact, unsentimental agents, whose duty and interest it is to squeeze to the uttermost shilling.

The Government return of 1870 gives the total number of Irish absentee landowners as 2,973, owning 5,129,169 acres, at the annual valuation of £2,470,816. Of these absentees, 180 are described as not usually resident in Ireland, but occasionally on property of their own to the extent of 1,368,347 acres, and an annual value of £601,072. All

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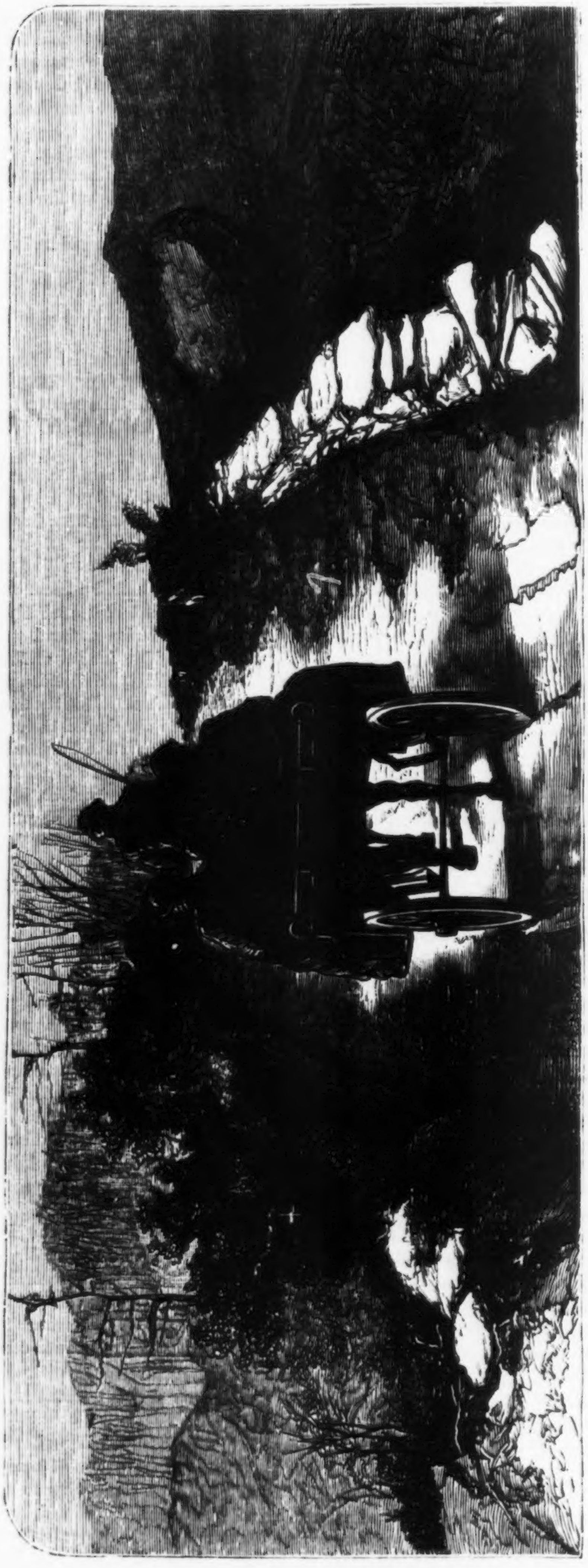


ASSASSINATION OF THE EARL OF LEITRIM.

others are set down as rarely or never resident in Ireland.

The following are the most prominent absentees:

COMPANIES AND CORPORATIONS IN THE CITY OF LONDON, AND PROPRIETORS OF LAND.

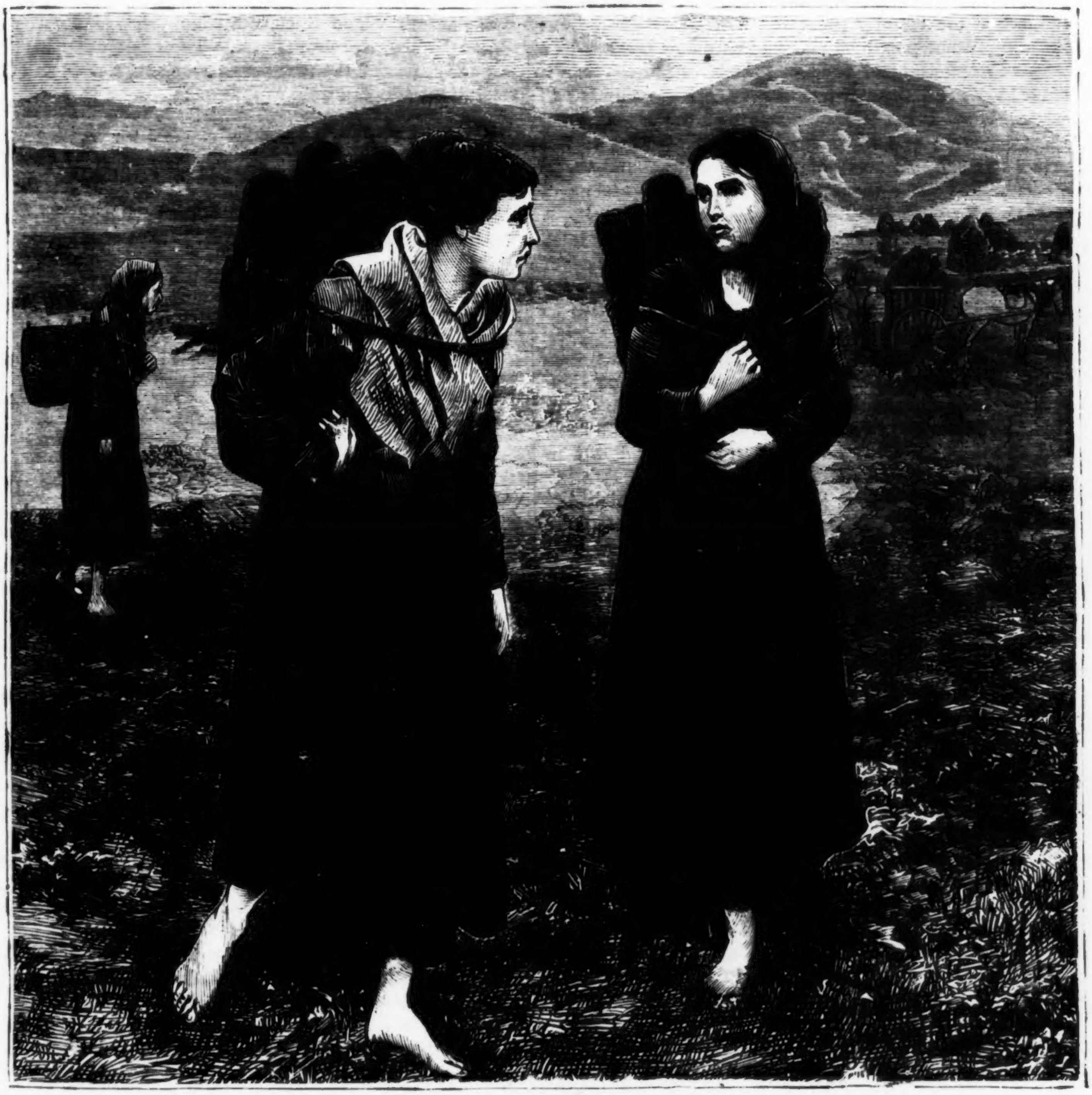
Name.	*Acres Owned.*	*Annual Value.*
Salters' Company	29,000	£17,000
Drapers "	27,000	15,000
Mercers' "	21,000	11,000
Skinners' "	24,000	9,000
Fishmongers' "	20,000	9,000
Ironmongers' "	12,000	8,000
Grocers' "	10,000	6,000
Honorable Irish Society (Committee of London Corporation)	6,000	11,000
Sir Richard Wallace	61,000	74,000
Earl Fitzwilliam	91,000	47,000
Duke of Devonshire	60,000	34,000
Marquis of Lansdowne	120,000	31,000
Marquis of Ely	48,000	23,000
Lord Dillon	89,000	21,000
Marquis of Clanricarde	52,000	20,000
Lord Leconfield	43,000	20,000
Marquis of Bath	22,000	79,000
Earl of Dartrey	26,000	18,000
Earl of Darnley	21,000	18,000
Earl of Devon	33,000	14,000
Earl of Egmont	16,000	13,000
Lord Doneraile	14,000	13,000
Kilmerley estate (English trustees)	37,000	13,000
Lord Digby	30,000	13,000
Lord Hill Trevor	15,000	13,000
Sir Charles Domville	6,000	10,000
Earl of Arran	36,000	10,000
Earl of Normanton	10,000	9,000
Lord De Clifford	13,000	5,000
Earl of Orkney	10,000	5,000
Earl of Norburg	12,000	4,000
Lord Ormathwaite	11,000	4,000
Mr. Smith Barry	27,000	32,000
Earl of Dunraven	15,000	11,000
Earl of Pembroke	2,000	37,000

Absenteeism is, and long has been, a serious drawback to Ireland. The yearly drain is no trifle, economically, apart from the bad political effect of treating with tenants exclusively through agents, who have no interest in the estates, and look upon the whole question as a mere matter of salary and commission. In any steps which are taken to enable the Irish to become possessors of their holdings, the estates of permanent absentees may at least be considered fit subjects for experiment. Not the most abject idolater of the rights of real property can contend that *they* feel any deep interest in the welfare of a country which they rarely or never visit, and which, in many instances, their continuous demands for increased rent tend to pauperize. To allow such people to assert their privileges to the full extent, when they altogether neglect their duties, is simply to legalize and encourage a ruinous system.

In the good old time, when Ireland was "great, glorious and free," the sparse population of the country was divided into various clans, about seventy in number, whose chiefs were elected from among the members of the ruling family. The condition of the kern, or peasant farmer of that time, is thus described in Dr. O'Connor's "Historical Address": "Until the period of James I. the lower orders of Irish had no legal tenure, no freehold property; no, they were worse off than the negroes in the West Indies. . . . . Their haughty chiefs could punish them at pleasure by coigne and livery, by cosherings, cessings, cuttings, tallages, spendings, etc., and even by death."

After the last of the various uprisings against English conquest, the conquered territories were granted to English settlers, who, especially in the west and south-west, let the lands on the system that existed in England in the 13th and 14th centuries, and is now to be found in Russia, and, to a very small extent, in the west of Ireland. A quantity of land is taken by a village, whose head man is accountable for the rent. He divides the arable land, changing the division every year, so that no tenant can tell where he may sow his crop next year. Sometimes a tenant is apportioned a ridge for potatoes or a patch for oats in one part of a field, another in another, and a third in a field a quarter of a mile distant. This is called the Rundale system, and represents the early attempt of a community to farm to a certain extent on communistic principles.

The greatest difficulty experienced in the management of Irish estates is the preservation of subdivision, and for this tendency the tenant is not entirely to blame, as, for over fifty years previous to the famine of '46–7, estates had been deliberately divided into very small holdings. This system was inaugurated in 1793, when the Catholic Relief Act restored to the Catholics the power to vote without having first taken the oath of supremacy. The Bill gave a vote to every person who held a lease for a life, the declared annual value of the farm being forty shillings over the amount of rent reserved in the lease. It is scarcely necessary to say that landlords were not slow to take advantage of the Act for the Incorporation of Voters, and subdivision was carried on to its very uttermost extent.



TURF-GATHERERS IN IRELAND.

The failure of the potato crop in 1846 culminated with that ghastly famine, when corpses lay thick on the roadside. Men quietly laid down their spades at the public works and died under the eyes of the overseer. Children were found vainly endeavoring to draw nourishment from the cold breasts of their dead mothers, and every horror painted from the time of Josephus found a counterpart in the awful scenes of that terrible time.

Landlords found ruin staring them in the face, and from one extreme opinion veered to the other; and the most prosperous property was that on which fewest tenants were to be found. Then came the time of enforced emigration, scarcely less terrible than the famine itself, when thousands, enfeebled by disease, died on the passage to America, or in the hospitals where they were received on landing. Bands of men, armed with crowbars and ropes, accompanied the sheriffs, and completed the evictions by pulling down the houses just vacated, and the face of the country presented a scene of desolation; the site of some populous villages being now marked by a mass of smokeless and roofless gables. After the famine of 1846-47, and the "rising" in '48, a large number of estates changed hands by the action of the Encumbered Estates Court; and the encumbered estates were sold at prices so small that many of the mortgagees found themselves minus their money. Then came the system of "driving," and the abolishment of the "hanging gate."

The Fenian movement passed the Land Act of 1870, by which every small tenant was granted an interest of seven years in his farm, to the extent of seven times the annual rent; the county court judge was permitted to amerce the landlord who capriciously evicted a paying tenant. At the expiration of the tenancy, claims were sustainable for improvements made during its continuance, and for unexhausted manures used on the farm. This Act, in a word, is an attempt to compel a bad landlord to act like a good one; but "hard" landlords in Ireland are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

Previous to the meeting at Irishtown, at which the present land agitation was inaugurated, the farmers showed no intention to repudiate their liabilities. For several years they had prosperous seasons; and though in 1872 there was a partial failure of the potato crop, nearly as serious as the failure of 1879, no agitation was resorted to for the purpose of obtaining remission of rents. But in 1872 there was no party in the House of Commons on whom the Irish farmers could place the slightest reliance. In fact, the Irish party was a mere mockery, a delusion and a snare.

In prosperous times no agitation is dangerous. "Agitation," says a distinguished writer on the subject of the new movement, "requires a basis of real depression to give it force." This depression existed in Ireland in the April of last year. A reckless system of credit had sprung into existence—so reckless that, in 1878, the majority of small tenant farmers found themselves almost hopelessly in debt when the commercial collapse came, of which the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank was the central incident. The Irish banks, in a panic, called in their outstanding debts, and refused further accommodation on almost any terms, trembling for their own stability, when no man knew what giant interest might go next. In April, the condition of affairs in Ireland was, then, favorable for any proposition that promised the farmers some relief from their difficulties. The tactics of the Obstruction were such as delighted the Irish heart, being always "agin the Governmint"; and the forced modification of the South African Bill; the forced amendment of the Mutiny Bill, fought with dogged tenacity by Mr. Parnell and his following; and the annulling of the Queen's University charter—achieved entirely by the efforts of that section of Irish members who, casting off traditional Parliamentary restraints, determined to win, by sheer force of unceasing obstruction to the ordinary business, the measures to which the almost unanimous voice of Great Britain had declared itself—caused the pulse of the peasant farmer to beat at its highest.

In 1878, it was generally supposed that an election was at hand, and it was necessary that the electoral campaign should open with a policy or movement to which the Catholic clergy would not be in opposition; for *Soggarth aroon* is as strong in the Irish heart of to-day as it ever was, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. A series of meetings was arranged for the purpose of adopting the new agitation, the first of which took place on Sunday, April 20th, at Irishtown, a small village in the portion of Mayo adjoining the counties of Galway and Roscommon, where a considerable tract of country is owned by absentee proprietors. The chair was taken by Mr. Daly, one of the four persons since arrested, and the resolutions adopted were as follows:

> "*Whereas*, The social condition of the Irish people having been reduced, through their subjection to England and its coercive legislation, to a state below that of any civilized country in the world; and,
>
> "*Whereas*, The mouthpiece of English public opinion, when speaking of Continental misgovernment in late years, having declared that 'Government should be for the good of the governed, and that whatever rulers willfully and persistently postpone the good of their subjects, either in the interests of foreign states, or to assist theories of religion or politics, such rulers have thereby forfeited all claim to allegiance,' be it therefore
>
> "*Resolved*, That we, Irishmen, assembled to-day in our thousands, do hereby indorse the foregoing declaration, as embodying the position and wrongs of our misgoverned and impoverished country, and as likewise affording us a justification for recording our unceasing determination to resort to every lawful means, compatible with an outraged civilized people, whereby our inalienable rights, political and social, can be regained from their enemies."

The pressure upon the people at this time was certainly great, but, until the Irishtown meeting, no refusal was made to pay the rent, which has always been looked upon as a first charge upon the farmer's income. When rents due in March had been punctually collected, they were paid before the meeting without a murmur, but from that day the doctrine preached from the Irishtown platform has been adopted to the fullest extent by the tenantry in the West of Ireland, and by many in the South and East; the canny North fighting shy of the new departure.

The agitation thus begun was followed up by meeting after meeting in many towns and villages in Mayo, Galway and Roscommon, and spread quickly to other parts of Ireland. The object of the agitation is avowedly to procure the purchase of properties by the state, and resale to the tenants on easy terms; to effect which, two things are necessary—firstly, to impress the Government with the advisability of purchasing, in the hope of allaying a dangerous agitation; and, secondly, to compel the landlords to sell, by withholding the rent, produce a panic amongst the mortgagees, and force the properties into the market. This plan was advocated by Mr. Parnell in Galway, but the too numerous combinations seemed to bar its fruition.

Through Spring and Summer the meetings continued, and the deluge of unceasing rain that saturated the ground lent additional weight to the statement that starvation stared the people in the face. In the Summer, the turf that had been cut in the Spring was still lying unstacked in the bogs. In July and August the hay was still uncut and the corn green, and the continual dampness looked as if it would never cease. A wet September came and went; the hopes of the most hopeful wavered, and everything looked as if there must be an entire failure of the crops. Boards of Guardians passed resolutions that famine was impending; the Catholic clergy declared that, failing prompt aid, the people must starve. A settled determination manifested itself that, except upon a reduction of rent, no rents would be paid at the Autumn sale day.

The agitation now took deep root, and the arrest of Messrs. Davitt, Killen and Daly, and a few days subsequently of Mr. Brennan, brought it up to fever heat.

The opponents to the new movement declare that the full pith and marrow of the anti-rent agitation is the determination to force the purchase of the property by the State, and its resale to the tenants on such easy terms that even the unthrifty and slovenly husbandman can pay the instalments when he can pay the rent. They say that the plain English of the demand is, that England is to advance four hundred millions of pounds sterling—for that is the value of Irish landed property—for the purpose of removing the class whose loyalty has earned the hatred of the disaffected, and the character of "the English Garrison in Ireland." Having got rid of the obnoxious opponents of disaffection, England is to take upon herself, for forty or fifty years, in addition to the trouble and difficulty of the government of Ireland, the odium attached to the position of an Irish landlord and agent. It is asked, "Should such a time arrive when the State was landlord, would the interest be demanded? and if resisted, would the tenants be evicted? and if they were, who would manage the farms?"

The scheme of a peasant proprietary is thus combated by the writer of a recent article in *Blackwood:* "The theorists who argue in favor of a peasant proprietary as a source of national prosperity, have never gone the length of alleging that Ireland was a soil peculiarly suited for such an experiment. They point to the success which has attended peasant proprietors in Belgium, in Switzerland, and in some parts of Western Germany, as the most conclusive plea in favor of their system. But we do not need the teaching of political economy to tell us that the success of a peasant proprietary must entirely depend upon the character and habits of the cultivators themselves. The Belgians and the Switzers, had their lot been cast under large landowners, would, doubtless, have been as successful tenants as they have been cultivators of their own homesteads. It is their frugality, steadiness, contentment with small profits, that have secured the success of peasant proprietors in both countries.

"In Norway—which used to be a country cited in favor of this tenure, but where these qualities are less conspicuously displayed in the character of the people—a peasant proprietary is beginning to clog the prosperity of the country, and to retard its agricultural development. And it has always been held essential to the success of a peasant proprietary that the population should be animated by orderly and law-abiding instincts. Will the Irish agrarians venture to tell us that their cultivating masses are possessed of these qualifications? Judged by a comparison with the habits of the Belgians and Switzers, we know of no country where it would be less of a blessing to the agricultural classes to convert them into the owners of the land. We have of late had painful illustrations, in our trade disputes, that the Belgian can thrive as an artisan where the English or Scotch workman fails; and we need build no hopes of prosperity to Ireland from peasant proprietors because the system has succeeded among the soberer and more frugal races on the Continent."

In Russia and Germany the system of peasant proprietary has been acted upon, and in Russia the land has been partly, in Germany entirely, taken by the Government from the great landed proprietors. In France the same process has been accomplished, but by a resolution which deprived the landowners of compensation. Competent authorities have arrived at the conclusion that there is but one remedy for the land question of Ireland, namely the establishment of a peasant proprietary. Stein and Hardenberg considered that it was the only remedy for a similar state of things in Germany, and the experiment has proved their case. When Mr. Gladstone's Land Act passed, it was thought that the "Bright" Clauses pending for the extension of Government aid to those tenants who wished to buy their land, would gradually lead to the establishment of a large body of peasant proprietors all over the country. There are no clauses compulsory upon the landlord in this Act; consequently, it is but a dead letter in Ireland.

This question is now at issue between the English Government and the Irish tenant: "Will you purchase the land for us, and let us repay you by thirty-five annual instalments? Yes, or No?"

On the reply of the ministry may hang a revolution.

AN ALTER EGO.

By G. A. Davis.

I wonder—oh, I wonder here to-night,
By the dim hearthstone, when the flame sinks low,
If any other woman counts, as I,
Her rosary of prayers, said long ago?
If she, remembering all the vanished time,
Thanks God for hopes that only dawned to die;
And, looking backward down the shadowy years,
Finds their old landmarks hateful—even as I?

I wonder if some other woman knows
The story that the changing seasons sing?
If the first violets to any heart
Whisper the legend that to *me* they bring?
If to the hills *her* hopes and fancies turn,
Crossing their ramparts as the wild birds fly;
And she, outreaching to the sunset's bars,
Longs for the opening of their gates—as I?

I question, with a wonder never old,
If every woman, sitting by the fire,
Finds in her heart of hearts the dull, dead pain,
The life-long ache of some intense desire?
If something stings her in the sunshine's kiss,
And haunts glad music with a minor sigh;
Or if she feels life's narrow prison walls
Locked on her heart for ever—even as I?

And if there *were*—and she could come to-night
And lean upon my shoulder, here alone,
Whispering the echo of my silent thoughts,
Of new-born dreams and idols overthrown—
Even to *her* footsteps I would bar the door,
And turn the key for all eternity;
And she—my *alter ego*—well I know
That she would pass in silence—even as I!

OUR CHURCH FESTIVAL.

We decided to have it on the Fourth of July. We got ahead of the Baptists once, so they need not flout us with their superior prosperity.

Our village is a very small place, and our congregation the very smallest in it. I am a plain-spoken woman, and never mince matters when the truth is to be told. Therefore, I have no hesitation in saying that we are as poor as church mice (if there are such animals as religious mice); but we love our little church, and would sooner perish than strike our colors to those rich Baptists over the way, with their big meeting-house and smart spire.

Sometimes it seems to me as if that spire was trying to

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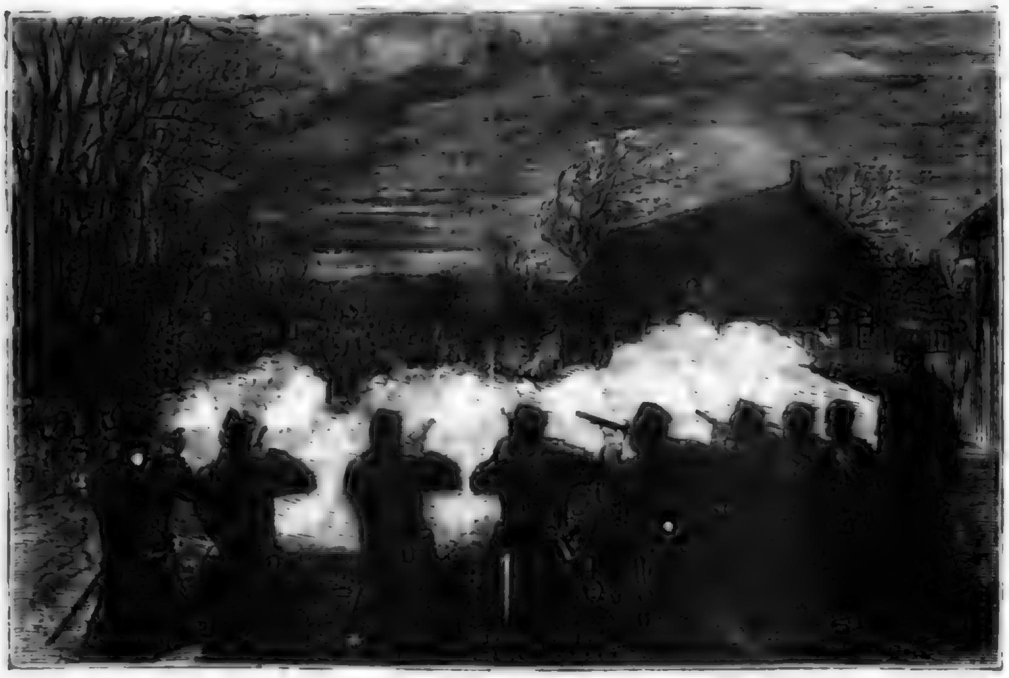
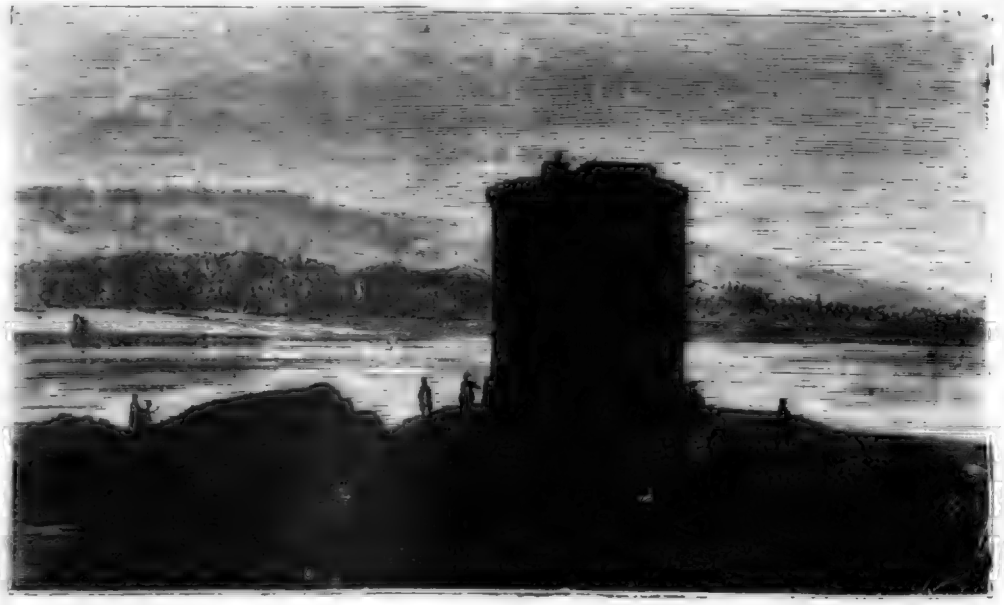


THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT.—THE POLICE AND THE FENIANS AT TALLAGHT, IN 1867.—SEE PAGE 385.



FENIAN ATTACK ON A MARTELLO TOWER.

climb nearer heaven, and tell the Almighty how much more *they* are doing than *we* can possibly do. I suppose this is an unchristian thought.

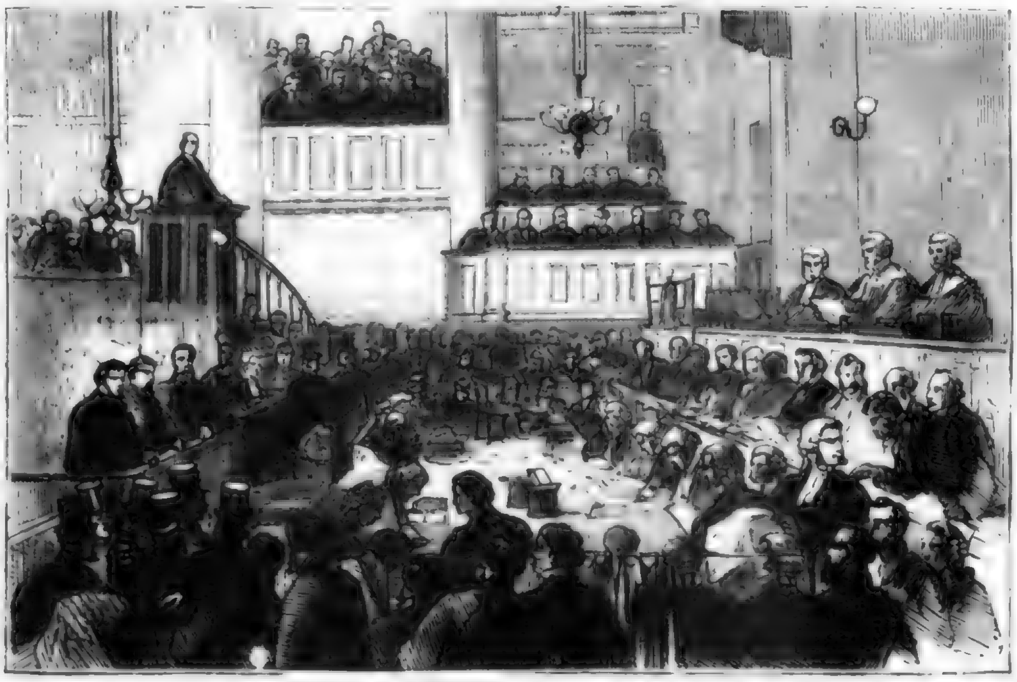
Something had to be done. We were in debt, and entirely through our own fault. I told them so from the first. We had been led away by our ministers. (We changed pretty often; a man with a family could not live on our salary more than two years.)

Each new-comer was sure to find fault with the arrangement of the church. With one the stoves roasted him, with another the chancel was too dark, with another the pulpit was too high. As for the altar-rails, they never suited anybody.

I thought young Mr. Emmons would have ruined us entirely before we had done with him. Not contented with making us get a carved lectern, and putting up crosses everywhere, he started a subscription for a painted window, which was to be set, like an ogre's eye, in the centre of the building, in contrast to plain glass neighbors, and then left us in the lurch by accepting another call.

"We must quit exceeding our income," I said, plainly, to the church-wardens.

As I am a business woman—for I keep the best shop in town, and make it pay—they had to listen to me.



FENIAN TRIALS FOR HIGH TREASON, IN 1867.

"Let us be in season one year, and give our fair the first chance," I suggested, as I passed a package of yeast-cakes over the counter to Mrs. Blake's girl.

"It might be a good plan," assented the senior warden, pulling a straw out of one of my best brooms and thrusting it into his mouth.

A tall, thin old man was the senior warden, with a ruddy, russet-apple countenance, first surveying the world through his spectacles, then passing grave, deliberate judgment on it.

"I tell you what it is," chimed in the junior warden, enthusiastically. "Let's do the thing handsome. Have fireworks, a bazar, and——"

A POOR MAN'S CABIN, COUNTY GALWAY.

Here he fell with a crash over one of my patent tin boilers. (I keep everything, from crochet-cotton to herrings, from Brandreth's pills to sewing-machines.)

The junior warden has been mighty skittish since his marriage to that young thing, Molly. There were many more mature ladies in the parish who would have made him better wives, but, of course, he did not see that when there was a pretty doll-face in the bargain.

We should have known better, but the junior warden carried us completely off our feet, so to speak, and bore us away on the stream of his own zeal.

"What if we have a tent? A real out-of-door party?" I then hinted, recklessly.

So it was all arranged.

For weeks we posted placards, stitched pin-cushions, and flew about on mysterious errands. I shall never forget that Fourth of July.

Not because the boys began to jangle the bells insanely and explode crackers before four o'clock. Oh, no.

There were other trials in store. The thermometer stood at ninety-nine degrees in the shade. We were wilted and unstrung.

The tent-owner was to freeze the cream for us, and that man proved a broken reed.

Twelve o'clock came. Some of the farmers declared that their horses could not bring us supplies and drop dead in the service. No tent-man.

"Oh, Miss Clapp, what shall we do?" wailed a female chorus among the barrels of my store.

"Do? Make it ourselves."

I put on my hat, and hurried along the hot road toward the senior warden's house. In doing so I passed the captain's gate.

The captain was a very terrible old gentleman who had moved into our neighborhood some years before. We had no reason to suppose that he was a God-fearing man. He never attended church; he swore roundly on occasion; his wife and daughter dared not say their souls were their own; and none of the villagers had ever set foot inside his grounds. He was lounging in the entrance as I came along—a fat, apoplectic old man, with surly jowls, and a huge meerschaum pipe in his mouth. Everything matched about him, from his short velveteen coat, his fat watch, with the broad seals of yellow gold, to the square-set mastiffs at his feet, ready to tear me limb from limb if I ventured too near. I do not suppose another woman in our village would have dared to do what I did.

"Good-morning, captain. We are going to have a festival to-night, and should be happy to see you."

FUEL FOR THE SCHOOL FIRE, COUNTY MAYO.

XUM

"Eh ?" growled the captain, glowering at me beneath his broad hat-brim.

My heart thumped loudly, but I went on:

"We are to have an oration and refreshments."

"I never eat any of your sloppy stuff, woman," he interrupted, with pettish rudeness.

I walked on with my head in the air. I distinctly heard the old fellow chuckle—a wheezy chuckle of satisfaction all to himself. No doubt it was vastly amusing.

After that there was neither beginning or end to the work. One o'clock, and no tent-man. The Baptists began to give us good advice over fences and behind doors. The senior warden's front yard had been converted into a bedlam. Everybody ran away with articles wanted, and busily fetched those not needed. The girls and young men *would* carry on. Pails were upset, crockery smashed, and packages mislaid. The dreadful sun stole around corners, penetrated shaded recesses, blighted our fruit, and melted every meltable article.

"We must make our own cream," said the senior warden, standing serene amidst the hubbub.

Now, there is a theory as old as the hills among us that ice-cream must first be subjected to fire before it is frozen. So on to the stove did ours go, with Susie and Jim to watch it. I thought the three would bear watching, myself, for Susie was all blushes, blue ribbons and white frock, while Jim seemed absent-minded.

"Miss Clapp, the tent has come!"

I hastened out, limp with perspiration and fatigue.

The tent-man said he *had* meant to arrive sooner, but somehow his pole had got mislaid. He guessed there would be plenty of time.

Speechless with anger, I returned to the kitchen. My two young cooks, their faces red from excitement or the fire, said, hastily, the cream was all right—they had poured it into cans and taken it out to be frozen.

For three mortal hours the senior warden turned and whizzed that freezer, with groans for an accompaniment. As if we were not already sufficiently tried by hurry and anxiety, the captain could be seen, away over through the cool trees, seated on his piazza, clad in linen, flapping a palm-leaf fan and watching us.

Sometimes the senior warden straightened himself, and gently rubbed his spine—either to feel if he still had one, or to judge if it was hopelessly curved.

Then whiz-z—grind, and groan again.

The heat was intense. People panted on the grass, sought the gloom of cellars on the most frivolous pretext, gazed longingly down wells.

Still the patient swish-swish of the senior warden's reluctant freezer was heard.

At last the tent was up, looking pretty and gay; tables were pushed into place, and we watched for the orator of the day. Alas! a second edition of Job's messengers awaited us. From the east, the orator had been sunstruck, driving in an open buggy; from the west, the Briarbushville congregation had gone on a picnic; from the south, all the milk had soured; from the north, *thunder*. Yes, all the world had grown suddenly dark, and we had not had time to notice it. Lurid masses of cloud were sweeping up from the horizon, pierced by vivid lightnings.

The junior warden said it would pass over. The farmers were of sadly divided minds—it was good for the growing corn to have frequent showers, if not for humanity. We had never thought of the weather!

There was a blinding glare of light; a sudden blast of wind, which made the festival-tent stagger; a startling crash of thunder, like a volley of musketry discharged directly above our heads, and then the rain descended in torrents.

"Guess that struck somewhere pretty near," remarked the junior warden, rubbing his elbows reflectively, as if they were electric conductors.

The wildest uproar ensued.

"Save the things!" we shrieked.

I gathered up the cloth from my table, by the four corners, and sped to the church-door. Of course, that door was locked. By the time I reached the open door my fancy work—the patient industry of a year—was a sight to be seen. Every umbrella in the village seemed to be missing. The tent-man—as if he had not already sufficiently disgraced himself for one day—was declaring his tent to be water-proof. Blindly believing him, some of the ladies had piled together afghans, cakes, tidies, lemons, hams and biscuit, and spread tablecloths over them. Horror! The tent leaked like a sieve. The ground was soaked; rivulets trickled down the breadths of our best gowns; a waterspout rushed down the pole.

"I believe you are a liar!" said the senior warden, stung to desperation.

In the memory of man the good soul had not been known to make so severe a speech before. The tent-man visibly wilted under it.

We lost all presence of mind, either doing too much or too little.

Fat Mrs. Bangs, with a frosted plum-cake under each arm, ran wildly down the road, never pausing until the post-office was reached, and the cakes reduced to pulp by the rain. The junior warden tried to carry off a tray of coffee-cups and urn to a place of safety, and only succeeded in running into the sexton, as the latter approached with a vase of wax-flowers, scalding everybody within reach.

I cannot understand, to this day, how Mrs. Rodgers so far lost her wits as to cast a cradle-blanket over the minister's shoulders, then throw a milk-can at him, and afterward retire into the dampest corner of the tent to burst into tears. She was always a dreadfully nervous creature, though, and I suppose the lightning was too much for her.

Eight o'clock in the evening found our church lighted with hot, flaring lamps, rough boards having been placed across the tops of pews to serve as tables, and the ruins of our feast spread out in melancholy array. I put up a clothes-line from the reading-desk to the window, and hung up the wet worsted-work to dry—so that it looked as if we were doing washing, besides everything else.

The thunder-storm had subsided to a gentle, persistent rain. Among the farmers a subdued cheerfulness was perceptible; they could not help thinking of the growing corn.

"We will do something, yet," I said, encouragingly.

Yes, the cake was dilapidated; the jelly had been washed away; their own baker could not have recognized the biscuits, which looked as if they had been through the wars; but, oh, tower of strength—the ice-cream was left! There was not a child in our village who would not pass through fire and hail to obtain this luxury.

"We will not uncover it until the last moment," I said.

Susie and Jim went off, and sat down in the dark gallery. The church began to fill with round-eyed children, each clutching the required sum in their little fists, and skeptical elders, who shook their heads solemnly over our ruined finery.

The public gaze was fixed on the ice-cream cans. Further delay was useless. I revealed the frozen delicacy; and as I did so, a dreadful doubt stole over me. I have a

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very good nose—I mean a most useful one. I sniffed—tasted—sniffed again, clapped the lid over the can, and said, firmly:

"We shall have no ice-cream to-night."

I looked straight up to the gallery, where guilty Susie and Jim cowered out of sight. The ice-cream was scorched! Instantly the truth flashed upon me. The young people had allowed the milk to burn while they were billing and cooing, and then dared not confess the calamity.

I acknowledged that the cup of our affliction had overflowed, and went home to bed.

Next morning we rose with spirits heavy as lead. Ruin stared us in the face. Make money? We had lost heavily for our slender purse. We all gathered around the senior warden in his sitting-room. Many murmurs arose that we ought to have known better, and been contented to use the schoolhouse. As for the senior warden, he was rheumatic in every joint, after his labors.

"Plowing is nothing to it," he sighed, leaning back in his arm-chair.

"Is he alive? Are all his bones dislocated? I thought he would need a doctor by this morning."

There stood the captain, broad hat, meerschaum pipe and dogs.

A faint grin stole over the senior warden's dismal countenance, as the captain, with real concern, lifted his arm, thumped his shoulder, and, from a pocket, produced a brandy-flask of considerable dimensions.

"I watched that man work yesterday afternoon, with his plaguey freezer," said the visitor, carefully filling the silver cup of the flask. "No galley slave ever toiled harder. There, drink that."

He made the senior warden swallow every drop of the fiery liquor, and at the same time forced upon our contemplation the possibility—never entertained before—of having our respectable leader tight before ten o'clock in the morning.

Then the captain began to laugh, until all his pendulous chins trembled, and he seemed on the verge of apoplexy.

"What a mess you have made of it! Feel better, eh?"

The senior warden winked one eye at his physician. I never would have believed it if I had not seen it. It was high time somebody interposed. With dignity, I said:

"We have suffered enough, without being laughed at by outsiders."

The captain relapsed into a second fit of merriment, pointing at me with one fat thumb, over his shoulder.

"She don't like it. If you only could have seen it!"

The senior warden winked slowly again. Evidently he was going over to the enemy. Even the junior warden, usually the blindest of men, shifted from one foot to the other uneasily.

"I can't have my fellow-creatures going on in this fashion. I would rather pay your debt than have that man shorten his days by such exposure in the sun. Now then, here's a check for five hundred dollars. Don't let me hear any more about your festivals."

Could it be true? The senior warden mechanically held a slip of paper between finger and thumb, and the captain waddled off before one of us recovered sufficient breath to thank him.

Yes, it was true. Each of us studied the check, looked through it, and turned it upside down. There could be no doubt that Captain Dawks's latest whim was to "set our society on its legs," as he expressed it, for ever.

The gift was productive of incredible good. The surly old man began to feel an interest, a sort of pride of possession, in our meek little church. He pulled out the old pews, built a spire, and insisted on frescoing the ceiling. I should not be surprised if he took the crotchet into his queer brain of giving us a set of chimes equal to those of Trinity Church.

One never knows where to find him. He comes to church regularly, and makes a great display of going to sleep in sermon-time. The senior warden says he believes the captain to be as wide awake as anybody.

Oh, blessed sun that broiled the senior warden! Oh, blessed rain that caused the farmers' crops to sprout, and ruined our tidies!

Never should we have touched that heart of stone—Captain Dawks's—had he not beheld us passing through the furnace of affliction.

Truly, "sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

A CURIOUS PLEASURE YACHT.

His Majesty the Czar has ordered the construction at Glasgow of one of the most curious vessels ever built. It is a pleasure yacht of some 7,000 tons burden, to be made of steel, and to be driven by three bronze screws. The lower portion of this experimental craft will be shaped like a huge flat-fish, being almost as broad as it is long, with sharp sides, and a pointed head and tail. The Imperial yacht will be exactly like a brill, in fact, as regards contour and dimensions.

On the back of this vast pleuro-nectid will be reared a floating palace of halls, saloons, boudoirs and cabins, rising story above story, so that, though the strange vessel will nowhere draw more than fifteen feet of water—and this only when the screws are submerged—she will tower out of the sea high above the loftiest waves, which are expected to dash and break in vain against her enormous area.

THE MOST NORTHERN POINT OF THE UNITED STATES.

If the question were asked, Which is the most northern part of the United States, excepting Alaska? perhaps many would say, The line of 49°, from the Lake of the Woods to the Strait of De Fuca. But that answer would be incorrect. There is a point where the United States reaches 49° 23′ 54″ north latitude. It is in longitude 95° 14′ 38″ west from Greenwich.

In other words, at the Lake of the Woods, in Minnesota, our territory includes a small area reaching beyond 49° more than twenty-five miles. This little excrescence, jutting out into British America, is recently put down on some of our maps, but I have not seen it on many of them. It is indicated, though roughly, upon Case's large map of the United States, and upon the large map published by the Government and issued by the Land Office. I observe it also in Warren's school geographies.

The map which shows it most accurately is perhaps the map of the State of Minnesota, published by the St. Paul Book and Stationery Company, at St. Paul. On most of the maps the Lake of the Woods is by no means correct, or even approximately so.

After learning the fact that our country does hold this little jutting piece of both land and water, the question arises: How did it happen that the boundary should take this circuitous direction? The answer is as follows: In the definitive Treaty of Paris, signed (September 3d, 1783) by John Adams, David Hartley, Benjamin Franklin and John Jay, Article II. defines the boundaries of this country. In this Article we find that from Lake Superior westward, the boundary is given as follows: "Thence through the middle of Long Lake and the water communication between it and the Lake of the Woods to the said lake of the Woods; thence *through the said lake to the most northwestern point thereof*, and from thence in a due west course to the River Mississippi."

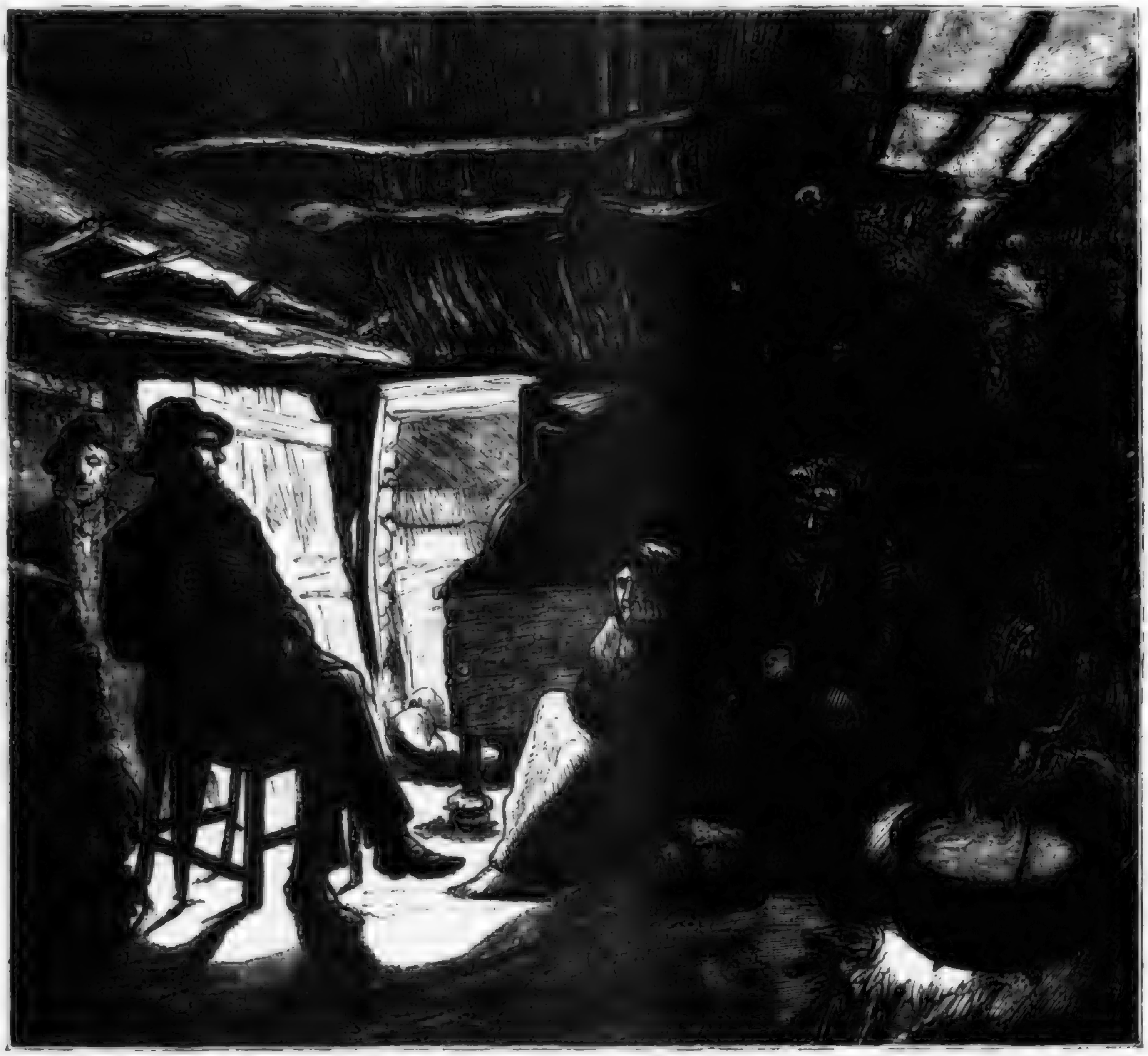
Evidently it was then supposed that the source of the Mississippi was to the north and west of this point. When, however, it was subsequently ascertained that the headwaters of the river were to the southward, the line was made to run from this "most northwestern point of said lake" due south to latitude 49°.

We next find allusion to the matter in the Treaty of "Amity, Commerce and Navigation," signed at London, November 19th, 1794, by Grenville and John Jay. The IVth Article proposes that, "Whereas it is uncertain whether the River Mississippi extends so far to the northward as to be intersected by a line to be drawn due west from the Lake of the Woods," measures shall be taken "to make a joint survey," and "the two parties will thereupon proceed to amicable negotiation to regulate the boundary line in that quarter."

By the VIIth Article of the Treaty of Ghent, it was agreed to refer to commissioners "the boundary line from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods." In 1827 the commissioners made their final report, with maps of actual survey from Lake Huron to the Lake of the Woods. In this report they say: "The extreme northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods is declared to be at latitude 49° 23′ 54″ north and longitude 95° 14′ 38″ west; so that in conformity with the Treaty this point, having been ascertained to be north of parallel 49°, a line is drawn due south from it to parallel 49°, on which parallel it is to be continued to the Rocky Mountains. No means have yet been taken to delineate the boundary westward from the Lake of the Woods."

The commissioners were Peter B. Porter and Anthony Barclay. No change was made from these agreements by the "Webster-Ashburton Treaty" of 1842.

It is to be hoped that all future school geographies and larger maps will show this boundary.

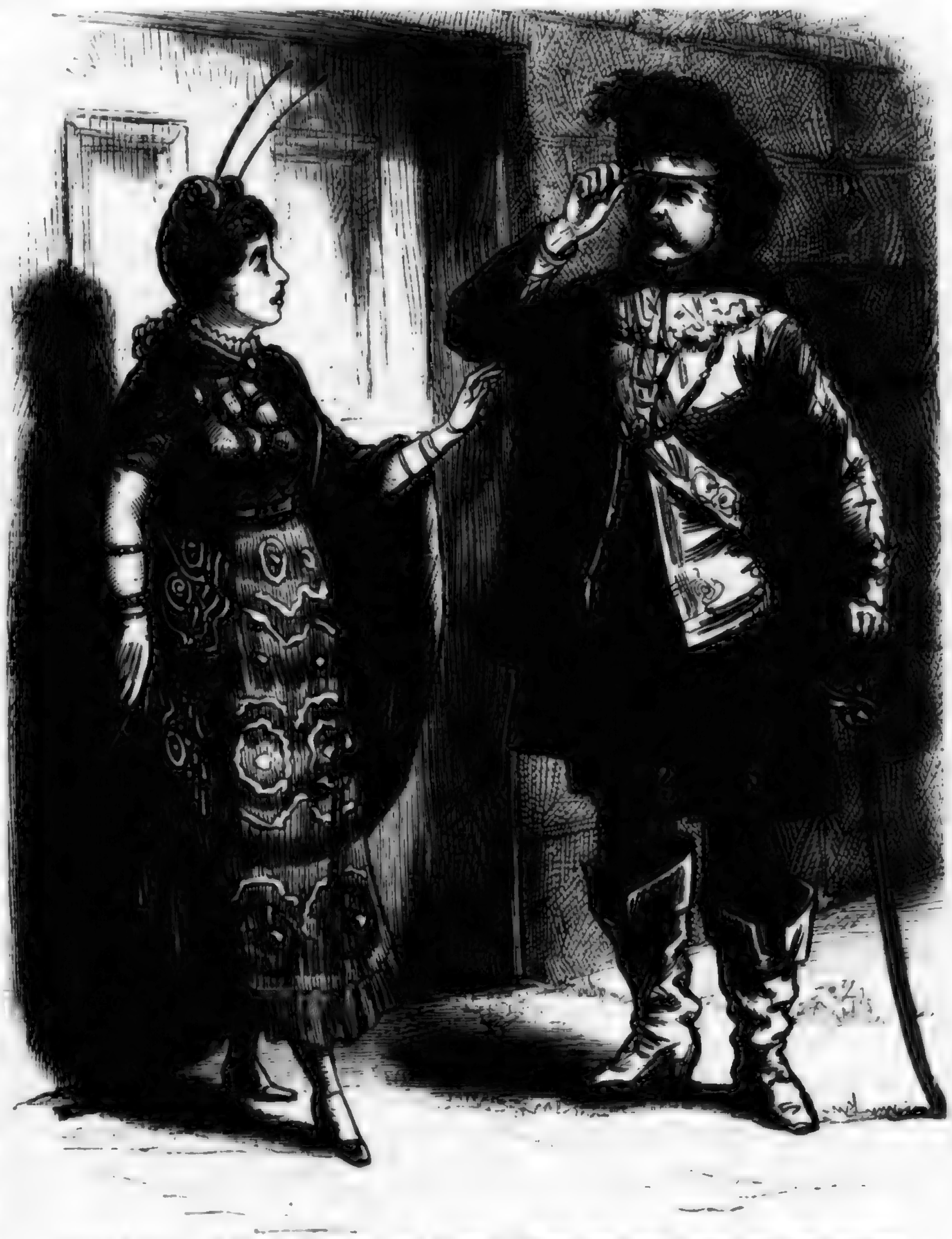


THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT.—"NO WORK, NO CREDIT."—A FRIENDLY VISIT, ASHLEGH, CONNEMARA.—SEE PAGE 385.

The fear of the opinions of others is one of the most prevalent of all feelings in our society; a feeling which is more destructive than almost any other to sincerity and manliness of character.

POOR HARRY.

It was a lovely Winter night, and there was to be a splendid masquerade, only four doors beyond Lu's boarding-school. Lu had nearly gone distracted with hopeless longing to go. She would have asked permission of the duenna (Mrs. Owle), only she knew better. Even as late as that morning there had flitted through her brain the wild scheme of asking permission of his Imperial Majesty, his Serene Highness, the owner of the school; but he kept himself in such strict seclusion, was so young and handsome, and known to be so unbearably stern and severe when he did appear, that she gave it up.



POOR HARRY.—"NOW OR NEVER! HE SLOWLY RAISES HIS MASK WITH JUST THE PROPER DRAMATIC EFFECT, AND WITH A LOOK OF WITHERING SCORN."

The theory that Lu and her friends held regarding him was, that he had been disappointed in love, and so had bought a boarding-school to take it out in being a perfect ogre to all the girls imprisoned there—only he never would see them, but made known his hateful orders through Madame Owle.

Of course, Lu would never dare ask him; so, at the last minute, she sat down in desperation and wrote a note to her cousin Harry, telling him that, though no earthly power could get her permission to go, she meant to go anyway, and he must be at the west door at ten o'clock precisely.

She spread out her costume (with the door locked), and remembered with serene satisfaction how nice she had looked and what fun she had had the last time she wore it. Then she hid it all away, and, looking out into the darkness, began to wonder why Harry did not come.

A well-worn little cord hung over the window-sill, on the lower end of which the long-suffering Harry had been wont to fasten packages of *bonbons* or paper boxes of ice-cream; and on this particular evening Lu felt her need of *bonbons* to be imperative. She left the window a few minutes, and when next she touched the cord, there was a heavy weight at the end. But just before this a rather unusual scene had taken place in the garden below.

His Imperial Highness (otherwise Mr. Paul Lacy) had been smoking an after-dinner cigar, and probably musing over his disappointment.

Suddenly he observed a very tall and very young gentleman mysteriously make his way through the shrubbery toward one of the west windows, and go through some strange process with what seemed to be a note and a paper box. Not displeased that something had happened to pass away the time, Mr. Paul pounced upon the frightened young gentleman and the note, and bore them round the building to his private apartments.

All Harry's courage forsook him when he saw how fierce his antagonist then looked, and when he remembered writing that Lu was just a jolly girl to fool the old dragon so, and he would surely be at the west door at ten to take her to the masquerade.

The old dragon glared at him in silence when he had read the note.

But Harry looked away, and, as he nervously pulled out his handkerchief, his invitation card fluttered to the floor.

Still transfixing him with that stony glare, the ogre picked it up, and then with a strong arm led him to what seemed a dark dungeon, and before he could speak or move he found himself a prisoner. He yelled wild threats of vengeance, and tried desperately to break down the door, but finally sat himself down on the floor, a prey to dark despair.

In fact, he was in what had been a wine-cellar, and older boys than Harry might have been unable to get out.

Meanwhile Mr. Paul, filled with wrathful emotions, hurried round to the west window, determined to make short work of the fair eater of *bonbons*.

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Some one whispered, laughingly:

"Is that you, Cousin Harry? The candy is splendid; climb up on the trellis, and I'll feed you some."

With the idea of getting within reach, and then boxing her ears soundly, Mr. Paul rapidly climbed the trellis.

But by the time he neared the window he saw the impracticability of the plan, and felt himself in a most unwise position. How could he quench and wither a girl when he was hanging on a trellis in that style?

So, though the *bonbons* nearly choked him in his wrath, he swallowed some; and, when she asked about the masquerade, whispered it was all right—he'd be there by ten.

A dark plan entered his mind, and he determined to meet her at the gate himself, and let the thunderbolts of vengeance fall then. He quite congratulated himself on the scheme, and, lest she should suspect anything, exerted himself to act as he supposed Harry would under the circumstances—even going to the length of tenderly squeezing her hand as she reached him the last *bonbon*.

As he walked away he began to wonder whether he might not improve on his scheme, after all.

What if he were to take her to the masquerade—in costume—just as poor Harry had meant to do, and, while dancing, unmask and let her see his awe-inspiring countenance, and know that dread vengeance awaited her, leaving her a prey to the most agonizing apprehensions until the dance was over, and he took her home?

He rather liked the idea. He lit another cigar, and looked at his watch. Then he walked rapidly down-town, and all was quiet at the west window.

Lu finished her *bonbons*, lighted the gas, and began the serious task of dressing for the masquerade.

However, she had been arrayed in that dress once before at another masquerade, so the task was not so difficult. Then she surveyed herself in the mirror with great approval, as well she might, for the "butterfly" dress was perfect in every detail.

Especially did she admire the pretty little wings, which she could cause to flutter, and which exactly matched the pale gold of the lovely, scantily proportioned, Paris-made costume.

It suited her pretty, laughing, gypsy face to a charm, and she was well aware of the fact. She enveloped herself in a great black cloak, and began her difficult and dangerous journey to the west door.

She had prepared the way with much planning and scheming, but who can tell which plans and schemes will fail, and which succeed? Once she was nearly discovered, but she finally reached the door, and leaned on Harry's arm, exhausted.

"Oh, Harry!" she whispered, "you can't imagine the dangers I've undergone to reach here!"

A few steps brought them to the door, and, with other arrivals, they made their way to the dressing-rooms, Lu warning Harry beforehand that she was a golden butterfly.

But when she met him at the dressing-room door, a scene of mutual admiration ensued. Harry certainly seemed to admire her unusually, and, for her part, she could scarcely stop complimenting the stately cavalier in black velvet and plumed hat.

"Why, Harry, you never did look so well!" she cried. "How very, very becoming that costume is! and what a lovely false mustache you have!"

Lu did not want to lose a single valuable minute, as one short hour was positively all she dared stay. So they began dancing at once, attracting much attention, because they looked so well and moved so gracefully.

Waltz succeeded waltz. Why did not Mr. Paul unmask, and allow those thunderbolts of wrath to fall?

No mortal knows, not even the gentleman himself. Even when they are about to separate at the west door, he keeps his disguise.

"Oh, Harry," Lu whispers, laughing, "how in the world did you fasten on that mustache?—with glue, or a steel spring? Do take it off a minute."

Mr. Paul feels that if his scheme is to be carried out, he had better not delay; a little longer, and the situation may be too much for him.

Now or never! He slowly raises his mask, with just the proper dramatic effect, and with a look of withering scorn.

It certainly produces all the impression he could have wished. After one look of terror, Lu gives a little gasp, and quietly proceeds to faint away. It is not a very serious case of suspended animation, but Mr. Paul, who catches her before she can fall, does not know that.

"You poor little butterfly!" he whispers, remorsefully.

And what with his remorse and—well, he has been Harry so long, he does not really seem to know whether he is that individual or not, and he kisses her. Lu's eyelids flutter, and she revives, only to give utterance to an ear-piercing little shriek.

Doors open and shut in the other part of the house, hurried steps are heard, and it would be hard to tell which disappears more precipitately, the butterfly or the cavalier. His Imperial Highness disappears in the shrubbery, but he hears the duenna's voice, loud and shrill, and—horror of horrors!—she seems to be following him! Breathless, he locks himself into his dressing-room, just as the duenna's voice, at the outside door, demands his presence at once.

"The powers above! If she'd caught me——" he mutters, with an apprehensive shake of the head. With hypocritical surprise, he assures her he will dress and come to the school at once.

When he does come, matters are resolved into the fact that the cook told the chambermaid, who told the duenna, that she thought she heard some one scream.

Mr. Paul overwhelms the cook with scathing sarcasm, and she finally admits that she may have dreamed it. Then the duenna pours vials of wrath on her for disturbing the house, and she goes back to her room in disgrace, and in much fear of losing her place.

Mr. Paul makes his way to the wine-cellar, and wakes poor Harry, who has gone to sleep on the floor, no other accommodation having been provided. He rubs his eyes, and looks as if he expected the ogre to eat him alive.

But Mr. Paul lectures him with a mildness at which he is himself surprised. Harry swears and vows never to attempt anything of the kind again, and is released, to his unbounded joy.

The next day was the last day of the term, and Lu's father made his appearance early to escort her on her journey home. He took particular pains to see Mr. Paul Lacy, and express his gratification that his daughter had been surrounded by such good influences, such watchful care.

A week or two after, Harry came to visit her in the city, where she lived. In the course of the visit he said:

"By-the-way, Lulu, you can't think how awfully sorry I was to break that engagement for the masquerade; but circumstances *no* fellow could control kept me from it. Do you forgive me?"

"Oh, yes, Harry," said Lulu; "I didn't care. In fact, I was glad it happened so!"

Poor Harry!

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

SHEEP FARMERS AND DROVERS.

It is well known that the Highlands have undergone a great change within the last thirty years; that the human population has become less dense, the woolly population more so; that the old proprietors have nearly all disappeared to make room for new; that bogs have been drained, and moors reclaimed, making the "bonny blooming heather" succumb to the "yellow corn." Much, however, remains to be known of the ways of the people—how they eat, and how they drink; how they speak, and how they act; how they live, and how they die. The object of the following sketches is to show something of this, and to begin with a night with drovers and sheep farmers on the Mull of Cantyre.

I believe there is no town, district or country without a grievance or difficulty. Great Britain has its neutrality and income-tax; France has its Bourbons, Orleanists, Imperialists, and gagged press; Russia has its Poland; Austria, its Venetia; Turkey, its principalities; America, its rebellion, and long bill to pay; and Argyleshire, its Mull of Cantyre.

I was guiltless of such wise reflections as these some years ago, as I started for the pretty well-known sunny little town of Oban. I had heard a great deal about Great Britain, but neutrality was not practiced there at the time, and the income-tax did not greatly affect me; and as for the grievances and difficulties of foreign countries, I really cared very little about them; and, must it be confessed, I had never heard of the Mull of Cantyre, except in my geography lesson at school, until the day I began my travels, as just mentioned.

It was a squally, not very pleasant day as I bowled along on the Glasgow and Greenock Railway toward the latter town, where I was to join the *Arab*, which was to sail thence for Oban at four o'clock P.M. I knew little of steamers, and it never occurred to me that the voyage might prove anything but an agreeable one. There was a sallow-faced man sitting opposite to me in the carriage, who kept constantly looking out at the windows, every now and then turning up his eyes as if he expected his death-warrant from the clouds that scudded past toward the east. He carried something between a portfolio and a parcel on his knee, which he nervously clutched when he took his eyes off the sky.

He looked at me wistfully at last, and seemed desirous to make some communication; and as, I presume, he saw that I was ready to receive it, he leaned forward, and said:

"It's rather blowy, I'm thinkin'."

I nodded assent.

"Weel," continued my fellow-traveler, "that will be against me."

"No doubt of it, if you are going against it."

"I am going ower to Belfast, and I doot it will be roch wark or we win to Belfast Loch; but no so bad as goin' roon the Mull o' Cantyre to Oban."

This was interesting to me, and he saw it.

"You'll be goin' that gate?" continued he.

"Yes; but I don't care much for the Mull of Cantyre."

Of course not, for I knew nothing about it.

"Lucky that for ye, for there will be a jabble there the nicht, or I'm no judge."

This last remark was uttered after a long look at the sky, and was not very reassuring.

Immediately on arriving at Greenock I went to the quay, and found the *Arab* lying uneasily there, the wind whistling viciously through the rigging, and the steam screaming and tearing frantically from the steam-funnel. I went on board and got my luggage disposed of, and walked to where I saw a number of people standing round the funnel busy talking, and having nothing particular to do, I listened.

"Yo'll think it'll pe a plowy nicht?" said a hairy-faced fellow, who had a plaid rolled tight round his neck, as if he had serious thoughts of doing himself a grievous injury.

"Ay, will it," answered a short squat man in moleskins all covered over with coal-dust. "Ye see the clouds, hoo they chase ane anither; that's a gran' sign o' wind; we'll hae a dance on the Moil the nicht, or I'm mista'en. There is plenty o' that afore us, or the Winter is ower."

"No toot o' that; but ye're accustomed to it, and 'ill no mind it."

"We wadna need, Dugald, for mony's the awfu' nicht we hae o' it on the Mull o' Cantyre."

"It'll pe sometimes washing ower the feshel?"

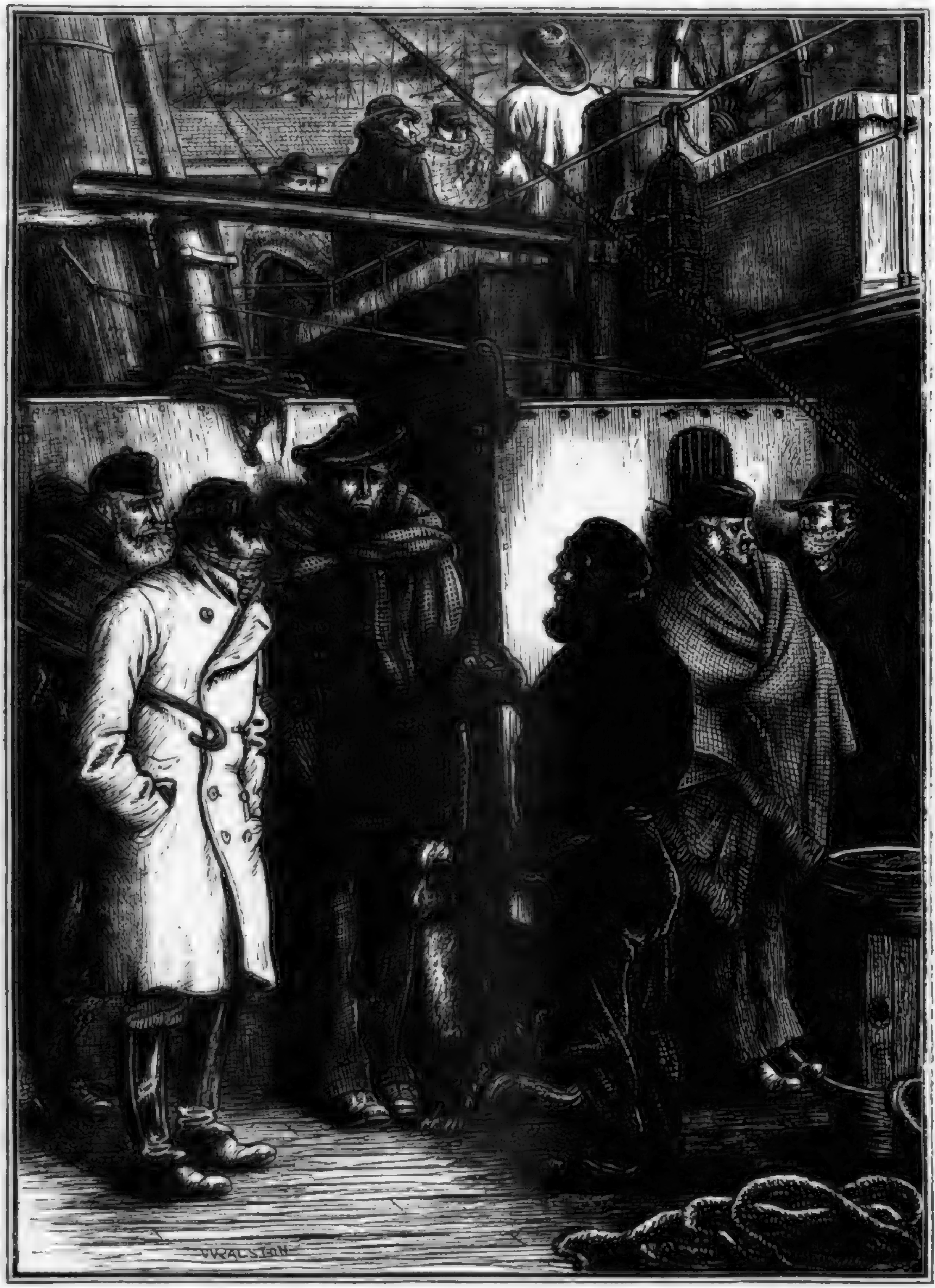
"Washing ower the veshel! ay, man, sometimes washing ower the funnel, and near putting out the fire on us, and wad do sae if the smoke didna keep it frae comin' doon. I mind——"

At this point of the conversation I heard a bell ring, and my dusty friend disappeared, leaving something very wonderful untold.

After this I went down to the cabin, where I saw some three or four ladies sitting together in a quiet corner. I could not help hearing part of their conversation, and again it related to the Mull of Cantyre. It is unnecessary to repeat any part of it except the conclusion at which they arrived, as enunciated by one of the party.

"I have," said the lady, "lived in Argyleshire for fifteen years, and, but for this dreadful Mull of Cantyre, I would say it is as pleasant a place to be in, and as healthy, as any part of the world. But I have much there to make me happy and contented," she added, "and I trust I am so, and grateful, too, notwithstanding of the 'Moil,' and the wretched night I expect to spend in making the voyage round it."

By this time the conviction forced itself upon me that Argyleshire had a real grievance, and was to be felt for, and I began to imbibe a decided dislike to the Mull of Cantyre, and wondered very much how I had never heard of it before, when it was so well known to every one else. With this feeling gaining fast upon me, I again went on deck, and saw every kind of lumber for the Highlands taken on board. Old beds, old tables, old chairs, old boxes, old hampers, old everything, were knocked about in great confusion; but the principal part of the cargo consisted of tar-barrels. These were rolling in all directions, and perfuming the boat and all in it in a way I did not by any means like. There was a number of patriarchal-looking rams—some with astonishingly tortuous horns, and some with none—cooped up forward; and as to the number of wild, savage-looking fellows, with large whiskers, unshaven beards and dirty faces, and gaunt but sagacious-looking dogs, their name truly was legion. All this was soon seen, and I must say it did not prepossess me with any favorable opinion of the comforts of the *Arab*.



"WASHING OWER THE VESHEL! AY, MAN; SOMETIMES WASHING OWER THE FUNNEL!"

The longest voyage I had ever before made was from Newhaven to Kirkcaldy, and I was therefore not aware of all the manifestations of a disagreeable one in prospect, that presented themselves to more experienced eyes than mine.

After losing a couple of hours of good daylight, everything was got on board, but certainly not in a ship-shape condition, and we started for Oban. I like to see everything going on around me, and instead of again going below to the cabin, I mounted up to a cross-plank resting on the two paddle-boxes, which I heard them call "the gangway," and found a good-looking quiet man standing there looking right before him, and not taking the least notice of anything but the head of the vessel. I went up to him, and remarked it promised to be a good night.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it's a good night." He then looked down to where the tar-barrels were crowded about the deck, and cried, "Take you there, M'Innes, some planks, and confine these sheep well forward—the shepherds will help ye. You, Beaton, get some hands and stow away these tar-barrels, and make things snug for the night."

"Ay, ay, sir," sounded from below.

"You are the captain of the *Arab?*"

"Yes."

"She is a good boat," I ventured to say.

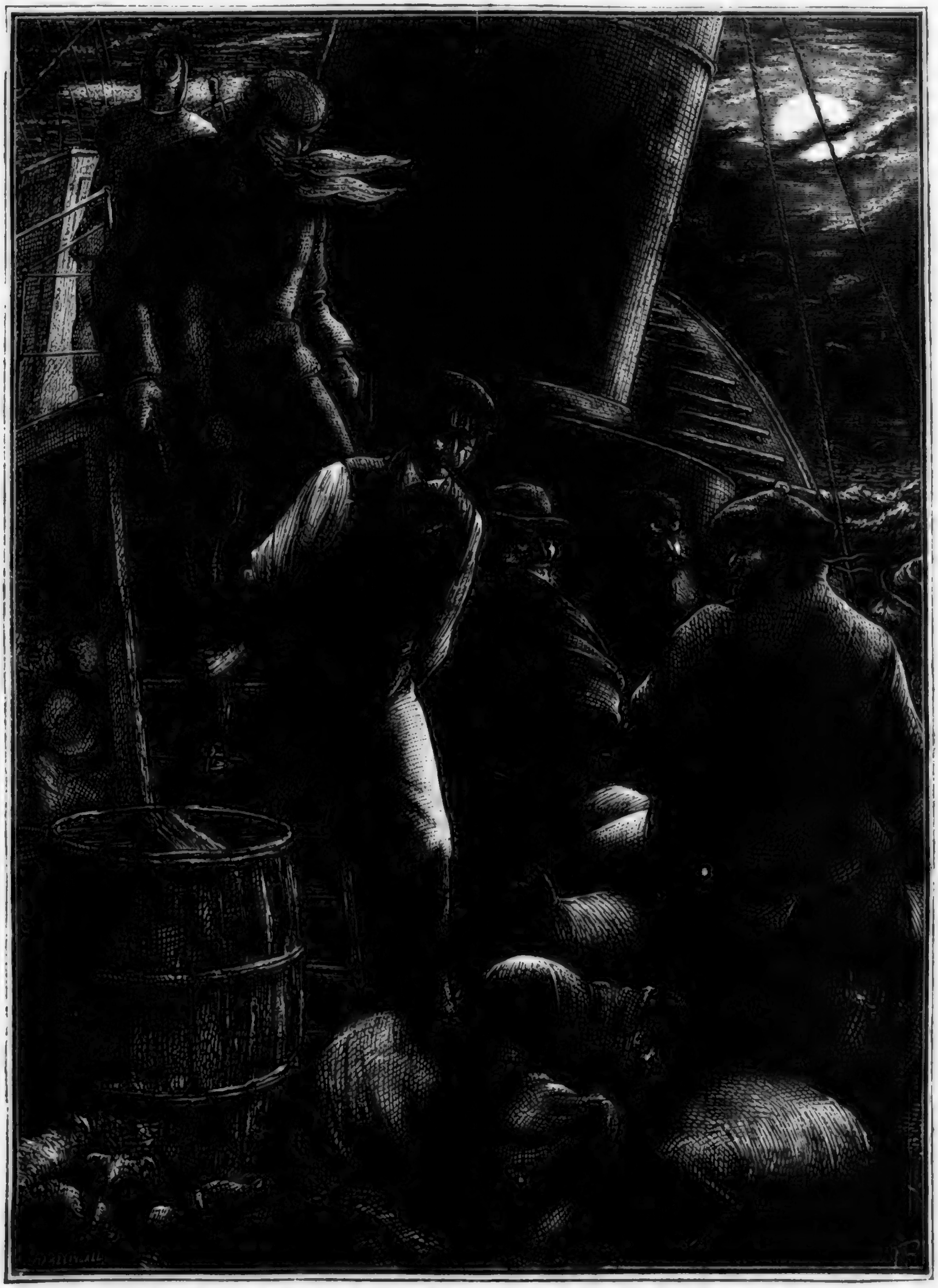
"Yes, sir, she's a good boat," shortly.

"Is the wind fair, captain ?"

"It will do very well if it keeps this way."

"You do not expect a change, do you, captain ?"

"Well, sir, it is difficult to say when to expect a chang and when not. I do not expect any change to signify."



"I AM QUITE CERTAIN THAT I SAW HIM MAKE A STEPPING-STONE OF THE BODY OF A RECUMBENT CELT."

XUM

I observed that he looked at the moon, which was surrounded by a bright golden ring. The clouds were scudding past her very fast, and a black cloud stood right ahead of us, which I would have willingly steered clear of, if that were possible. I saw the captain every now and then looking to see that his orders about the tar-barrels had been carried out, and I confess that a sort of disagreeable idea began to creep upon me that we were to have a stormy passage round the Mull of Cantyre. I kept up on the gangway to see how matters were likely to go, and I began to perceive a decided heaving under me. This suddenly increased, and the steamer gave a plunge that made my heart start to my mouth. Still the reflection of the moon shone brightly on the water, and there was plenty of laughing and talking on all sides, which made me think, at all events, that there was no danger. The plunges became more frequent, and by-and-by the vessel began to go down sideways, and then come up with a sudden spring that was very unpleasant to me.

Shortly after this a bell rang, and I saw a man making his way toward me, and with much ingenuity avoiding the many obstacles that lay in his path. He would dive under one thing, round another, and lightly step over a third. I am quite certain that I saw him make a stepping-stone of the body of a recumbent Celt, almost without being noticed. At last he reached me and said:

"Tea is ready, sir; will you be pleased to take some?"

"Well, I suppose I had better."

"This way, if you please, sir;" and away he went in the same 'eel-like manner as he came, but every moment looking back and saying, "This way, if you please, sir."

I soon found following him a matter of no small delicacy and difficulty. Every place that was not taken up by tar-barrels and other unsavory lumber was occupied by human beings, who lay about in inconceivable places, and I found myself tumbling and floundering among them, kicking this one, trampling upon that, and leaving behind me a track of "oich-oichs" and guttural benedictions which I did not pretend to understand.

My first feeling on getting into the cabin was one of dislike to everything I saw. There was a smell of fish, flesh and fowl, combined with a close and oily atmosphere, and the fumes of toddy and bilge-water, which prejudiced me against the display I saw of dish-covers, cups and plates, surrounded by a goodly row of weather-beaten, rugged faces, seemingly intent upon some expected event of considerable interest.

"This way, sir, if you please," said my friend the steward, who steadied me into a seat, and then bustled out of the cabin.

There was solemn silence for a few minutes, and I observed my neighbors never took their eyes off the dish-covers, and one or two began to finger their knives, as if impatient for the word of command. The captain made his appearance at the door, and there was a simultaneous move of satisfaction. He sat down quickly, said grace, and instantly off flew the dish-covers, giving to view an enormous quantity of substantial fare. It was worth while seeing the earnest alacrity with which the passengers turned to.

"Mr. Finlay, I'll trouble you for a bit of feesh."

The party addressed was at the moment conveying a liberal allowance of ham and eggs to a capacious and willing mouth, and gave a questionable grunt before he seized the fish-slice and helped the requisitionist. The clatter of knives and forks went on for a long time with scarcely an interruption, except now and then that one would ask another for something that he fancied.

"Mr. M'Craw, I'll thank ye for a little cheekan," and forthwith the "cheekan" was consigned to the tender mercies of a case of powerful grinders. I do not know that I ever before saw good cheer done such ample justice to. The assailants, however, began by-and-by to give in, one by one, but some of them returned more than once to the charge, and seemed reluctant to give up to the very last. Indeed, it is difficult to say when some veterans would have finally ceased, had not the steward commenced operations whereby he very summarily cleared the tables.

For my own part, I felt little disposed to eat. Every time I attempted to swallow anything, there was a repelling movement inside, which, as I did not understand, I marveled at. When tea was over, I rose to take possession of an unoccupied sofa, but of a sudden felt as if the top of my head had flown off, and I dropped into my seat again in much perplexity. An intolerable heat came over me, and the perspiration came streaming out of every pore. The steward came past, and I said to him:

"The room is too close. Will you open the window?"

"All battened down for the night, sir."

"Steward, what can the matter be with me? I feel very uncomfortable."

"Perhaps you are getting sick, sir," without even attempting to throw a grain of compassion into his voice; "a little brandy might do you good, sir."

"Bring me some;" and forthwith it came, but I cannot say that I experienced much relief from this sovereign remedy for sea-sickness.

The rest of the tea-party still lingered about the table, as if there yet remained something to be done, and my helpless state, for I may now call my state helpless, attracted their attention. They instantly began to prescribe.

"A pottle of porter did me goot once," said one.

"I think ale's petter," said another.

"Goot room (rum) is apout the pest thing I know," said a third.

"If ye tak my advice," said a gaunt old fellow, with a pair of threatening eyebrows, "ye'll gie a rub to the pit of your stamach wi' a little turpentine and vanagar."

"Weel, chentlemen," said a round-faced, jolly little Celt, "I wadna gie a drap of good whusky for them aal put together."

"Ferry goot observation, sir," responded on all sides.

At this time a fine old man, with a shrewd, intelligent face, came quietly up to me, and advised me to lie down on the sofa, and keep very quiet in whatever position I felt most free from the intolerable feeling of sickness and nausea I had. The good old fellow, God bless him! helped me to the vacant sofa himself, and made me snug there. I lay flat on my back, and was greatly relieved; but the least movement brought back the sickness. My feelings and faculties were in a preternatural state of vigilance and susceptibility, and a mouse could scarcely move in the cabin without my hearing her.

Under these circumstances, none of the sayings and doings of my fellow-passengers escaped me, and for a time they nearly drove me distracted. As the sickness went off, however, I became more reconciled to them, and by-and-by I was, for a time, almost unconscious that there was any one in the cabin, though I afterward remembered every word that was uttered, as well as everything that was done.

"I think, chentlemen," suggested a sober-looking young man with dark hair and a lively twinkle about the eye, "that we would pe the petter of something warm aifter our tea."

"Ferry goot observation," was repeated simultaneously by the whole company, who, with astonishing unanimity, seated themselves round the table.

"What will ye pe for, chentlemen?" asked the first speaker. "Will we have prandy?"

"Prandy is a ferry goot trink, there is no toubt," answered a round-faced drochy, with very broad shoulders and large whiskers, "and I like it ferry well."

"So do I," and "so do I," was repeated by several.

"Weel, chentlemen," said an old man of immense stature, wearing a very broad hat, "I have nothing particular to say againest prandy, altho' three or four smaal tastings that I took of it the other morning pefore preakfast at Falkirk did not agree with me. Put, to tell ye the truth, I would rather have whusky; the real Talisker is the thing for me."

This brought down a shout of applause, and the Talisker was accordingly ordered.

"It's a fine speerit, the Talisker," said the stout gentleman, looking round.

"Ou, ay," said a dozen voices, "a fine speerit."

"There's no a petter made. That is the real right thing, chentlemen; I would know it anywhere," continued the stout gentleman; "and weel I might, for many's the trop of it I have drank. No man knows goot whusky petter than Talisker himself. Tacent man, Talisker."

"A goot man," sententiously pronounced a leathern-jawed middle-aged man, dressed in home-made shepherd's plaid clothes.

"A goot man and a goot whusky is goot company," answered the gentleman that suggested the brandy.

"Chentlemen," said the stout man, in a voice that all understood to preface a toast, "chentlemen, I see aal your glasses are filled; I think, after the Falkirk we have had, we may trink goot markets."

"Goot toast, Glenbogary;" "excellent toast;" "no one can object to that toast;" "aal feels interested in goot markets;" "the whole country is the petter of goot markets;" were the various remarks suggested by this toast, which was drunk with much good-will.

"I heerd," said the abominable old fellow that wanted me to burn myself up with turpentine, who turned out to be a stray Lowlander that had settled in the North, "that ye got a lang price for yer queys, Glenbogary."

"What did ye hear, Mr. Chaik?" (meaning Jack).

"I heerd twenty punds for ane."

"Forty for two, and fifty was got for them the next day, but the queys was goot."

All expressed astonishment and admiration, which greatly flattered Glenbogary.

"Tell us aal apout it?" demanded several voices.

Glenbogary took a deliberate gulp out of his tumbler, and commenced:

"Chentlemen, since it is your pleasure, I'll tell you aal apout it. I thought I would take a turn to Falkirk as usual, although I had nothing to sell there, and when leaving home it came into my head that I might take some peasts with me to pay my expense. So I sent away the two queys—one of them is pranded and the other black. People looked at them as they went along, and I heard them saying, 'Fine animals,' 'goot peef,' and observations of that kind; and when I got to the toun of Stirling, out comes a fat short pody, and says he to me:

"'Are them queys yours?'

"'Ay, they're mines yet,' says I.

"'Will ye sell them?' says he.

"'Yes,' says I.

"'What are ye seeking for them?' says he.

"'Forty pounds,' says I.

"'I'll gie ye thirty-six,' says he.

"'I'll no take a penny less than forty,' says I.

"He then took another look at them, and pressed me to take thirty-six pounds, then forty with four pack, put I would not, and went on my way to Falkirk. The night pefore the tryst, who comes up to me put Peter Lamont from Atholl. Ye'll aal know Peter. He took a goot long look at the queys, and then he turns to me, and asks my price.

"'Forty pounds, and no a penny less.'

"'They're mines,' says Peter, shaking my hand, 'and I'll take them off your hands in the morning, and pay the money now or then.'

"'The money any time you likes, Mr. Lamont,' says I, 'and the queys now or never.'

"'Say ye sae,' says Peter, 'now then be it.'

"Peter is a sure hand. Weel, chentlemen, I sees Peter next evening, and asks him if he had sold the queys.

"'Oh, yes,' says Peter, 'I sold them, and made of them, too.'

"'How much, Mr. Lamont?'

"'Ten pounds.'

"'Ten pounds! Peter, you're choking. Fifty pounds for my two queys! that was a price.'

"'That is just the figure I sold them for to an Englishman that wants to gain a prize wi' them, and I wish he may.'

"Now chentlemen, that is the whole story. Put the queys was goot, and the price was goot."

"And the story is goot," answered Mr. M'Craw. "I'll pe pound there wasn't a pair of queys like them at Falkirk this many a day. Twenty pounds for a quey; that is a price."

"Forty pounds for two queys, and fifty the next day," said Glenbogary, as setting the matter in a clearer point of view; "put the queys was goot."

"Ye maun hae gien them oil-cake," said Mr. Jack.

"I did not, sir," replied Glenbogary, very decidedly.

Mr. Jack still looked dissatisfied.

"Tell us their age, and how reared, Glen," demanded Mr. Finlay, who wanted the brandy.

Before doing so, however, another supply of Talisker was placed on the table, and the tumblers were promptly replenished.

"You want to know their age and rearing, chentlemen? You will know it then, chentlemen. The mother of the plack came from Barra, out of the colonel's fold, and the mother of the pranded from Harris, old Tonalt Stewart's fold—poth as goot preeds as anywhere. Weel, the plack—no, it was the pranded—no, put it is no matter—the one was three years old on the 3d of April, and the other fourteen days later. Then as to the rearing of them. Chentlemen, they got their mother's milk, every trop of it, and they never were hungry again. 'Deed, chentlemen, I don't like hungry man or peast apout me."

"Ferry goot observation, sir," was repeated here, with much emotion.

Mr. Jack did not join in this mark of confidence, but mumbled something between his teeth about oil-cake, and shook his head skeptically.

"Pless me, Maister Chaik," said Mr. Finlay, "ye wat refuse anything. Glenbogary has told as plain as any English how the queys was porn, pred, and prought up, and ye look as if ye thought that he wat cheat people as the old Carles of Achanadrish tid when they used to went to the market."

"Mr. Finlay," answered Mr. Jack, solemnly, "I am no gien to cheatin' mysel', and I dinna like folks that is;

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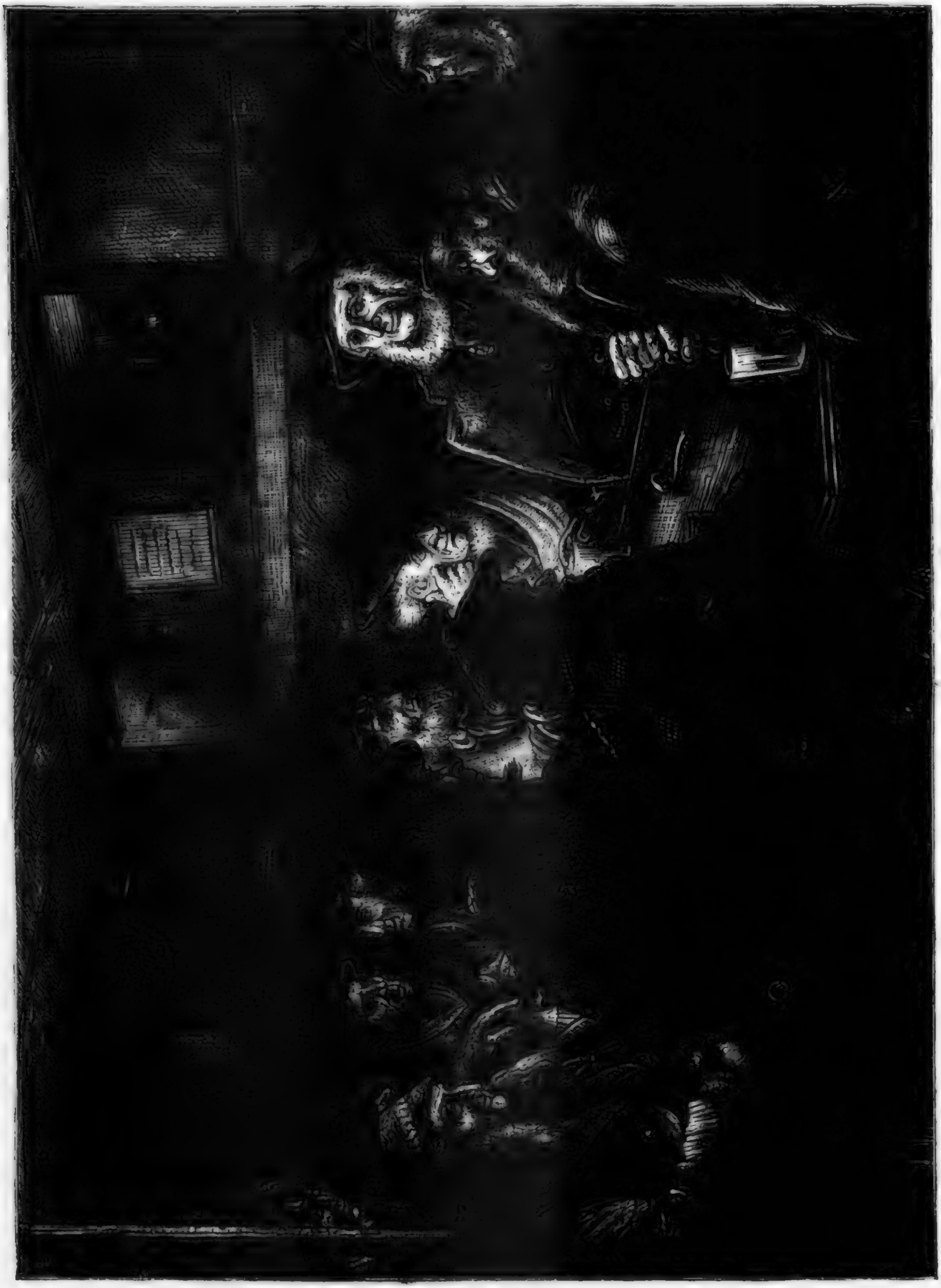
but for a' that has cam and gane, I think the queys maun hae gotten oil-cake."



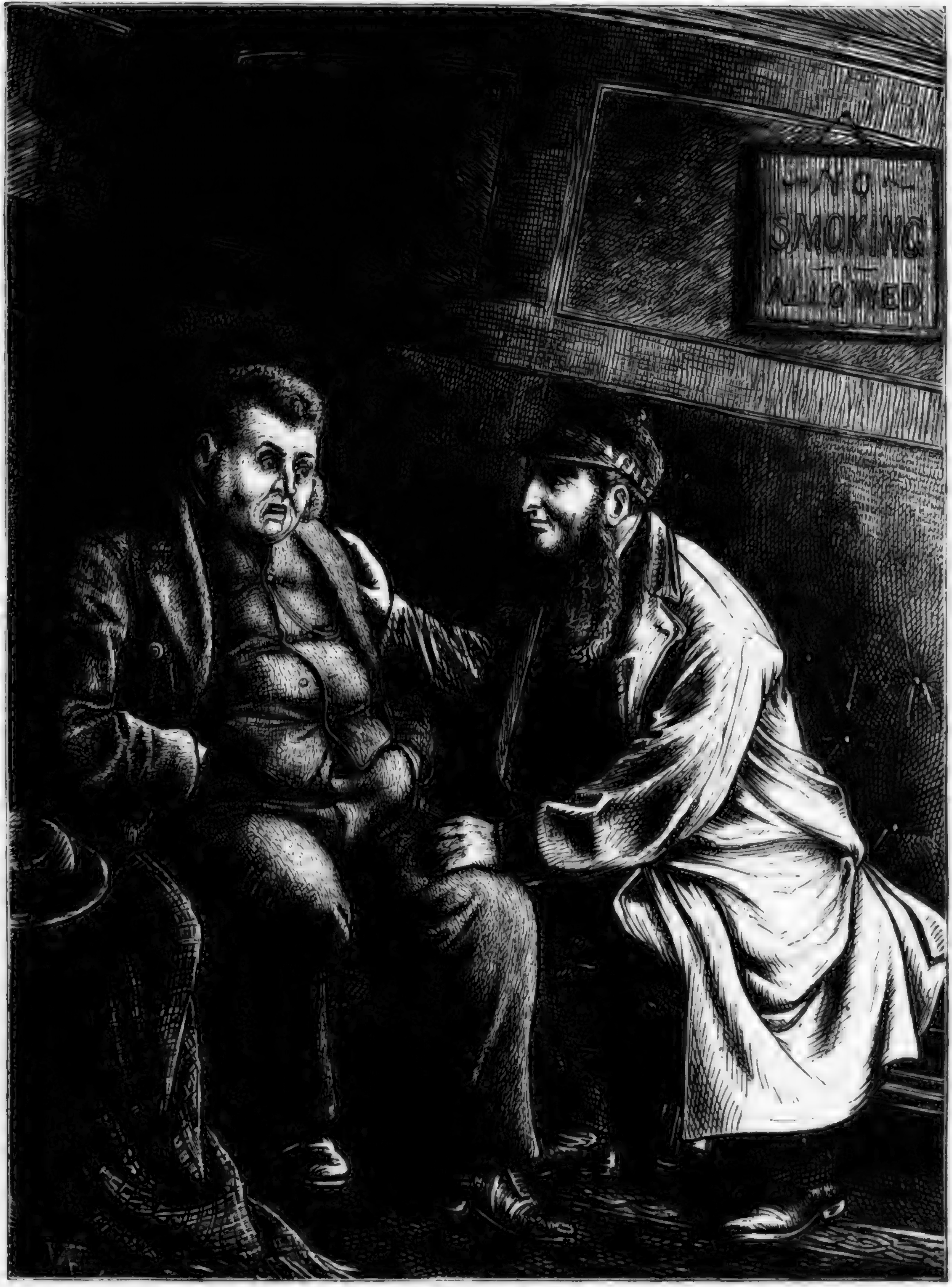
"CHENTLEMEN, SINCE IT IS YOUR PLEASURE, I'LL TELL YOU AAL APOUT IT."

"It matters fery little, Mr. Chaik," said Glenbogary, with warm dignity, "what you or the like of ye thinks. Put my advice to you is, when ye py accident find yourself among chentlemen, to pehave yourself like a chentleman, and no like an ill-put-thegither low-country nowte, as ye are."

"Weel, Glenbogary," answered the impervious Mr. Jack, "whether ill or weel put thegither, I maybe will haud thegither as lang as yoursel'."

As Glenbogary was about to make a suitable reply, the vessel gave a plunge that made the glasses tumble about, and a good deal of liquor was spilt. There was considerable commotion, and the warmth that began to manifest itself was cooled, and the embryo quarrel forgotten by the time things were got into their proper places, and a new supply of Talisker was on the table.

When the glasses were once more charged, a short, squat man, with a lively pair of gray eyes, large whiskers, between a yellow and a gray, and a sharp hooked nose, got up. He seemed to be liked by the rest of the company, and no wonder; his laugh was the loudest and merriest, he had most to say, but principally to those immediately around him, and there was none among them that took his tipple with more scrupulous fairness. He no sooner



"IT IS A PITY, MR. TOPS."

stood up, than there was a general cry of "Scoodarach!" I wondered what was meant, and thought if I had been hailed by such a cognomen, I should be very angry. He, however, bowed, as if flattered by his reception, from which I correctly divined that "Scoodarach" was his patronymic.

"Chentlemen," commenced Scoodarach, "I pelieve it is pretty fresh weather outside" (he had to hold hard by the table to prevent being pitched off his feet), "and I cannot see the reason why we shouldn't refresh ourselves inside" ("hear, hear," and "ferry goot observation"). "Chentlemen, we have here a chentleman that is an honor to the whole country, and I challenge the world to produce another man that got twenty pounds for a quey at Falkirk."

"Forty pounds," cried Glenbogary, "and fifty pounds the next day."

"Yes, chentlemen," resumed Scoodarach, "forty pounds, and fifty the next day; altogether ninety pounds!"

"Guide us! Scoodarach," interrupted Mr. Jack, "ye're no gaun to say that Glenbogary got ninety punds for his twa queys?"

"I says more, Maister Chaik. They were worth a hundred to any man that took a fancy to them." (Great applause, and Mr. Jack refused a hearing.) "Then, chentlemen, as my friend and your friend Glenbogary is so well worthy of our pest thanks for the honor he has prought upon the country, we'll trink his health in full pumpers."

Very great honor was done the toast—*heel-taps* were out of the question. Glenbogary got up, quite overcome; but as the laboring of the vessel made it difficult to stand, he sat down immediately, and begged permission to return thanks sitting, which was of course granted.

"My tear friends," commenced Glenbogary, affected, "I wish I had the tongue of Donach Ban, the bard, to speak for me. I would then pe aple to do chustice to my heart. Ye have tone me creat honor, chentlemen, and I am ferry much opliged to ye aal. I am getting an olt man now. Chentlemen, I have stoot thirty Falkirks without missing one." ("Hear, hear," and applause, which encouraged a young man that had said nothing before, doing every justice to Talisker all the time, however, to say, "My father stand thirty-five, and he is alife yet.")

"Tid he ever get twenty pounds for a quey there?" broke in Mr. Finlay.

"Forty for two queys," persisted Glenbogary, "and fifty the next day; put the queys was goot."

"Put, Mr. Finlay," said Scoodarach, "how tid the Carles of Achanadrish cheat when they went to the fairs?"

"Eh, Scoodarach! I thought everypody heard of them. The way they tid was this: Pefore they would start with their horses they would put a number of peats round their fires, and turn out their wives and bairns; then one would go to his neighpor and ask him if he was to send a horse to the market. The answer was 'yes,' of course. 'I'll puy him.' 'What will ye give?' 'I will give so much,' peing always a pound or two more than the prute was worth. This offer was refused, and the offerer wat hasten home, and wat in his turn pe called upon in the same way, and the same scene pe gone through. After every one that was to send a horse to the market had got his offer, they wat aal go away to the fair. Well, when they got there they asked a few shillings more than they had peen offered at home. 'That is a great deal too much,' the purchaser wat say. 'Oh no,' the seller wat say, 'I was offered within three shillings of it at home.' 'Impossible!' 'May I never again see those I left around my fireside if I was not.'"

"The auld scoonrels!" said Mr. Jack, "they should hae been banished."

"Well, Mr. Chaik," answered Mr. Finlay, "whether they should or no, or whether they was or no, you'll find none of them in the country now."

"Weel, I am thinkin' it's no a bad riddance. But whar hae the rogues gane till?"

"Some of them is in Australia, some in America, some on the sea, and some in their graves. Poor men! Sorry they were to pid farewell to the prown hills of the Highlands; put the times was against them, and they were aal sent away."

"Noo, Mr. Finlay, we'll say nae mair aboot them, wi' your leave," said Mr. Jack, who was warming to the work; "but I am of opinion that a drap mair of Glenbogary's frien' Talisker wad do us nae hairm. What say ye a', gentlemen?"

There is no earthly doubt what they would have said, if allowed to speak. This, however, they were not; for, just as a burst of approval was about breaking out, a thin, meagre-looking man, who had sat the whole evening with his plaid drawn tight round his throat, and enveloping the lower part of his face, only allowing easy access to his mouth, a road traveled very often by the glass which he seldom let out of his hand, started fiercely to his legs. This, however, was of very little use to him, as he as suddenly disappeared under the table from the rolling of the vessel. He was up in an instant, and his temper by no means improved by the disaster he had met with. He looked about him as if he would annihilate all present. His rage prevented his uttering a word for a few moments. At last he blazed out:

"Talisker! Talisker!! Talisker!!! Who is Talisker, that we should pe trinkin' him? He is no fit for shentlemen to sit upon. I say, Long Shon!"

"Preserve us a'," said Mr. Jack, in considerable astonishment, "is the man wud? What does the crater mean?"

"I mean," retorted the irate Celt, "that I pe no more a crater nor you; and I mean that Long Shon makes petter whusky nor ever cam out of Talisker's pot."

Glenbogary struck his fist on the table, and silence ensued.

"My coot friend, Mr. Cameron, it is natural you should pe for upholding your own countryman, and no man has more respect for Long Chon than I have; put pefore we can admit that he is petter than Talisker, I would like to put one question to you. Mr. Cameron, where does Long Chon get his watter from?" This question was put with a solemnity that made the whole company turn up their eyes, and it quite posed Mr. Cameron; and, after a short pause, Glenbogary went on: "Mr. Cameron, Talisker's watter comes over eighty faals pefore it reaches his pot."

"Eighty faals! eighty faals! eighty faals!" repeated by a dozen voices. "That must be goot watter, and make good whusky. Eighty faals!"

"It maun be gaen weel saddened aifter sic tumbling," remarked Mr. Jack, "that maun be said, and doobtless it maks pleasant drink; but as Mr. Cameron is so fond o' doin' the thing, I dinna see why we shudna tak his treat of Lang John."

This suggestion proved extremely to the liking of the company, and there was such a cheerful acquiescence on the part of every one that a remonstrance as to his giving the treat died away on the tongue of Mr. Cameron, and he ordered a supply of "Long John" in a way that would make one believe he was in a mortal rage at the steward.

When the tumblers were filled and tasted, he looked round for the company's approval of his taste, and as they were drinking at his expense, he of course obtained it; and Mr. Jack proposed his health, which was drunk with all the honors.

The applause with which the toast was honored had not entirely ceased when a small door nearly opposite to me opened, and a round gray head came cautiously out, and then a round short figure dressed in whitey-brown clothes of good quality and make. The personage no sooner appeared than a shout of "Welcome, Mr. Tops!" sounded from all sides of the table, and the individual so named slowly approached his friends, holding by every available object to prevent his being tumbled over by the rocking of the vessel. "Mr. Tops," whose real name was Dobbs, was an Englishman, and his round, smooth, ruddy face presented a decided contrast to the shaggy and gaunt physiognomy of the topers at the table. "Sit ye town, Mr. Tops, sit ye town," and room being made opposite Glenbogary, Mr. Dobbs was soon seated there with a steaming tumbler of "Long John" before him.

"We were chust drinking Mr. Cameron's health when ye cam in, Mr. Tops," said Scoodarach, whereupon Mr. Dobbs did honor to the toast.

"Perhaps you'll give us a toast yourself, Mr. Tops?"

"I'll be very happy to do so, gents, since you call upon me."

"Mr. Tops's toast—no taylight."

"Well, gents," commenced Mr. Dobbs, "in responding to the call you have made, and seeing that your glasses are filled, I propose the health of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County."

"A ferry goot toast," and great cheering, and no heeltaps.

After this there was a short pause, as if the whole party were thinking. At last Mr. Cameron got up like a tiger, and, looking fiercely at Mr. Dobbs, asked him, "who the tefil the Lord-Lieutenant is?" This question was hailed with "hear, hear!"

Mr. Dobbs stood up with difficulty, and, looking about him with a pair of large, light, prominent eyes, said, "Gents, the Lord-Lieutenant is a man that knows his duty; he is the right man in the right place." He then sat down with the air of a man that had done his duty. But Mr. Cameron was not to be so satisfied. He started up again, and, casting a glance all round, as if challenging all the world, shouted at the top of a shrill voice, "Tamn the Lord-Lieutenant—who is he?"

This raised the spirit of the British lion in Mr. Dobbs, whose face got very red. He gave the fiery Lochaberman as hostile a look as he could muster, and said, in a very decided way, "I will not tell you."

This would have brought on a crisis, but Scoodarach got up and said with great solemnity, "Chentlemen, poth Mr. Tops and Mr. Cameron is right, and when I tells Mr. Cameron that the Lord-Lieutenant is a fine teer-hound tog that Locheil sent as a compliment to a friend of Mr. Tops's in England, he will never again tamn the Lord-Lieutenant." This explanation elicited great applause from the company, and Mr. Cameron got hold of Dobbs's hand, and shook it till that gentleman's eyes watered. Perfect harmony having been restored, Mr. Finlay asked Dobbs if he sold his cast ewes. "Yes," answered Dobbs, who had scarcely slept off the effects of a previous potation, "and got the highest price at the market for them."

"That's pefore the luckspenny was taken off it?"

"I never give luck-penny."

"You never gives luckspenny! Weel, I know ye're a goot hand at a pargain; would you like to puy a fine lot? I'll sell ye the Tomsrachaltney yowes."

"I did not know they were yours to sell."

Neither they were, as all well knew, and Mr. Dobbs at first suspected.

"Well! ye can try me, Mr. Tops. I'll give them to ye for 18s."

"I take them delivered in Glasgow in October."

"Tone, Mr. Tops—they are yours."

"That is a fair pargain," resounded on all sides.

"Yes; it is a fair pargain," said Scoodarach, "and we'll make a note of it."

This proposal rather startled Mr. Dobbs, the Tomsrachaltney lot being a heavy one, evidently; and he did not imagine that Scoodarach was in earnest, thinking they were not his.

"Between friends it is not necessary to make a note of a bargain," suggested Dobbs.

"Oh, Mr. Tops! oh, Mr. Tops! You *are* an Englishman!" was repeated on all sides.

"Yes, I am proud of being an Englishman," said Mr. Dobbs, patriotically.

"Mr. Cameron will make a note of it," said Scoodarach, which made Mr. Cameron look as if he would demolish him.

This was agreed to, and Cameron got hold of a dirty piece of paper, and commenced writing on it with pencil. But it would take a better scribe than he evidently was to make a job of it—what with the drink he had taken, what with the pitching of the vessel. After indescribable exertions, he handed the note to Scoodarach to read and sign. Reading it was out of the question, but both parties signed it—Dobbs with his full name, and Scoodarach with a few scratches that no one could make anything of.

"Now, Mr. Cameron, ye'll sign as a wutness to the pargain, and you, too, Mr. M'Craw."

Both signed.

"How many tid ye pought, Mr. Tops?" asked M'Craw.

"Why, I bought the whole."

"I tidn't say that," said Scoodarach.

"Yes, you did!" retorted Dobbs, who was getting "very fu'."

"Was it the whole of the tops, or the whole of the shots, Mr. Tops?"

"It was the whole of both, and no mistake. Come now, sir; no nonsense."

"Nonsense, Mr. Tops! I'll refard it to the wutnesses. What to ye say, Mr. Cameron?"

"I say they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper."

"Put how many?"

"I tell ye, they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper!" in wrath.

"Yes, but what is?" inquired Dobbs.

"To ye tare to tout my word?" said Cameron, trying to get up, but he was held down by the rest.

"I want to know," said Dobbs, emphatically, "what the bargain was? You wrote it down, and are referred to. What do you say now?"

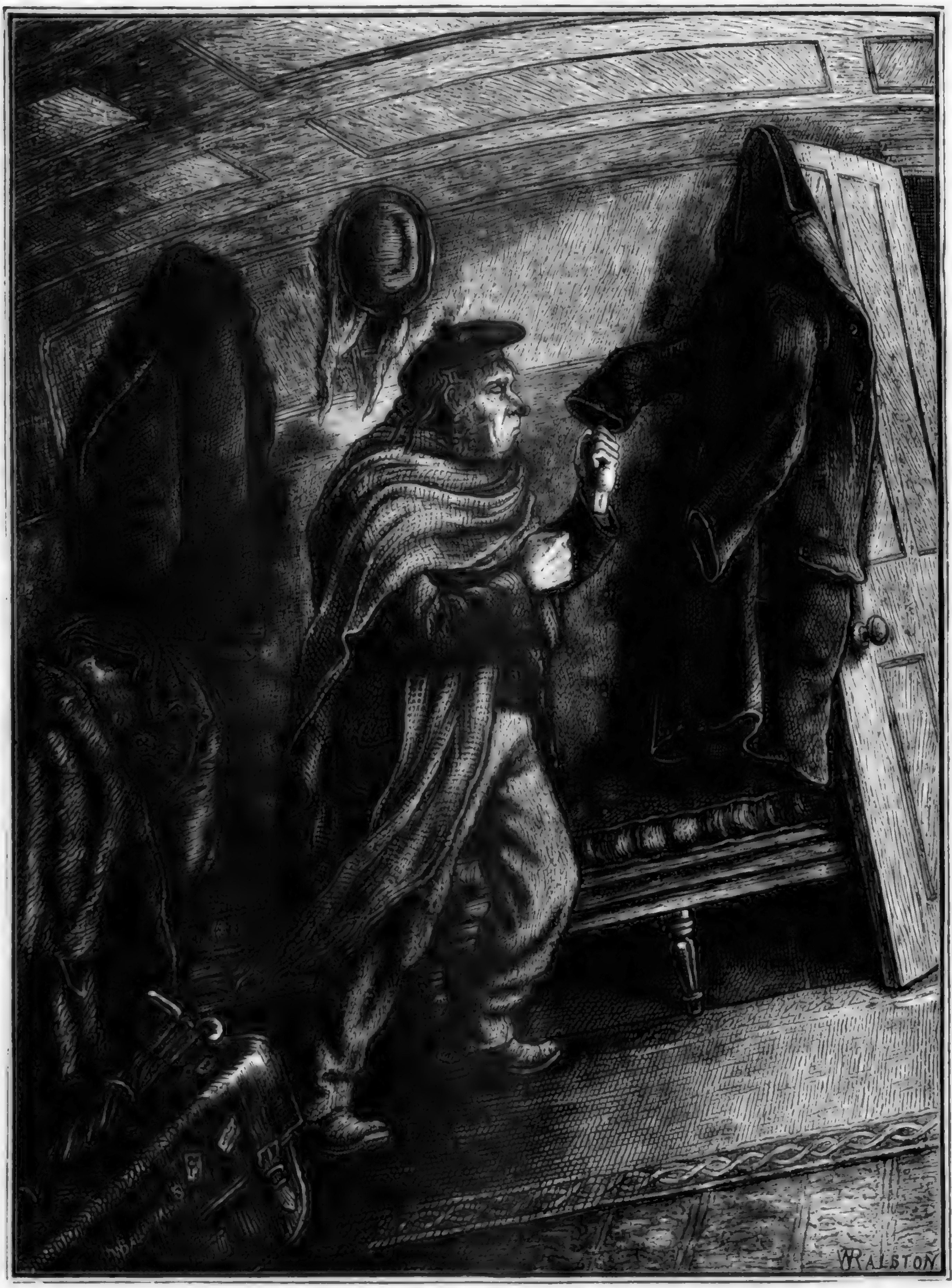
"I say," screamed Cameron, "they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper! Can you refuse that?"

"I refuse nothing. But tell me how many sheep are to be delivered to me?"

"Sheep! I ton't care for you or your sheep. I put town that they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper—and that is the pargain, whatever ye may say. I am refard, and that's what I say."

Mr. Dobbs, greatly aggravated and considerably drunk, stood up, raised his clinched fists above his head, and looked as if he had been seized with apoplexy.

"I deny it, gentlemen. I call you to witness that he refuses to tell me the bargain."



"THE PUGNACIOUS CELT STEADIED HIMSELF FOR A MOMENT."

Mr. Cameron looked at the bottle as if he would fain throw it at his opponent's head, but, being half-full of "Long John," he thought better of it.

"I tell ye, and if ye werena a prute of a Sassenach, you watn't have asked it again, that I wrote town that they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper. To you say that I titn't write town the truth?"

"Damn the truth!" cried Dobbs, at his wits' end.

"Oh! oh! hoh!" sounded round the table in different tones, which perfectly overwhelmed poor Dobbs, who crawled from the table and sat alone in a corner, looking very sulky.

By-and-by Scoodarach got up and went to him, and commenced in a low, condoling voice:

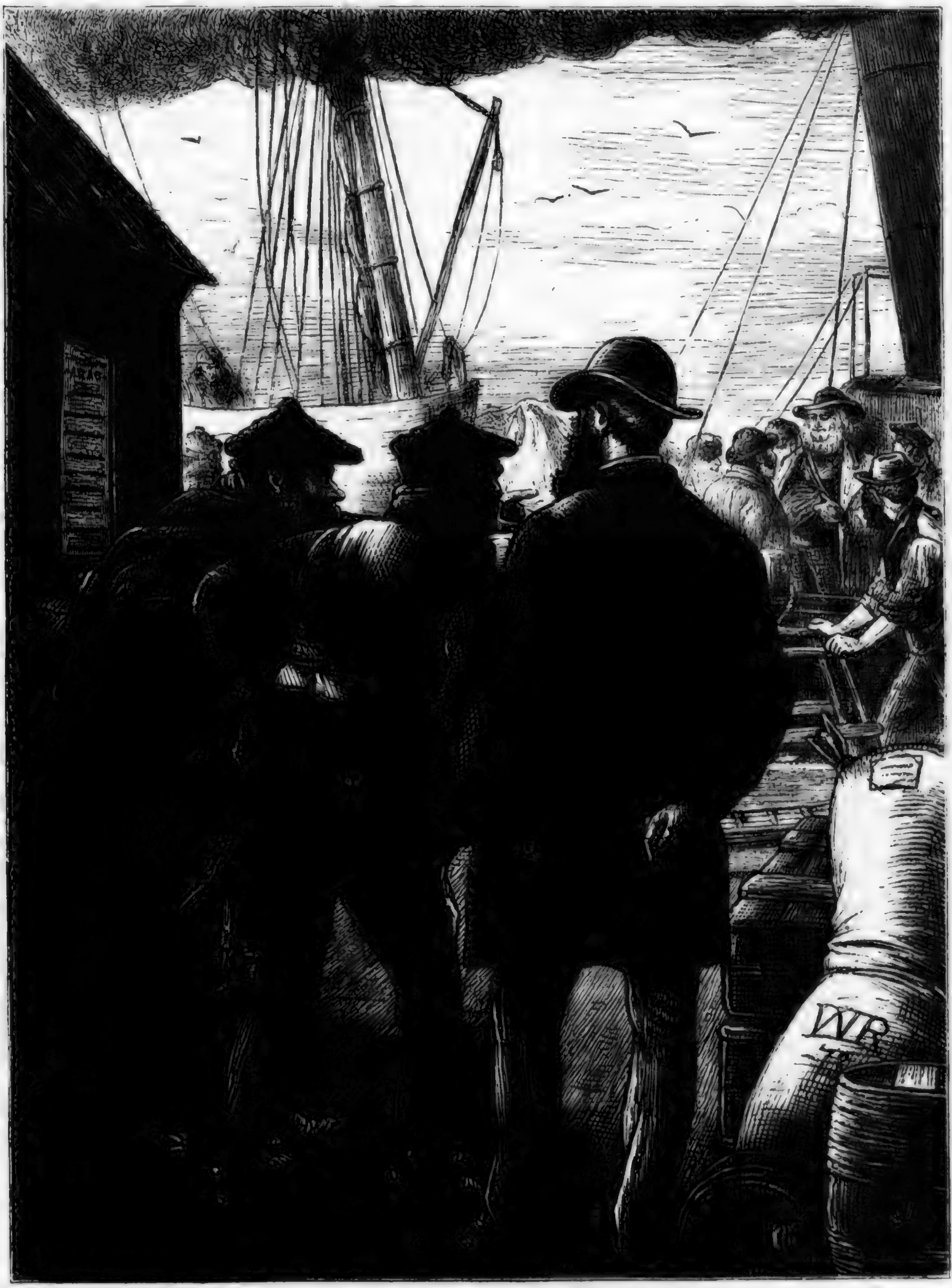
"Well, Mr. Tops, ye tidn't get chustice altogether from Mr. Cameron, who should have told ye the pargain. It is a pity that ye were in such a hurry puying the yowes, as I tidn't intend they should pe more than 15s., and they are scarcely worth so much. There is chust 2,000 of them, and your loss will pe apout £500. It is a pity, Mr. Tops."

Dobbs's face, drunk though he was, looked so remarkably blank after he received this gratuitous piece of information, that Scoodarach seemed to have difficulty in keeping his gravity.

"What did you say, sir—my loss would be £500?"

"That, at least, Mr. Tops."

"Bless my soul!" said Dobbs, "are you serious? Why, it was not fair of you."



"THAT'S HIM THAT SOLD THE TWA QUEYS FOR FORTY POUNDS."

"Chently, Mr. Tops; take care what ye say. Ye'll no get out of the scrape that way."

"Well, then, how can I get out of it?" asked the unfortunate man, in perturbation of spirit.

"Now, Mr. Tops, ye speak reasonable. I'll take fifty pounds, and let ye off the pargain."

"Fifty pounds! No, no; that 'ere is too much. Will you take five pounds?"

"Five pounds! Mr. Tops, ye are laughing at me. Five pounds instead of fifty pounds? What to ye take me for?"

"Come, now," said Dobbs, persuasively, "take the five pounds."

"I'll tell ye what I'll to, Mr. Tops. I have known ye long, and ye're a tacent man, and I'll let ye off for three pottles of wine."

Dobbs grasped his hand as if he had a benefactor, and was so overcome with gratitude that he could not utter a word for two minutes.

The two then joined the rest at the table, and the wine was called for. When it came, they all filled their glasses and tasted it; then shook their heads, and quietly took the whisky bottle and put a "smaal drappy o' 'Long Chon' in to make it trink fit for Christians."

"Tid ye settle, chentlemen?" inquired M'Craw.

"Ooh! Mr. Tops is a chentleman," answered Scoodarach, looking all innocence.

"You are a gentleman," said Dobbs, fervently. "I will maintain that 'ere in any company."

"Put are they to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper?" asked Cameron, looking dangerous.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Cameron, they are."

The wine and whisky mixture told upon Dobbs, who soon became unable to sit at the table, and the steward helped him away. He no sooner disappeared than Scoodarach told how he had fooled him, and this brought on a lively conversation.

"To ye mind Tonalt Plack that kept the public at the Ferry?"

"Yes, yes, Glenbogary, we aal knew Tonalt."

"Weel, one tay I was crossing at night, and Achanduin and me staid at Tonalt's house till the morning. We were in ped together when Tonalt comes in—he is a shrouwd fellow, Tonalt—and says Tonalt:

"'Glenbogary, what am I to do with a Sassenach pody that came yesterday, and staid aal night? He is up now, and going away, and he is asking me to give him my pill, and he hasna paid for what he cot, instead of his having money on me. He'll never get my pill whatever,' said Tonalt.

"'The bodach is wanting to cheat ye, Tonalt,' said Achanduin, 'put we'll stand py ye.'

"'Will ye?' says Tonalt. 'Then if he tries that, we'll see which is the pest man.'

"With that Tonalt goes out, and we heard him saying to the Englishman:

"'So ye'll pe for getting my pill, for how much?'

"'None of your impertinence!' says the Englishman.

"'What is that?' says Tonalt. 'Is it another pill? I'll give ye my pills immediately,' says Tonalt, 'and there is one of them;' and we heard a creat tramping, as of two men fighting, so we chumped up and found Tonalt and the Sassenach pusy at each other. They were poth stout and supple, and it was pretty to see them, and we looked at them for a while. Put the Sassenach had cunning plows, and Tonalt got some pad clours, so we went petween them, and separated them. The Englishman was in a rage, and wanted to take Tonalt pefore a magistrate; put when we explained Tonalt's ignorance, he laughed as much as we tid, and gave him half-a-crown when going away. That Englishman was a real chentleman, no tout."

When Glenbogary finished his story, he got up and called for the cabin-boy, who seemed to be a *protégé* of his, and after holding a private conversation with him in Gaelic, the boy went off. The old grazier got his broad hat, and stuck it on the front of his head, faced right at the door where the boy had disappeared, steadied himself, and drew his mouth back twice almost to his ears, each time giving a loud aspiration between a grunt and a snort, and made a very ludicrous attempt at a dignified march to the door, from which I saw the tails of his coat disappear as if he had been shot out of a huge cannon, the vessel having given a sudden lurch.

"No tout Glenbogary is a very tacent man," said Scoodarach, "and he got a lairge price for his queys—forty pounds for two queys! Ferry few people tid that. You think they got oil-cake, Mr. Jaik, to ye no?"

"Weel, after Glen said that he didna gie them ony, I am boond to believe him. But it's a lang price for twa beasts aff the graiss. I didna think there was graiss in the hielands that wad fetch them up to sae muckle money."

"Tyree wat make them petter nor no other place," said M'Craw, "and there's crass there that wat make them as fat as putter."

"Od, Mr. M'Craw," said Mr. Jack, "the only thing I ken o' Tyree is that it's fu' o' witches. But, without ony jokes, I have seen some fine fat beasts frae that island."

"Who toes Tyree pelong to?" asked Mr. Cameron in a defiant tone.

"To his Crace the Chuke of Argyle," answered M'Craw, proudly, "the creat M'Calein More."

"The whole o' Lochaber pelonged to the Tuke of Gordon, who was a petter man than ever a Tuke of Argyle was;" and the irascible Mr. Cameron struck his fist on the table.

This was too much for the defender of the Duke of Argyle, who no doubt would have been very proud of his champion if he had seen his face, and heard the tone in which he replied:

"Mr. Cameron, His Crace the Chuke of Argyle has peen a chuke pefore the Chuke of Gordon was fit for a cateran, and M'Calein More never turned his pack upon a friend or a foe."

The Duke of Gordon's champion was dumb with rage and astonishment, and there is no saying what he would have done, had not Scoodarach, who encouraged his companions to quarrel to the very verge of flying at one another's throats, and then by a few well-chosen words made them greater friends than ever, taken up the matter. "The Chuke of Argyle," said that individual, "*is* a creat man, and the Chuke of Cordon *was* a creat man—that is the tifference petween them; and it is much pity that there is that same tifference, for the Marquis of Huntly was an honor to Lochaber and to Scotland when he was at the head of the Plack Watch, and let them to clory wherever it was to pe found. Put he has cone to his home, and peace pe with him. Your father, Mr. Cameron, and mines too, had many a hard fight with him, and well, well they liked to talk apout him."

Even M'Craw was touched with the devotion with which Scoodarach spoke of the last of the Gordon dukes, who was evidently known by name to and popular with the whole party.

"Put what made ye say, Mr. Chaik," put in Mr. Finlay, "that Tyree was full o' witches?"

"I'm thinking," answered that gentleman, "Mr. M'Craw can tell ye mair on that subject than I can, for if a' tales be true, there's no lang since he was afore the shirra for callin' an auld wife a witch. Is it true that ye were fined for't, man ?"

"It was a wee fine," said M'Craw, looking conscious; "and it wasna for calling her a witch, put for no appearing at the court when my name was called."

"It was aboot that cheatery wark o' the stanes coming in through the roof o' the hoose, was it no ?" questioned Mr. Jack.

"Whist, Mr. Chaik, I don't like to hear you talk that way."

"Do ye mean to say that there was onything oncanny aboot it ?" said Mr. Jack. "Tell us it, man ; tell us it."

"Well, it's no a long story, and I'll pe willing to tell it."

All at table leaned foward with much curiosity, and some awe was depicted in every face, and as the narrative proceeded, even Mr. Jack was considerably influenced by the bearing of his friends, and looked somewhat seared.

"The thing happened at Callum Du's house. He was a tacent man, and had a wife and eleven childer, and what with fishing and making the most o' his pit croft, they were toing as well as their neighpors, and hadn't to make their tinner of shell-fish gathered on the shore and poiled in the brochan more than five times in the week. One tay the whole of himself and his family and wife and pairns were in at their tinner, and a crap which one o' the pairns had picked up at the shore was fished out of the pot, and two of the pairns were quarreling apout it, when a roun' stone cam in at the top of the house, without leaving a hole aifter it, and came thack town, and struck the crap out o' their hands on the floor. Callum was so pusy at his brochan, that he tidn't notice the pairns till he heard them give a roar. He then looked, chust as a wee pit balachan, two years old, was going to pick up the crap, and what should he see ?"

Here the narrator's voice sank to a sort of whisper, and his lips became parched, and so unmanageable that he could scarcely bring them to subjection so as to perform their functions. The rest partook of his emotion, and several asked in the same tone :

"*Whatt ?*"

"The crap," continued M'Craw, "moving slowly away from the laddy, although it was well poiled, and had no more life in it than the herring I eat to my tinner to-tay. Callum and his wife and the grown-up childer were tumb with fear, put the wee laddy laughed and went aifter the crap, till his mother got hold of him and kept him pack. Then another pairn went to the pot with a spoon, to get some out of it, and the pot moved off aifter the crap, and another stone came in at the top of the house, and it tidn't left a hole aifter it neither. The whole of them then ran out of the house, making a noise that prought aal their neipors apout them, put none of them wat go into the house, till Tonalt Tawlor came, and he said he wat go in. Put if he tid, he tidn't remain long, for water came pouring town upon him, and pefore he could get out he was more like a trooket fox than a Christian. No one wat go in aifter this, and some one went for a chustice-peace, and he came next tay, and went in quite pold and sat town. He soon heard splash, splash on the loft, and up the ladder he went, to a smaal place where there was two peds, and he found one of the peds full of milk, and the other of water. Well, he went town again and called Callum in, and, though feared, he tidn't like to refuse the chentleman, and went.

"'Pretty pusiness this, Callum,' says he, 'to put water in one ped and milk in the other. If you attempt to cheat me I'll have you put in chail.'

"'Och!' cried Callum, 'it's me that's no cheating, as God's my wutness !'

"'The tevil is more likely to pe your wutness,' said the chustice, very angry, put he no sooner said so than the pot pegan to move. When he saw this, he looked with his eyes very open, put he was pold enough, and said :

"'This is one of your tricks ;' and with that he went to the pot, put he couldn't get near it, for it kept tancing round him till he got afeard, and walked out of the house, and without saying one wort he chumped on his horse and galloped away. I happened to pe in the island at the time, and I went to see if it was aal true I heard."

"And what seed ye, man ?" said Mr. Jack, whose leathern jaws lengthened, though long enough before, during the recital of this astonishing story.

M'Craw resumed :

"I saw the pot, for I went into the house, and when I was looking at it, a hard peat came in at the side of the house where there was neither toor nor window, and struck my pack, and made me chump till I nearly prained my head akainst a peam. When I looked round at the pot, as I was going out at the toor—for I tidn't remain longer in the unplest place—it was tancing round the kitchen."

"Did ye see that wi' your ain een ?" asked Mr. Jack.

"Yes, Mr. Chaik, I saw it with my two plessed eyes."

"Then," said Mr. Jack, solemnly, "there is mair nor guid graiss grows in Tyree, or I am mista'en."

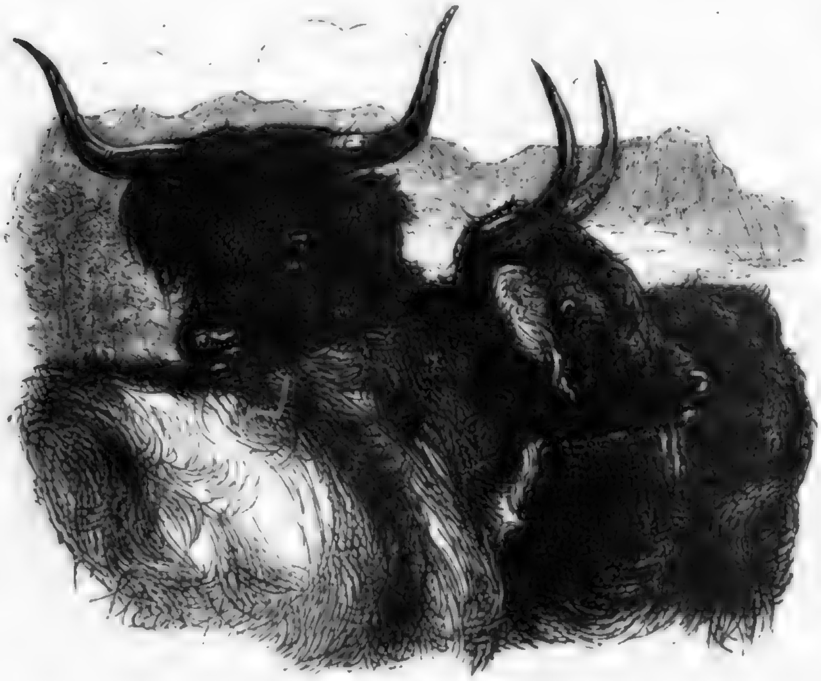
The party became very sombre after this, and I dozed into an uncomfortable state of unconsciousness for some time. I was roused out of this by something tumbling over me, which turned out to be the fiery Mr. Cameron, who was going on deck, and was hurled upon me by the laboring of the steamer, which was straining and creaking in every timber. His temper was by no means improved by his contact with me, and he started up as if mortally insulted, and made for the door. It happened to be open, and a large top-coat was thrown upon it which hung down more than half-way to the floor, and might be mistaken, by a person who had been imbibing "Talisker" and "Long John" for four or five hours, for a man. The boat tossing violently, made the arms of the coat swing in a bellicose way that at once attracted the attention of the pugnacious Celt, who steadied himself for a moment, and then made a rush at it with very hostile intentions. The shock of the collision was considerable, and Mr. Cameron was thrown back rolling under the table, carrying the coat with him, which he pummeled most unmercifully, and refused to let go when the steward and others came to the scene of action, until it should own itself vanquished.

The last I saw of Mr. Cameron was his being carried, kicking and scratching frantically, up the cabin stair ; and when the steward returned, his shirt-collar had disappeared, and one of his sleeves dangled gracefully about his arm.

After this the party did not muster. The tumblers, however, were empty, so that there was no liquor thrown away. How they stowed themselves away for the night I do not know, further than that I heard terrific snoring in all directions, from which I infer that they enjoyed more sound and undisturbed slumbers than fell to my lot.

But I did sleep, too—a troubled, uncomfortable, unrefreshing sleep—and when I awoke in the morning, daylight was struggling in at the little round port-holes. I heard a friendly chat going on not far from me, and listened.

"Chust a smaal trop, Mr. Finlay, to open your eyes



"BUT THE QUEYS WAS GOOT."

aifter being aal night on the Moil. It's a pad place, the Moil, and many's the goot man that found a sore head there."

"Your health, Scoodarach," answered Mr. Finlay, and soon after I heard a smack of satisfaction. "Now, ye'll tak a taste yourself, for what has done me so much good cannot to ye harm."

"I have been tasting with Glenbogary when he took his morning, put I will trink your health for luck, Mr. Finlay." And he did so in a bumper of pure whisky.

He noticed that I was awake, and immediately came to me.

"Ye're petter now, sir," said Scoodarach, cheerfully; "and to put aal right ye'll tak a smaal trap out of my pottle. We'll soon pe in Oban, for Kerrera is showing its nose to us, and the *Arap* is going her pest."

I thanked him, and declined the whisky, to his no small astonishment.

"Perhaps ye would like prandy or wine petter?"

I assured him I could not taste either, upon which he looked at me compassionately, and said:

"Hoo! I see now! That's why ye were sick last night."

The steamer was soon all alive, and shortly before reaching Oban breakfast was served, and most of the boon companions of the night before sat down to it with as keen appetites and as hearty as if they had gone to bed sober at nine o'clock instead of "very fu'" at two in the morning. I did not breakfast until I went on shore at Oban, and I confess I thought it a very pleasant change.

I determined, however, to go to the quay as the *Arab* was leaving, to have a last look at the tar-barrels, and at the droughty Scoodarach, perhaps; and to be sure, there they were, and Glenbogary's broad hat and broad coat-tail nodding and fluttering in the breeze. He was telling something to a stranger, who listened in seeming wonder and admiration. What it was I can only conjecture.

I was nearly knocked down by some one pushing violently past me, and on turning round I saw two men rushing along the quay, who I thought had been left behind, but I was wrong in this conjecture. The one got hold of the other by the arm, the better to direct his eyes, and, pointing in a very excited manner at the retreating steamer, said:

"That's him that sold the two queys for forty pounds!"

"And fifty the next day," I repeated, as I walked away to the Caledonian. "But the queys was goot!"

VOICE IN FISH.

About six years ago (a traveler writes), while engaged in a survey of the Disang River, in Eastern Assam, I had occasion to sound by a line the depth of a pool called the "Deo Dubé," or Deep of the Demon.

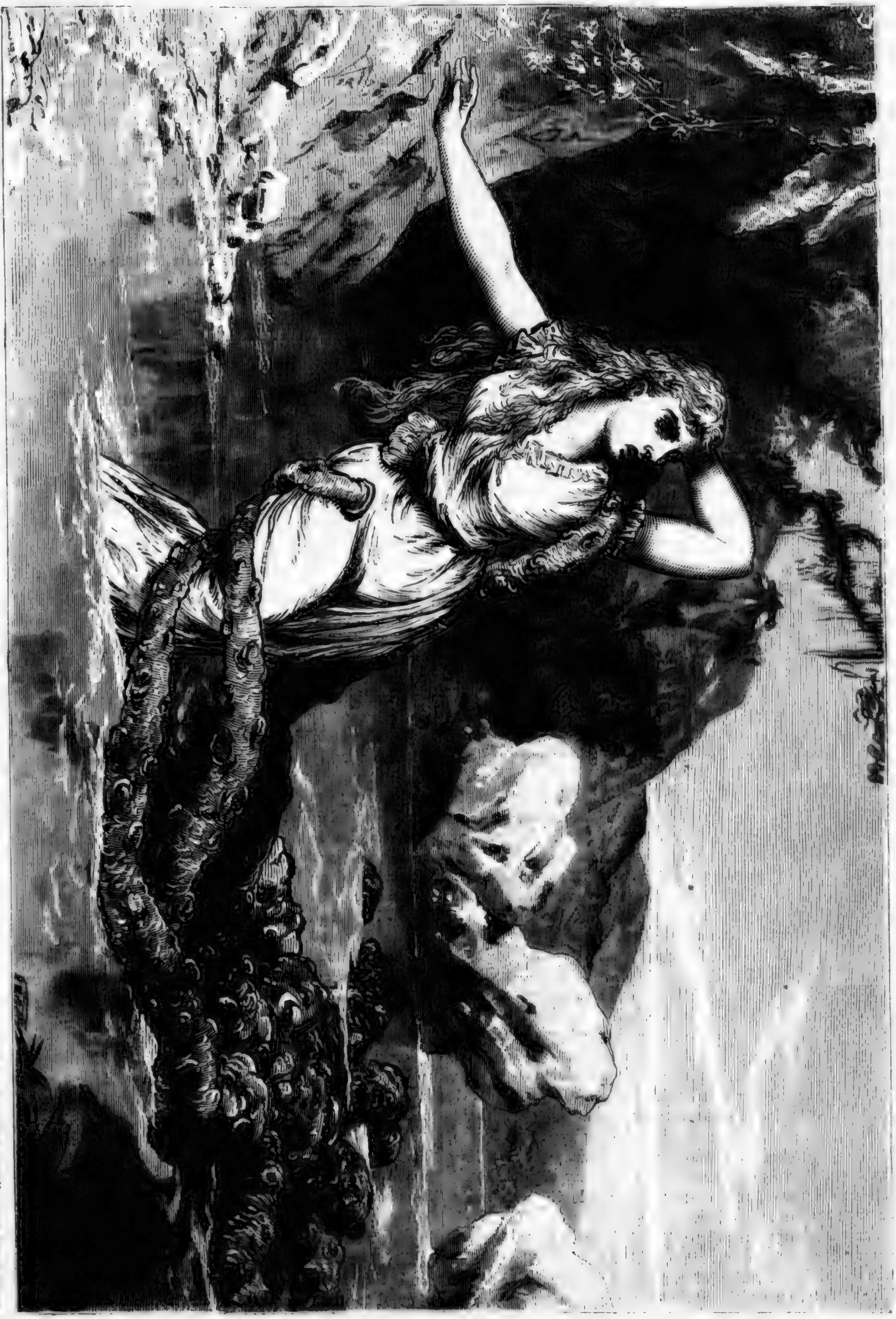
While seated in a small Rob Roy canoe, and very slowly drifting on the pool, I became aware of a number of large mahsir (*Barbes macrocephalus*) moving about in the water below and around me. Sitting perfectly still, I had the pleasure to see them gradually approach the surface and move about me at a foot or so distant, passing alongside, under and around the canoe, carefully examining it, bow and stern especially. It may not be easy to guess a fish's *thoughts*, but from the manner in which they examined my symmetrical and gray-colored canoe, they appeared to think it might possibly be a huge fish, and dead, of course.

While watching their movements, I was aware of a peculiar "cluck," or percussive sound, frequently repeated, on all sides, and coming from below, but close to me. Eventually I found that this was made by the mahsir, and one, passing close along on my right, by itself, made several distinct sounds as it went on, that seemed answered by others to the left. If seated, say, on the bank, the sound would be loud enough to be heard at forty feet distance.

A large bivalve also is common in some parts of Eastern Assam that sings loudly in concert. A small ant also makes a peculiar thrice-repeated noise by scraping in unison on the dry leaves of its nest if it is disturbed.

No man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not learned to obey.

THE SONG ON THE SEASHORE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 418.



A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.—"THE MONSTER OVERTOOK HER, AND WITH A RAPID EVOLUTION THREW ITS FEELERS ABOUT HER UNTIL SHE SEEMED TO BE INCLOSED IN A LIVING NET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SONG ON THE SEASHORE.

By A. Alphonso Dayton.

The twilight's purple shafts
Spread o'er the shadowy sky;
The sea is moaning restlessly,
And phantom clouds flit by.
The soft-winged zephyrs sighing,
While shadows thickly lying,
Bedim the starlit sky.

I stand upon the shore
Beside the darkling bay,
And gaze upon its restless flood,
The wavelets' loitering play.
The waters softly gleaming,
Methinks are gently dreaming
Of other days.

Hark! on the perfum'd breeze
Floats out a trembling song;
The echoes ring melodiously,
The soft strains waft along.
They float along upon the tide,
And die upon the other side
In trembling waves.

The mellow song has ceased.
But still its echo rings;
My thoughts go back to other days,
And memory round them clings:
Those days when love was dreaming,
When youthful skies were gleaming
With stars of hope.

Alas! those stars have set
Beneath the clouds of woe;
And dark despair is swooping down
To hide the sunset's glow.
My heart grows faint and weary,
My path looks dark and dreary
Where'er I go.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

"I WOULD give a thousand dollars to be allowed to speak with her for one moment," murmured Josiah Sumner, as, reining his horse, he turned to gaze upon the retreating figure of a lady who had just ridden by him. "If the report is true, she may encounter the monster, and then God help her!"

As though irresistibly prompted by his feelings, the words had scarcely passed his lips ere he turned his horse's head and returned seaward.

The action was evidently observed by the young lady, who was mounted upon one of those thoroughbred blood horses for which Jamaica is famous, for she touched her steed with her whip, and set off at a smart canter, while her pursuer gradually increased the speed of his animal without the aid of spur or whip.

It was a charming morning, and they were riding through some of the most lovely scenery of the island, but neither cared about that, their sole thought being bestowed upon each other.

Amy Moffat was a beautiful blonde, about eighteen years of age, tall, graceful, and lithe as a willow. She was the only daughter of a wealthy planter who lived at The Cedars, on which estate they were then riding, and she was acknowledgd on all sides to be the belle of the island.

Josiah Sumner was a Bostonian, who for two years had been residing in Jamaica, where he represented the well-known firm of Sumner, Bliss & Tappan. He was a fine young fellow, and a general favorite with every one in the place.

Some months before, he had proposed to Miss Moffat, and been accepted, but an unfortunate observation made by him at the governor's ball a few evenings before had caused a breach between the lovers.

It was a trifling matter, but Amy resented it so keenly that her lover would not sacrifice his self-respect so far as more than once to sue for forgiveness, and as matters were, unless by a miracle, it seemed as though Josiah Sumner and Amy Moffat were parted for ever.

The lady was proud, and admitted no one into her confidence, while the gentleman, equally sensitive, feeling that he had done all he could to explain matters, felt that he could do no more.

It may therefore be imagined that it was no ordinary motive which prompted his exclamation and the action that followed it.

Amy was on her way to the sea, from which place her lover had just returned. They had reached that part of the road where the ocean comes in view, and she was diverging to the left, in order to descend to the rocky caverns which are in that part of the island inclosed for bathing purposes, as the gentleman dashed up to her side, saying, "Pardon me, Miss Moffat, but I wish to warn you of a great danger," when the lady suddenly urged her horse to the top of its speed, and disappeared in a dark ravine.

The coast was fringed with a wall of coral rocks, pierced with innumerable holes, some of them so large as to admit of the entrance of a considerable body of water. This at high tide formed deep pools behind the rocks, which acted as natural screens, while the land side was hidden from observation by high fences, overgrown with luxuriant creepers.

Nothing could be more beautiful than these natural baths, and, in order to keep the colored population from venturing near them, their owners had from time to time circulated marvelous stories about marine monsters found in the still basins, which tales being firmly believed by the daddies and aunties on the plantations for miles round, had gradually led to these places being shunned by all save the buckras and their visitors.

Sumner uttered a cry of annoyance, and reining his animal, watched the form of his beloved until she was lost in the gloom of the ravine, when, flushed and maddened by her contemptuous treatment, he turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and galloped toward The Cedars.

Meanwhile, Amy checked her steed as her course began to grow dangerous, and upon hearing her lover retreat, stopped altogether, and dismounting, fastened her horse to the limb of a cottonwood-tree, and parting the thorny branches, threaded her way toward the entrance to her bathing-place.

It was a most romantic spot, the land side being locked in with tree-encumbered rocks, while the palisade by which it was surrounded was so laden with passion-flowers that it looked like a floral rampart.

Approaching the gate, she drew forth a key, and throwing back the door, entered and closed it behind her.

The floor of the bathing-place was formed of pure white sand, that sloped gradually toward the outer or sea-wall of coral to which we have before referred.

In the centre of this wall was a funnel-shaped cavity, seen only at low tide. This chasm was studded with long

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fronds of seaweed, and floored with many-hued anemones, through which the tide ebbed and flowed.

Sometimes, when the water was low, gentlemen who owned similar bathing-places along the coast would swim through these holes into the sea beyond; but Amy had never thought of doing this, the opening being always in her mind connected with the grim stories about marine monsters told her in childhood by her colored nurse, which impression had never been entirely eradicated, even after she learned the origin of the tales.

When she entered the place, the sea was pouring through the cavity with a gentle gurgling, suggestive of coolness and repose; and having secured the door, Amy walked toward a miniature log hut, which had been built expressly for her use by her brother, and in a short time was ready for the water.

The young lady unloosened her luxuriant fair hair, threw herself upon the warm sand, and idly watched the rising waters, murmuring as she did so:

"If he loves me he will not mind one or two rebuffs. I must be firm with him now, or he will repeat his foolish flirtation. He must be all or nothing to me, and when he has been properly punished I will forgive him; but after all, poor old fellow, I am rather severe upon him. Yet, why did he ride after me in that frantic fashion this morning, I wonder?"

As she said this, she noticed a tree-snake depending from a spray of passion-flower which had projected itself far beyond the rest of the plant.

While she was gazing upon it in a listless, meditative way, a humming-bird darted into the inclosure, and after skimming round the place for a few seconds, poised itself before the flower on the extremity of the spray.

Ere she could give the alarm, the lurking reptile darted forth its long feelers, and opened its poisonous jaws, while the bird, as though mesmerized by the glint of the creature's eyes, hung suspended before it, fluttering its wings all the while in a whirl of agony.

This lasted for a few seconds, then came a lightning-like movement on the part of the snake, and the gemmed beauty was in the grasp of its hideous conqueror.

Shuddering over the fate of the lovely bird, and retreating from that part of the inclosure, Amy approached the water, but for some moments hung back as though dreading to enter.

She presented a charming study for artist or sculptor just then, as, with disheveled hair reaching far below her waist, she trembled upon the brink of the pool. It was like the final pause of the humming-bird before the portal of the fatal flower.

For a few seconds she hesitated, then, joining her lovely hands above her head, dived into the cool waters, at the bottom of which crouched one of those hideous monsters known as the devil-fish. Its body, or head—for it is difficult to determine where one ends and the other begins—was hidden in the cavity through which flowed the water from the sea.

This part of the creature was of immense size, and of a sickly, pale slate-color, spotted with hideous blotches of orange-red, about midway on which were two enormous eyeballs, capable of contraction or expansion at the creature's will; while from the base of these where they joined the body radiated fifty arms, each fifteen to twenty feet in length, and thickly studded with suckers, so constructed that when they attached themselves their action when excited would enable them to cut out a circular piece from anything softer than a granite rock.

On the under part of the body or head was placed a huge mouth, armed with four rows of grinders, which received everything captured by the creature, who could from its peculiar formation only live upon soft substances. These teeth were about a foot in length and three inches in width, and were so placed in the membraneous lining that, when the jaws were protruded to seize the prey, the inside of the cavity seemed, as it were, paved with stones, which, in closing, compressed their victim, and finally ground it into shreds.

The bag-like eye-pupils peered between two of the upper feelers, which were thrust forward over the eyes like *antennæ*, while the rest of the warty arms were opened out web-like over the bed of the bath, and were gradually becoming covered with sand.

While Amy had been watching the snake and its prey, the monster had twice thrust forth its eyes, which, when out of the water, blazed like meteors; but, upon the young lady approaching the bath, the orbs contracted, and resumed their fish-like dullness.

As she touched the calm surface, a thrill seemed to pass through the creature, and in an instant its arms became white as the sands upon which they rested, while the body changed to a deep jet. It seemed as though the coloring matter had all rushed toward the latter point.

Amy, unconscious as she was of danger, swam and floated about the pool, more than once resting upon the monster's arms, which were, however, by that time so covered with sand as scarcely to differ from the ridges formed by the tide.

Darting hither and thither, she several times approached the cavity, and was once so near the creature's horrible lips that the sprawling arms began to writhe, as though desirous of drawing her into their fatal embrace; but the devil-fish was not ready for its prey just then, and Amy swam away from the dark hole, shuddering she knew not why.

Becoming weary of the pastime, she gathered her flowing tresses together, and began to wring the water from them, when her attention was attracted by a bubbling sound proceeding from the cavity.

As the noise increased, Amy became alarmed, and dropping her tresses, was hurrying from the water, when the devil-fish suddenly contracted its feelers, and, inverting its body, darted after her.

She was seating herself on a weed-fringed stone on the edge of the bath as the monster overtook her, and with a rapid evolution threw its feelers about her until she seemed to be inclosed in a living net.

This action so paralyzed her that she was unable to make the slightest sound, while her assailant glowered at her in such a fearful manner that she fainted.

As she became motionless, the devil-fish relaxed its grasp, and retreated to the cavity, where, with lurid eyes and waving, finger-like arms, it looked like a blazing meteor.

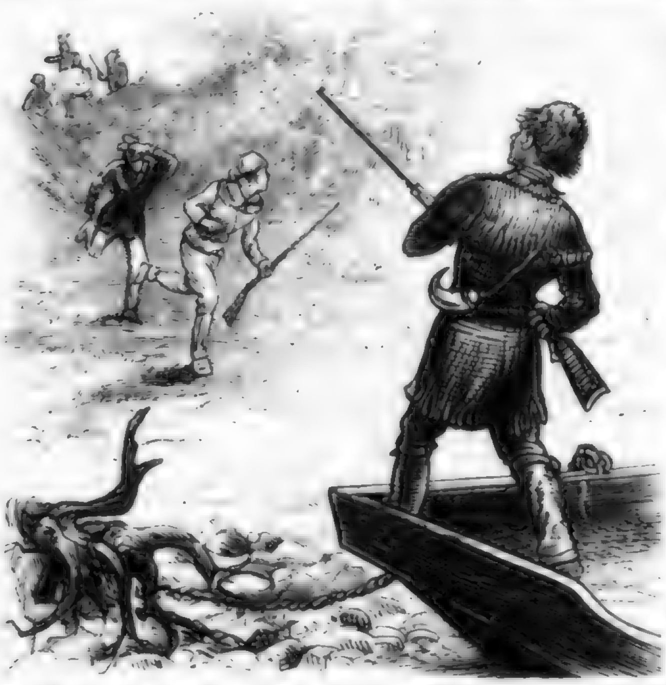
Amy returned slowly to consciousness, and, raising her head, looked around for the dreadful thing. Could it be a dream? she thought; but no. There, at the entrance of the pool, she could see the monster watching her as a cat does a mouse.

In her pitiful helplessness she glanced about for some place of refuge where the creature could not follow her, and remembering the log hut, was leaving the rock, when the devil-fish once more made after her.

Fear gave her strength and courage, and in a few moments she was safely inside the hut, and had closed and barred the door. Another second, and the monster was out of the water and writhing its horrible body over the sand.

These creatures. whose limbs are endowed with so much

XUM



A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"FOSSETT AND HIS COMPANION CAME DASHING DOWN THE BANK, HOTLY PURSUED BY A LARGE BODY OF INDIANS."—SEE PAGE 423.

muscular power, can move almost as rapidly on land as in the water. Throwing its long arms about the hut, it endeavored to drag it from its foundation, but without avail, finding which, it tried to insert its slimy feelers in the windows, which, however, were tightly closed against its attacks.

Amy's brother had built the hut, not only as a bathing-box, but with the idea of its serving as a retreat for the ladies of his family in case of an insurrection among the colored population, and it was his custom to provision the little habitation just as he would have done a fort; so Amy felt perfectly secure in her place of shelter.

Finding its attempts fruitless, the monster slowly uncoiled its grasp, and retreated to its watery den, where it remained silently watching its victim.

As the shadows lengthened, it slowly emerged from its hiding-place, and, erecting its body before the door of the hut, spread out its limbs and continued its vigil.

Amy could not understand why no one had come to her relief; but, feeling sure that her father and brother would miss her at dinner, and institute a search, watched away the weary time until sleep lulled her into unconsciousness, and she woke to find that it was morning, and that the devil-fish was still watching her.

At noon the creature retreated to the cavity, dragging its shiny body wearily over the sands, and showing great exhaustion through its long absence from the water; but it soon recovered strength, and was dozing in its retreat, when a sound attracted its attention, and in a few seconds Amy, peering from a window, saw Zeno, her father's colored ganger, descending the passion-flower vines.

He was a magnificent specimen of the Congo negro—tall, muscular, and savage-looking as a black tiger. Amy had always feared this man, but now she welcomed his appearance as she would that of her dearest white friend; for she thought:

"Brave Zeno has come to my rescue!"

Poor Amy! Since she had left her father's residence the previous morning there had been an insurrection of the laborers all over the island; her father was in the field, at the head of a force of volunteer soldiers; her home a smoking ruin; and her lover desperately wounded by the insurgents, whose leader was no other than the giant Zeno.

With a fiendish grin, the fellow unlocked the door, and beckoned to some of his followers who were outside; but so superstitious were they, that he could not induce them to budge an inch.

Cursing them for a *magua* (mean) set of cowards, Zeno advanced toward the hut, crying:

"Missee Amy! Missee Amy! Where is you?"

"Here, good Zeno!" replied the anxious girl; "but, for heaven's sake, be careful, or the monster will seize you!"

Evidently not noticing the last remark, the negro replied:

"Open de door!"

Amy hesitated, and inquired:

"Where is my father?"

"Your what?" brutally laughed the ganger.

"My papa, Zeno. Where is your master?"

"Come, stop dat foolin', and open de door, missee. You habbent got no fader now; he's dead. I'm massa now! I'm king ob all de niggers in dis island, and if you behaves yourself, and pleases me, I'll make you queen!"

The awful truth flashed across the young lady's mind, and she instantly comprehended why she had not been succored.

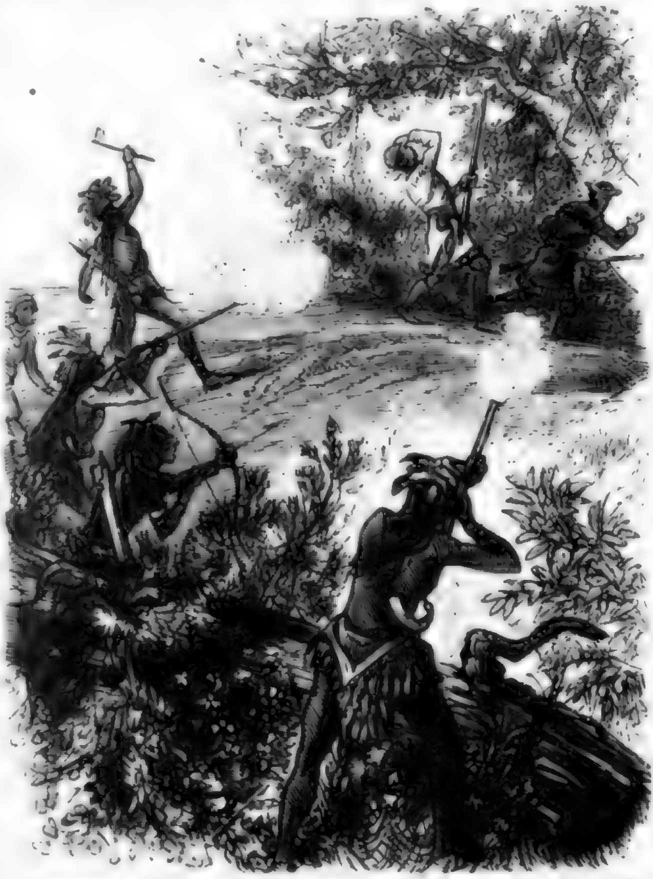
Certain rumors, which had been circulated for some months, were true, and she knew that Zeno was the recognized head in the movement. Expecting no mercy from the savage, she determined to sacrifice him to the devil-fish, and, opening the window, called him, saying:

"So they have made you king, Zeno, and you have come here to ask me to be your queen?"

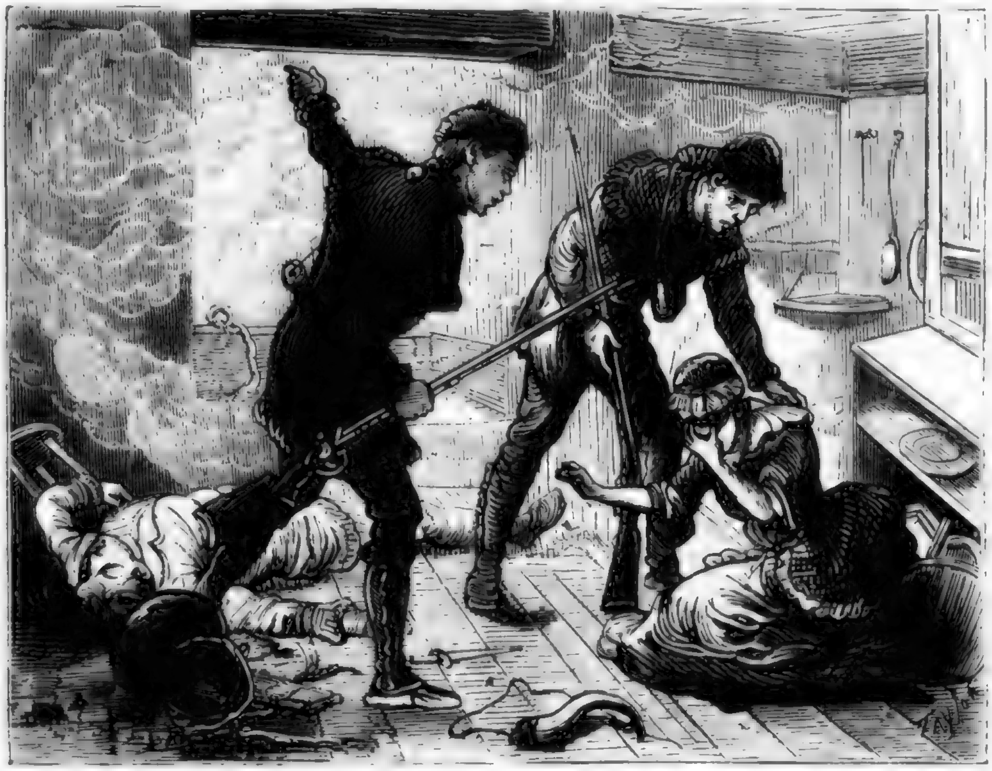
"Yes, missee."

"Why do you wish for me? There's Julia, and Mamie, and Lucy, dying for you; besides, I cannot marry you, as I am engaged to Mr. Sumner."

This she said in order to temporize with the fiend, and get him to tell what had become of her lover.



A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"THE INDIANS RALLIED AND ROSE FROM THE RAVINE, AND FIRED A VOLLEY AT THEM AS THEY FLED. CREPPS RECEIVED A BALL IN HIS LEFT SIDE."



A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"SHE SAT WITH HER FACE BURIED IN HER HANDS, AND NO EFFORT COULD MAKE HER SENSIBLE THAT THERE WAS ANY HOPE OF ESCAPE."—SEE PAGE 423.

"Massa Sumner!" laughed Zeno. "Him berry near dead, missee! Him come an' interfere wid me yesterday, and I gib him what I gib all de buckra—two shot, boom! boom! and cook um goose berry quick!"

Amy's heart sank at this information, but she continued:

"Zeno, be a good man, and do not trouble me. I have always been kind to you."

"Now, you look a-heah, Missee Amy, 'taint no use foolin' me wid words like dis. I's got business to 'tend to, so come along wid me, or I'll burn dat hut about your ears. God! I's got to hab you. I's watched you ebber since you was a child ebbery day, saying, Wait a little, Zeno, and you shall hab her! You's got to come wid me now, anyhow!"

The devil-fish had emerged from the pool and retreated again.

"Gracious heaven!" thought Amy; "the monster will not attack a colored man! I am indeed lost!"

Changing her tactics, she addressed the negro, saying:

"Zeno, do you really love me?"

"Do I?" grinned the brute. "Do you tink I'd come into dis fetich place ef I didn't?"

"Very well. If you love me, dive through the hole in the rock, and tell me if you can see a ship going toward Kingston."

"For why you want me to do dat, missee?"

"To prove you care for me, Zeno."

Glancing toward her with a mingled look of lust and doubt, the savage dived into the pool, and, ere he knew it, thrust his head into the mouth of the devil-fish.

Closing its powerful jaws upon the woolly skull, the marine monster, with one motion, deprived its human brother of life.

Then ejecting the morsel, as though in disgust, it once more resumed its watch upon the hut.

Meanwhile the negro's companions, growing bolder by the example of their leader, entered the inclosure; but, missing their king, shouted:

"Where you is, Zeno—where you is?"

Amy did not know these wretches, who were even more repulsive in their appearance than Zeno; but she was nerved to lure them on to their destruction. So she replied:

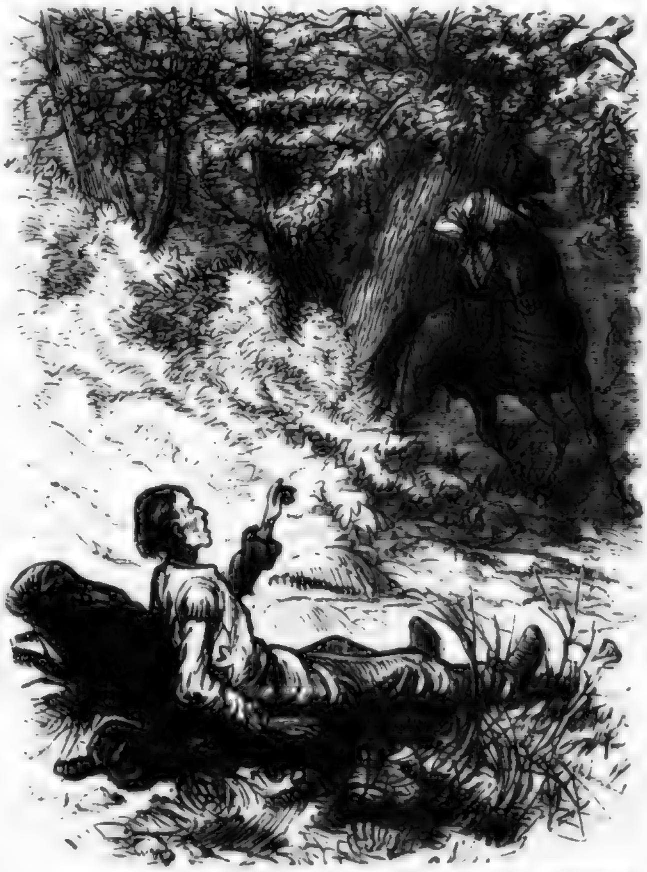
"Zeno has dived through the hole, and wants you outside!"

They knew what she meant, and, after a short consultation, they entered the water, when, quickly discovering the mutilated body of their leader, they were about to retreat; but the devil-fish reached forth its arms, and drew them down.

After a desperate struggle, it dragged them to the mouth of the hole; then came a crunching sound, followed by a few blood-tinged bubbles, and all was over. Strangely enough, the monster left the water after this, and resumed its watch before the hut.

The shades of night fell, and Amy, sick at heart and almost ready to die of grief and horror, watched the stars come forth that night, and saw them pale again when morning dawned; yet there squatted the hideous devil-fish, with its staring eyes fixed upon her, almost as humanly as the negro's had been.

Day after day passed, and the bodies of the monster's victims were one by one washed through the cavity, and swept out to sea; still the hideous fish never once relaxed its watch, while her stock of provisions was dwindling rapidly.



A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"HE MUSTERED ALL HIS STRENGTH, AND HAILED HIM; BUT TO HIS SURPRISE AND DISMAY, THE HORSEMAN TURNED SUDDENLY AND GALLOPED OFF."

XUM

"Will it never leave me?" she murmured, wringing her hands in agony. "Oh, my darling! would that I had listened to you! This is the danger about which you warned me!"

When her lover parted from her, he intended to ride to her father's house, and inform them that he had been frightened from his bath by the appearance of a devil-fish.

Fortunately for him, the cavity through which the sea-water found an entrance in their inclosure was of such small dimensions that the creature could not make its way into their bath; but, knowing that the aperture in the Moffats' bathing-place was larger, and that Amy would probably be alone when she next visited the shore, he felt much alarm lest she should be attacked.

Making a short cut through the pimento-groves, toward The Cedars, Josiah was soon among the huts scattered about near the residence.

To his astonishment, he found them all deserted, while, upon nearing the mansion, he noticed that it was on fire in several places, the furniture and valuables being scattered about upon the lawn.

Seated before the grand piano was Zeno, the ganger, amusing his companions by pretending to play a fandango, while groups of half-drunken negroes were trying on clothes or drinking the wines they had plundered from the cellars.

Riding into their midst, he demanded, in a loud voice:

"What does this mean? Where is Mr. Moffat?"

Zeno stopped his noise, and insolently replied:

"Shut your mouf, you hangman!"

No longer able to control his rage, and totally indifferent to the odds against him, Josiah rode at the ganger, and, raising his heavy riding-whip, felled the fellow to the earth.

In another instant he was on his feet, his eyes flashing defiance to Sumner, who wheeled his horse, determining to return to the shore, and imform Amy of the insurrection, when one of Zeno's followers placed a revolver in the hand of his chief, saying:

"Shoot the Yankee buckra!"

Zeno shut both eyes and fired, but so close was he to his victim that two of the balls took effect, and he fell across his horse's neck, while the animal, seeming to understand the danger, bounded off, and was soon out of their range.

Recovering his seat after he had been carried about a mile, Josiah endeavored to stanch his wounds with a handkerchief, when his attention was attracted by a movement among the undergrowth, and upon looking up, he saw old Rosanna, Amy's nurse, who, after putting her fingers to her lips, whispered:

"Ride into de swamp, so dey no track your hoss, Massa Josiah, and den come round to de back of dis cottonwood tree!"

Sumner did as he was directed, and, upon arriving at the indicated spot, found Mrs. Moffat and two other ladies who had been making a morning call at her house when the insurrection took place, and had been saved with her.

Mrs. Moffat's first exclamation was:

"Where's Amy?"

"At the b——"

Ere the last syllable escaped his lips, Sumner fell from his horse, overcome by the heat and weakness from loss of blood.

The party were hidden in hammocks slung under the pendulous branches of the cottonwood tree. It was a secure retreat, as no one could see them, they being protected by a giant cottonwood in front, and an interminable swamp in the rear; but the exhalation from the decaying vegetation was sickening, while musquitoes and sand-flies rendered their position scarcely endurable.

Old Rosanna, who had, unaided, carried her mistress and friends through the mire of the swamp, and who was smeared from head to foot with the horribly smelling slime, caught the fainting form of the young man as he dropped from the saddle, and gently deposited it in a hammock she had reserved for her foster-child, Amy.

"Where is he wounded, Rosanna?" whispered Mrs. Moffat, who was very partial to Josiah, and who had always treated him as a son.

"Git me dat brandy-bottle, ma'am!" replied the old negress. "He's got a powerful big hole in his side, and another in his back! Laws! dem niggers dey hab a deal to answer for!"

Josiah soon revived under the old woman's care, but the heat and musquitoes created such a fever that at sunset he was delirious, added to which the alligators, attracted by the presence of so many human beings, swarmed beneath the hammocks in such numbers that Rosanna was afraid to move to his assistance.

When day dawned the reptiles disappeared, and the old woman crept out to reconnoitre.

After being absent for some time she returned, looking scared and sad, telling them that the "ole house was burnt right down." But she omitted the rest of what she heard about Zeno going off to the bathing-place to fetch her loved Amy home as his wife.

Sumner rallied after the fever left him, and was conveyed to the hut of a friendly negro, who cultivated rushes in the swamp; but Josiah could learn nothing beyond what Rosanna hinted—that she was not yet captured.

Fortunately for the young man, his wounds soon healed, the balls having gone clean through his body.

On the fifth day they were rescued by a party of scouts, who informed them that the insurrection was at an end.

Josiah accompanied the ladies to the house of a friend, then arming himself—for it was still dangerous to move about without taking this precaution—set out for the shore.

As he neared the sea, he espied a tall negress walking leisurely toward him. Quickening his speed, he soon came up to her, and found that she was Julia, one of Mrs. Moffat's house-servants.

His first hope was that this woman had discovered where her young mistress had gone, and given her notice of the insurrection; but he was soon undeceived, for, upon accosting her, she replied:

"Miss Amy? Lord bress you, massa! she gone off wid King Zeno!"

"Gone where?" shouted Josiah.

Taking a seat upon a lump of coral-rock on the wayside, Julia calmly gazed upon her interrogator, and drawled out:

"Where's you's been, my massa, dat you dunno dat?"

"For heaven's sake, tell me all you know about it!" replied Sumner. "I've been sick, and know nothing of all this."

"Well, you see, massa," answered Julia, in the same cool drawl, as though settling herself to relate some interesting bit of gossip, "dat Zeno say when him come to be king ob de niggers in dis island dat he marry me. Now, would you believe it, my sweet massa, no sooner we proclaim him king dan he turn up 'um nose at dis young lady, and go and marry Missee Amy!"

"Go and what, you black demon?" cried the excited lover.

"'Fore Gaad, you's too hot-tempered, sweetie!" sulkily retorted Julia. "I's told you no lies, now find out!"

Saying which, the damsel resumed her walk, and would not answer another question.

Half mad with anxiety, Josiah spurred his horse, and galloped toward the bathing-place.

The rapid transition from the sunny road to the shade of the cliffs almost blinded him, so reining his steed, he dismounted, and closed his eyes, in order to accustom them to the gloom. As he did this, he heard a low cry, as though some one were very weary, and had given up in despair.

Thinking that it might be a noise made by some animal, and unwilling to alarm the brute Zeno, should he be there with the poor girl, the idea of which filled his mind with horrible thoughts, Josiah crept slowly toward the door, when, upon the sand near the entrance, he discovered Zeno's cap and whip.

"Great heavens! the fiend *is* here!" he muttered; then, approaching the open door, he cried: "Amy, Amy! *I* am here!"

"Josiah!" replied a voice from the hut, "take care of the sea-devil."

The warning came a moment too late, for, as she spoke, the monster, hungry and savage from its long vigil, moved swiftly toward her lover, and in another instant had two of its arms round his body.

A perfect master of defense, Josiah drew his sword, and with one cut severed the adhering limbs.

Contracting its form until it looked like a gigantic turnip, the devil-fish suddenly ejected a shower of ink-black liquid over its assailant, covering him from head to foot with a noisome, acrid substance, exceedingly irritable to the skin, after which it again charged at him, wreathing its long, finger-like arms about his person, and closing its suckers so as to tear pieces out of his flesh.

Again the sword descended, and the creature retired before renewing the attack.

In her anxiety to save her lover, Amy opened the door of the hut, and encouraged Josiah to kill the monster.

When the devil-fish retreated for the fourth time, Josiah contrived to gasp out:

"Where's Zeno?"

"Dead!" replied Amy. "Mind, Josiah! Why don't you cut at its head?"

On came the thing, with flashing eyes and dilated form, shiny and horrible as the imagined creatures of some dreadful nightmare; but, weakened by loss of blood from his wounds, Sumner felt that he could hold out a very little time longer.

The brute began to avoid the blows, and to endeavor to seize the sword, finding which, Josiah feinted, and rushing in, severed one of the monster's eyes from its head, then, with a back-stroke, sliced a large section from its body.

Crippled and blinded, the devil-fish retreated to the water.

"Have you any brandy in the hut?" cried Josiah.

"Yes," answered Amy; and quick as thought she procured the flask, and threw it toward her lover.

Sumner drained its contents, and then awaited the final charge which he felt sure the thing would soon make.

This time the infuriated creature ejected its liquid and sprang at the same moment, landing itself exactly at Josiah's feet; but ere it could use its remaining feelers, he severed the other eye from its body, and after passing his sword several times through the monster, stretched it a quivering mass upon the sand.

Its death-struggles were terrible, and it was some time before Josiah was assured of his victory, when, overcome with exertion, he sank upon the sand, and fainted.

When he recovered, he found himself in the log-cabin, with Amy bending over him, crying softly, and saying:

"My brave darling! Oh, my darling! speak to me!"

Clasping her to his heart, he repeated his vow of love, and Amy told him how bitterly she had regretted her foolish suspicion.

They left the spot hand-in-hand, and were soon on their way to the hospitable mansion of the friend who had given her parents shelter.

Upon their arrival, Josiah was attended by a physician, who bound up his wounds, and prescribed "perfect quiet."

Lying in a hammock slung in the veranda, with his beloved by his side, Sumner heard what he most dreaded to be told—her treatment by Zeno.

As the words fell from her lips, his grasp tightened upon her hand, and when she told how the wretch had offered her marriage, Josiah ground his teeth with rage.

Bit by bit she related all the tragedy, and at its conclusion said:

"Then I heard your voice, dear love, and I knew that I was safe."

"It 'pears to me, Missee Amy," observed old Rosanna, from a corner where she had, unobserved, taken a chair so that she might enjoy the happiness of the lovers—"it 'pears to me, sweetie, dat it was a good ting dat ting did 'tack you."

"Do you hear what Rosanna says, darling?" inquired her lover.

"I hear," replied Amy; "but 'twas you who saved me from the horrid creature, dear Josiah."

"While the latter saved you from a worse fate, Amy."

"Thank heaven, yes!" ejaculated the young lady. "Now it is all over, I will give the monster his due; and, after all, there are few people who can say that they have been saved by a devil-fish."

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.

In May, 1778, a flatboat loaded with kettles, intended for the manufacture of salt at Bullitt's Lick, left Louisville with thirteen persons—twelve armed men and one woman—on board. The boat and cargo were owned by Henry Crist and Solomon Spears; and the company consisted of Crist, Spears, Christian Crepps, Thomas Floyd, Joseph Boyce, Evans Moore, an Irishman named Fossett, and five others, and a woman whose name is not preserved.

The intention of the party was to descend the Ohio, which was then very high, to the mouth of Salt River, and then ascend the latter river, the current of which was entirely deadened by back-water from the Ohio, to a place near the licks, called Mud Garrison, which was a temporary fortification, constructed of two rows of slight stockades, and the space between filled with mud and gravel from the bank of the river hard by.

The works inclosed a space of about half an acre, and stood about midway between Bullitt's Lick and the falls of Salt River, where Shepherdsville now stands. These works were then occupied by the families of the salt-makers, and those who hunted to supply them with food, and acted also as an advance guard to give notice of the approach of any considerable body of men.

On the 25th of May, the boat entered Salt River, and the hands commenced working her up with sweep-oars.

There was no current one way or the other. While in the Ohio, the great breadth of the river secured them against any sudden attack, but when they came into Salt River, they were within reach of the Indian rifle from the shore. It became necessary, therefore, to send out scouts to apprise them of any danger ahead.

In the evening of the first day of their ascent of the river, Crist and Floyd went ashore to reconnoitre the bank of the river ahead of the boat.

THE LIFEBOAT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 427.

Late in the evening they discovered a fresh trail, but for want of light, they could not make out the number of Indians. They remained out all night, but made no further discoveries. In the morning, as they were returning down the river toward the boat, they heard a number of guns, which they believed to be Indians, killing game for breakfast. They hastened back to the boat and communicated what they had heard and seen.

They then pulled on up the river until eight o'clock, and arrived at a point eight miles below the mouth of the Rolling Fork, where they drew into shore on the north side of the river, now in Bullitt County, intending to land and cook and eat their breakfast.

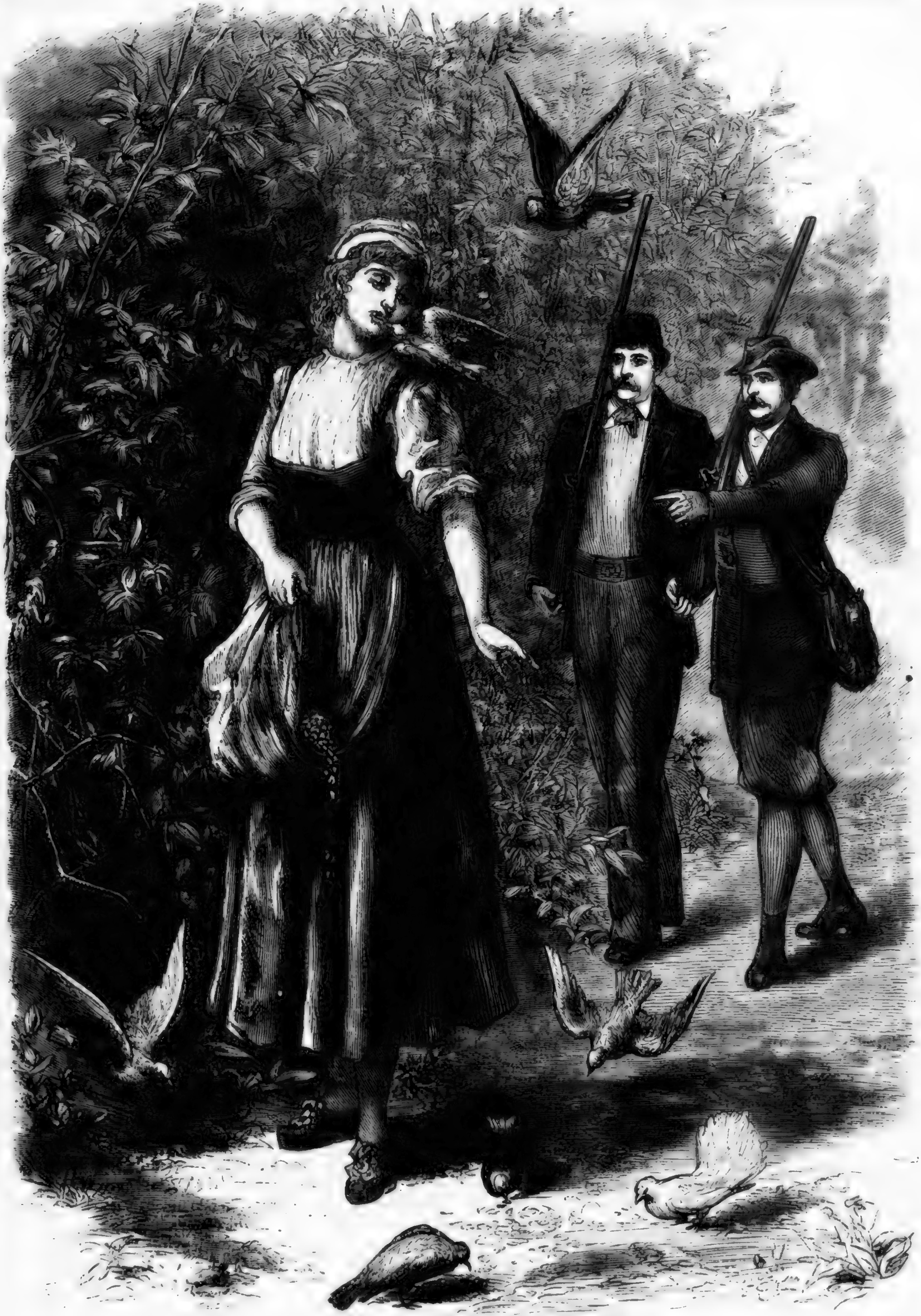
As they drew into shore, they heard the gobbling of turkeys (as they supposed) on the bank where they were going to land, and, as the boat touched, Fossett and another sprang ashore, with their guns in their hands, to shoot turkeys.

They were cautioned of their danger, but disregarding the admonition, hastily ascended the bank. Their companions in the boat had barely lost sight of them, when they heard a volley of rifles discharged all at once on the bank immediately above, succeeded by a yell of savages so terrific as to induce a belief that the woods were filled with Indians. This attack, so sudden and violent, took the boat's company by surprise; and they had barely time to seize their rifles and place themselves in a posture of defense, when Fossett and his companion came dashing down the bank, hotly pursued by a large body of Indians. Crist stood in the bow of the boat with his rifle in his hand. At the first sight of the enemy, he brought his gun to his face, but instantly perceived that the object of his aim was a white man, and a sudden idea flashed across his mind that the enemy was a company of surveyors whom he knew to be then in the woods, and that the attack was made in sport, let his gun down, and, at the same time his white foeman sank out of his sight behind the bank. But the firing had begun in good earnest on both sides.

Crist again brought his rifle to his face, and as he did so, the white man's head was rising over the bank, with his gun also drawn up and presented. Crist got the fire on him, and at the crack of his rifle the white man fell forward dead.

So intent were the Indians on the pursuit of their prey, that many of them ran to the water's edge, struck and shot at Fossett and his companion while getting into the boat, and some even seized the boat and attempted to draw it nearer the shore.

Repulsed in their efforts to board the boat, the savages withdrew higher up the bank, and, taking their stations behind trees, commenced a regular and galling fire, which



THE GOBLIN'S KITCHEN.—"A DOVE, PERCHED ON HER SHOULDER, WAS PECKING AT A GRAIN OF CORN HELD TIGHTLY BETWEEN HER MILK-WHITE TEETH, AND HER BLUE EYES DANCED WITH AMUSEMENT AT ITS VAIN EFFORTS."—SEE PAGE 427.

was returned with the spirit of brave men rendered desperate by the certain knowledge that no quarter would be given, and that it was an issue of victory or death to every soul on board.

The boat had a log-chain for a cable, and when she was first brought ashore, the chain was thrown round a small tree that stood on the water's edge, and the hook run through one of the links. This had been done before the first fire was made upon Fossett on shore. The kettles in the boat had been ranked up along the sides, leaving an open gangway through the middle of the boat from bow to stern.

Unfortunately, the bow lay to shore, so that the guns of the Indians raked the whole length of the gangway, and their fire was constant and destructive.

Spears and several others of the bravest men had already fallen, some killed and others mortally wounded. From the commencement of the battle, many efforts had been made to disengage the boat from the shore, all of which had failed. The hope was that, if they could once loose the cable, the boat would drift out of the reach of the enemy's guns; but any attempt to do this by hand would expose the person to certain destruction. Fossett's right arm was broken, and he could no longer handle his rifle. He got a pole, and, placing himself low down in the bow of the boat, commenced punching at the hook in the chain, but the point of the hook was turned from him, and all his efforts seemed only to drive it further into the link.

He at length discovered where a small limb had been cut from the pole, and left a knot about an inch long. This knot, after a number of efforts, he placed against the point of the hook, and, jerking the pole suddenly toward him, threw the hook out of the link. The chain fell, and the boat drifted slowly out from the bank; and, by means of an oar worked overhead, the boat was brought into the middle of the river, with her side to the shore, which protected them from the fire of the Indians.

The survivors had now time to look round upon the havoc that had been made of their little band. Five of their companions lay dead in the gangway; Spears, Floyd, Fossett and Boyce were wounded; Crepps, Crist and Moore remained unhurt.

It was evident that Spears's wound was mortal, and that he could survive but a few moments. He urged the survivors to run the boat to the opposite side of the river, and save themselves by immediate flight, and leave him to his fate. Crepps and Crist positively refused.

But the boat was gradually nearing the southern shore of the river. At this time, the Indians, to the number of forty or fifty, were seen crossing the river above, at a few hundred yards' distance, some on logs, and some swimming and carrying their rifles over their heads. The escape of the boat was now hopeless, as there was a large body of Indians on each side of the river. If the boat had been carried to the opposite side of the river as soon as her cable was loosed, the survivors might have escaped; but to such minds and hearts, the idea of leaving their dying friends to the mercy of the Indian tomahawk was insupportable.

The boat at length touched the southern shore; a hasty preparation was made to bury the wounded in the woods; Floyd, Fossett and Boyce got to land, and sought concealment in the thickets. Crepps and Crist turned to their suffering friend, Spears, but death had kindly stepped in and cut short the savage triumph. The woman now remained.

They offered to assist her to shore, that she might take her chance of escape in the woods; but the danger of her position and the scenes of blood and death around her, had overpowered her senses, and no entreaty or remonstrance could prevail with her to move. She sat with her face buried in her hands, and no effort could make her sensible that there was any hope of escape.

Crepps and Crist seized a rifle apiece and ascended the river bank. At the top of the hill they met the savages, and charged them with a shout. Crepps fired upon them, but Crist, in haste, had taken up Fossett's gun, which had got wet as he swam with it to the boat on the opposite side—it missed fire. At this time, Moore passed them and escaped.

The Indians, when charged by Crepps and Crist, fell back into a ravine that put into the river immediately above them. Crist and Crepps again commenced their flight. The Indians rallied and rose from the ravine, and fired a volley at them as they fled. Crepps received a ball in his left side; a bullet struck Crist's heel, and completely crushed the bones of his foot. They parted, and met no more.

The Indians, intent on plunder, did not pursue them, but rushed into the boat. Crist heard one long, agonizing shriek from the unfortunate woman, and the wild shouts of the savages, as they possessed themselves of the spoils of a costly but barren victory.

Crepps, in the course of the next day, arrived in the neighborhood of Long Lick, and being unable to travel further, lay down in the woods to die. Moore alone escaped unhurt, and brought in the tidings of the defeat of the boat. The country was at once aroused.

Crepps was found and brought in, but died about the time he reached home.

Crist was so disabled by the wound that he could not walk. The bones of his heel were crushed. He crept into a thicket and laid down—his wound bled profusely. He could not remain there long. His feet were now of no use to him. He bound his moccasins on his knees, and commenced his journey. Piece by piece his hat, hunting-shirt and vest were consumed to shield his hands against the rugged rocks which lay in his way.

He crawled on all day up the river, and at night crossed over to the north side upon a log that he rolled down the bank. He concealed himself in a thicket and tried to sleep; but pain and exhaustion and loss of blood had driven sleep from his eyes.

His foot and leg were much swollen and inflamed. Guided by the stars, he crept on again. Between midnight and day, he came in sight of a camp-fire, and heard the barking of a dog. A number of Indians rose up from around the fire, and he crept softly away from the light.

He laid down and remained quiet for some time. When all was still again, he resumed his slow and painful journey. He crawled into a small branch, and kept on down it for some distance upon the rocks, that he might leave no trace behind him.

At daylight he ascended an eminence of considerable height to ascertain, if possible, where he was, and how to shape his future course; but all around was wilderness.

He was aiming to reach Bullitt's Lick, now about eight miles distant, and his progress was not half a mile an hour. He toiled on all day; night came on—the second night of his painful journey. Since leaving the small branch the night before, he had found no water—since the day before the battle he had not tasted food.

Worn down with hunger, want of sleep, acute pain and raging thirst, he laid himself down to die. But his sufferings were not to end here. Guided again by the stars, he struggled on.

The morning came—the morning of the third day. It brought him but little hope, but the indomitable spirit within him disdained to yield, and during the day he made what progress he could. As the evening drew on, he became aware that he was in the vicinity of Bullitt's Lick; but he could go no further—nature had made her last effort, and he laid himself down and prayed that death would speedily end his sufferings.

When darkness came on, from where he lay he could see the hundred fires of the furnaces at the licks all glowing; and he even fancied he could see the dusky forms of the firemen as they passed to and fro around the pits; but they were more than half a mile off, and how was he to reach them? He had not eaten a morsel in four days; he had been drained of almost his last drop of blood; the wounded leg had become so stiff and swollen that for the last two days and nights he had dragged it after him; the flesh was worn from his knee and from the palms of his hands.

Relief was in sight, but to reach it was impossible. Suddenly he heard the tramp of a horse's feet approaching him, and hope sprang up once more in his breast. The sound came nearer and still more near. A path ran near the place where he lay; a man on horseback approached within a few rods of him; he mustered his remaining strength and hailed him; but, to his utter surprise and dismay, the horseman turned suddenly and galloped off toward the licks.

Despair now seized him. To die alone of hunger and thirst, in sight of hundreds and of plenty, seemed to him the last dregs of the bitterest cup that Fate could offer to mortal lips. Oh, that he could have fallen by the side of his friend in the proud battle!—that he could have met the Indian tomahawk, and died in the strength of his manhood, and not have been doomed to linger out his life in days and nights of pain and agony, and to die by piecemeal in childish despair!

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the horseman, a negro, regained the licks and alarmed the people with the intelligence that the Indians were approaching. On being interrogated, all the account he could give was that some person had called to him in the woods, a half-mile off, and called him by the wrong name.

It was manifest it was not Indians, and forthwith a number of men set out, guided by the negro, to the place. Crist's hopes again revived when he heard voices, and saw lights approaching. They came near and hailed. Crist knew the voice, and called to the man by name. This removed all doubt, and they approached the spot.

A sad and mournful sight was before them. A man that had left them but a few days before in the bloom of youth, health and buoyant spirits, now lay stretched upon the earth, a worn and mangled skeleton, unable to lift a hand to bid them welcome.

They bore him home. The ball was extracted, but his recovery was slow and doubtful. It was a year before he was a man again.

The woman in the boat was carried a prisoner to Canada. Ten years afterward Crist met her again in Kentucky. She had been redeemed by an Indian trader, and brought into Wayne's camp on the Maumee, and restored to her friends. She informed Crist that the body of Indians which made the attack on the boat numbered over one hundred and twenty, of whom about thirty were killed in the engagement.

The account was confirmed by Indians whom Crist met with afterward, and who had been in the battle. They told Crist that the boat's crew fought more like devils than men, and if they had taken one of them prisoner, they would have roasted him alive.

Crist was afterward a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and in 1808 was a member of Congress. He died at his residence in Bullitt County, in August, 1844, aged eighty years.

THE LIFEBOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

THE night is dark, the winds are high,
Black clouds race o'er the stormy sky;
The lashing waves with hollow roar
Resound along the rocky shore.

"Nurse! nurse! I fear! Arise, awake;
I feel the bed beneath me shake."
"Hush, dearest lamb, and turn to sleep;
The Lord His watch will o'er us keep.

"Return to rest, my sister sweet,
Like snowflakes are your chilly feet;
You feel, within my warm arms pressed,
An icicle upon my breast.

"What use your tearful eyes to strain
Through casement splashed with driving rain?
You cannot help, you cannot see—
Return, my sister sweet, to me."

"Some woman young, as I, may cling
Bound to some tall mast shivering;
Some sea-boy, perched on dizzy height,
May vainly look for beacon light."

"Comrade, what, ho! Art deaf or dead?
We muster, by our captain led.
A brig has struck!"—"I come, I come!
One kiss, good wife; I'll soon be home."

More dark the night, the winds more high,
Booming like heaven's artillery.
Like egg-shell crushed, a boat will be—
God help the perishing at sea!

A minute-gun sounds o'er the blast—
"Oh, sister, are you sleeping fast?
I strain my sight, my ears I strain,
To know if—— Hark! it comes again.

"Oh, that I were a man, to go
And help the poor ship suffering so!
The yawning timbers soon must part;
They knock against my troubled heart.

"Can naught be done? Yes, we can pray—
God hears believing prayer alway,
And bids us watch, that we may know
And feel at least for others' woe.

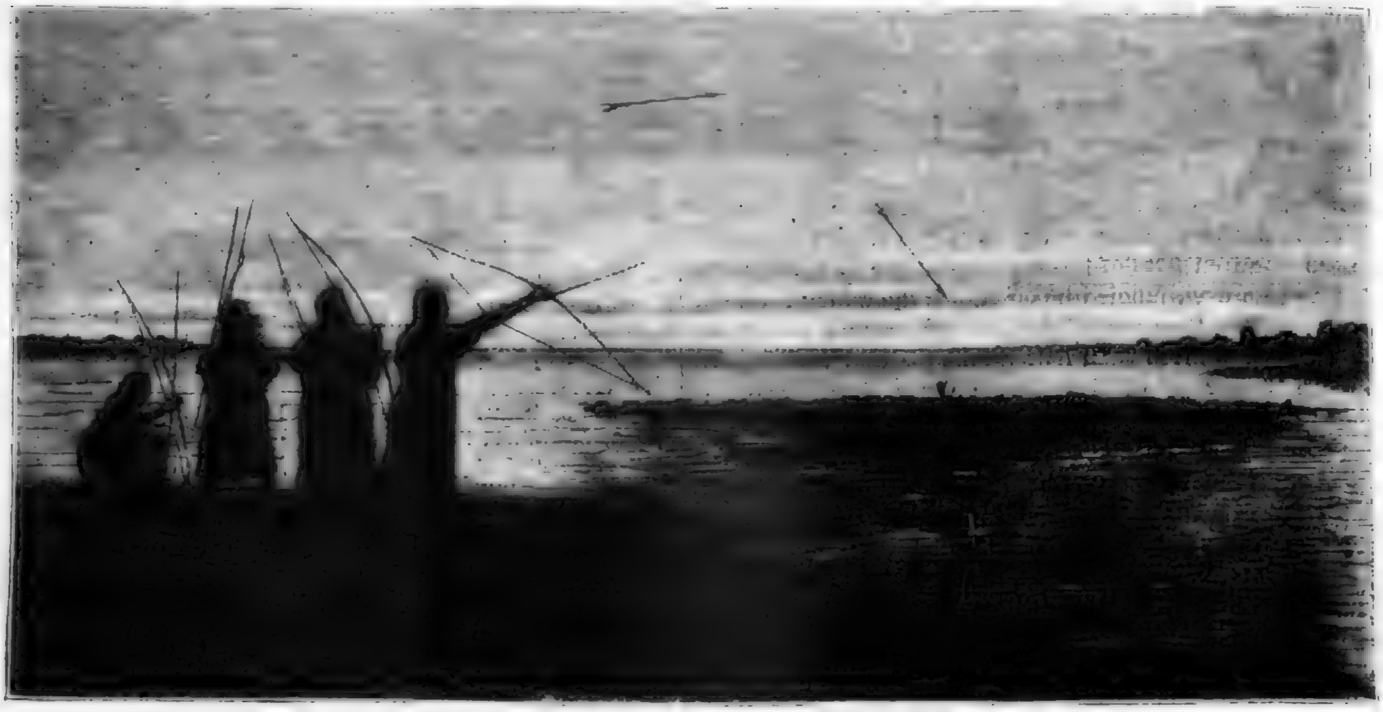
"Thank God! brave men are hurrying past
Toward the beach with help at last.
Oh! that their aid in time may be—
The gallant Lifeboat puts to sea!"

THE GOBLIN'S KITCHEN.

TWO YOUNG men, laden with game-bags and guns, were directing their weary footsteps toward a rambling, hospitable-looking red farmhouse, surrounded by numerous barns and storehouses—the home of the kindly old *Bondersmann*, Olaf Marstrand.

"Do you not think, Maxwell, that we have taxed enough the bounty of this worthy farmer?" said one of the young hunters—a bright-eyed, curly-haired Englishman—to his companion. "The debt owed to your father for his kindly treatment of Marstrand's son seems long ago discharged, as we have been treated like princes at the farm for more

XUM



STRANGE ARCHERY.— AMAZON INDIANS SHOOTING TURTLES.— SEE PAGE 431.

than three weeks. I want to see more of northern Sweden. What do you think of our beginning that long-planned pedestrian tour early next week?"

"I would like to go, Ellis," rejoined the other, "but I feel it my duty to spend a little more time here. Miss Ilda is making good progress in English, and I ought not to desert my pupil at the critical moment."

"The path of duty is very flowery in this instance," said Ellis, with a laugh. "By-the-way, Maxwell, have you no fear of the fierce jealousy of that stalwart young overseer of the mines, Niels Stromberg? They say he was the favored one with Miss Ilda till you came. He at first envied and despised you for your soft hands, fine clothes and foreign ways, and now he hates you as a rival!"

"Nonsense! Miss Ilda is not in love with me, nor I with her. The little Swedish girl would cry her pretty eyes out with homesickness far off in America, and I have no wish to end my days in Sweden. If I visit for a few weeks in a farmer's house, and for amusement give his daughter lessons in my language, why need every one begin to gossip and declare we are in love?"

"Hush! there she is!"

The two young hunters, following a winding path through the meadow, had come suddenly upon a leafy inclosure, where, reflected in the placid water of a tiny lake, Ilda, Farmer Marstrand's charming daughter, stood with her apron full of corn for the host of feathered creatures fluttering about her.

Her blonde hair escaped in charming confusion from under her rustic broad-brimmed hat, adorned with natural red berries, and the short blue petticoat, white chemisette and velvet bodice showed to perfection a figure which Venus might have envied.

A dove, perched on her shoulder, was pecking at a grain of corn held tightly between her milk-white teeth, and her blue eyes danced with amusement at its vain efforts.

Ilda knew she was queen in the little community about her, and she held her host of lovers and friends in right royal subjection.

As the two young men approached, she looked up with a sweet smile of welcome; and Maxwell, as that smile and glance shone on him, inwardly acknowledged that his friend Ellis and the villagers were right—he did love Ilda Marstrand with all his heart and soul!

"What have you in the wood found?" asked Ilda, in her charming, uncertain English.

"Nothing worth offering you, Miss Ilda, only a few ducks; perhaps we shall be more fortunate another time."

"How many dogs have you said? To-day papa has visitors."

"What dogs?" Maxwell answered, in some surprise.

"Said you not you have a few dogs in the bag?"

"Oh, I understand; it was *ducks* I spoke of. Is it not strange, Ellis, how these Northern people see no difference in sound between the words *dog* and *duck*?"

"See!" said Ilda, with a bewitching pout, "you have made fear to all my birds; they fly away."

"Then we, too, will go," said Ellis, swinging the game-bag across his shoulder.

"I follow; my father calls," said the girl, and the three sauntered toward the house, chatting pleasantly together.

In southern Dalecarlia, within a mile of Herr Marstrand's farm, an extensive copper mine yielded riches to few, and afforded employment to many of the dwellers in that part of Sweden.

Niels Stromberg, a sinister-looking young Swede, was one of the unsuccessful competitors for wealth at the mine; nor was this the only instance in which ill-luck pursued him. Ever since she had grown to womanhood he had fiercely and jealously loved Ilda Marstrand, at times driven almost frantic by her indifference and coquetry, and again charmed by a kindly word and smile that seemed to promise a faint return of his passion. Once he had summoned courage to ask Carl Marstrand for the hand of his daughter, but the old man had declared emphatically that no man of uncertain fortune should take from him his beloved, petted child. Ilda seemed content to abide by her father's decision, for she had never felt for Niels more than a sisterly friendship.

Niels lay on the grass under a monster oak, not far from the entrance to the mine; the afternoon was calm and perfect, the birds sang drowsily in the leaves overhead, and there was a heavy scent of violets in the air.

Amid this peaceful loveliness, Niels, lying with his hat over his face, had only the semblance of repose. Brain and heart were in a whirl, and boiling over with rage and disappointment, and many a malicious scheme of vengeance against the author of his misery was formed and abandoned.

Niels had that day again besought Ilda to accept him as her lover, and had been repulsed with the assurance that his idol had given her heart into another's keeping.

It could be only that foppish, plausible American, Owen Maxwell, who, with his wealth and promises to show her foreign lands, had ensnared Ilda's trustful heart.

She had long been possessed with a great yearning to see and know more of other countries, and the power to gratify this wish would insure her favor with almost any one. Why could not he, Niels, gain possession of the golden key that would unlock the treasure-house of her heart? It was galling, maddening, to see a stranger step in and bear away the prize he had hoped to call his own!

The financial disappointments which Niels had of late years undergone had changed him from an impetuous, merry boy into a man so morose and silent as to be mistrusted by many of his friends, and by others believed capable of "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

This last blow—the discovery that Ilda would never return his love—quenched the last spark of humanity in his heart, and, rising from the grass and continuing his way, he encountered Owen Maxwell; he longed to strike him dead with his heavy oaken stick.

The hand staid for a moment was only biding the time to stain itself with guilt. Owen passed with a cheery smile and nod for this acquaintance, but Niels disappeared without a word or sign of response.

A day or two later, Mr. Ellis, Owen's friend, took his departure.

"I warn you again not to trifle with a vindictive fellow like Stromberg," he said, when setting off; "he loves that young siren, Ilda, with all the force of his strong nature, and your gallantries to her are driving him mad."

"I have the first right now," Owen said, with a proud, glad light in his eyes. "Ilda has promised to be my wife!"

"Lucky dog!" exclaimed Ellis, wringing his friend's hand in farewell. "Take your bonny bride home as soon as possible; these rough miners are no associates for her or you."

Visitors to the Dalecarlian Mine, strangely enough, always sought as guide and torch-bearer an odd little specimen, Klaus by name, a hunchback with an almost unintelligible utterance; but in spite of these infirmities he was unmistakably sure of foot, attentive, careful and almost indefatigable—qualities which were more necessary on these expeditions than beauty of person or fluency of tongue.

Fifty or sixty fathoms below the surface of the earth, one dark pit after another yawned, glittering with ore and moisture; a path led in one dangerous spot along the overhanging edge of a black chasm, the depth of which was believed unfathomable; it was called the Goblin's Kitchen, and at times sounds strangely like human shrieks were heard issuing from its cavernous mouth, to the awe and terror of all the villagers, with the exception of the hunchback.

Klaus would drop balls of blazing paper down the dark abyss to show its intensity, and when asked why the spirits never moaned in his presence, would chuckle idiotically and make no reply. But there was in reality nothing uncanny about the groans in the Goblin's Kitchen.

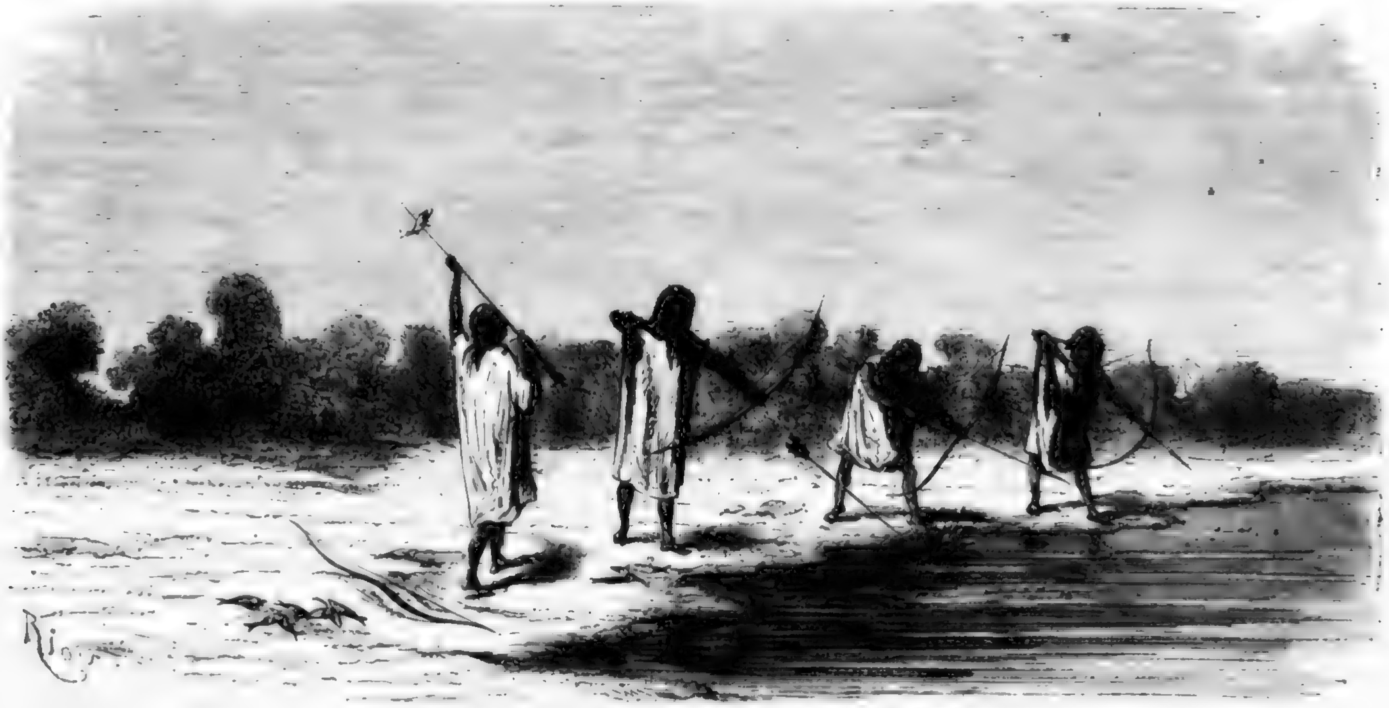
Klaus, wandering once at the bottom of a ravine distant nearly a mile from the mine, stumbled upon the choked-up entrance to a long tunnel in the earth, which eventually led to the rocky foundation of the supposed bottomless Goblin's Kitchen.

The hunchback, proud of this discovery, had long kept it a secret from every one, and amused himself by stealing in quietly through the subterranean passage, when his services were not required as guide, and giving vent to dismal wails to startle persons projecting a visit to the mines.

Niels Stromberg having on one occasion presented Klaus with a valuable dog, the hunchback had shown his gratitude by conducting the former to the dreary base of the Goblin's Kitchen, and for weeks Niels and Klaus were alone aware of the existence of the tunnel.

A few weeks slipped away, and it was rumored about that Ilda, the queen and belle of the village, was going with Owen Maxwell, as his bride, to his far American home.

"It shall never be!" muttered Niels to himself many a time during the long days and sleepless nights which now seemed to be his portion.



STRANGE ARCHERY.—AMAZON INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

Owen, little suspecting the treachery of the man, continued his friendly advances to Niels, and many a glass was drained and pipe smoked by the two men, at the urgent request of Owen.

On one occasion, when Niels was present, the *Bondersmann*, Marstrand, gave into Owen's hands a large sum of money, which had been changed for the latter's convenience at a neighboring town. English sovereigns, bank-notes and checks were carefully counted and assorted, Marstrand warning their owner to secrete them carefully about his person, and avoid placing temptation in the way of the farm-servants.

Owen laughingly obeyed, with the remark that he felt equal to the task of guarding his own treasure, and continued his way with Niels.

The sight of this money kindled a fever of envy in Stromberg's breast. The possessor of a like sum, he might again plead his suit with Ilda, in the hope of success.

With eyes bent on the ground and brows contracted, he stalked gloomily beside Owen, revolving in his brain schemes of cowardice and daring, by which he might forcibly become owner of the money.

At the sight of Klaus standing near the entrance of the mine, a demoniac resolve flashed across Stromberg, and, turning to his hated rival, he said:

"I have at present time at my disposal to go with you into the mine to choose specimens of ore, which you desired to take with you to America. Do you care to make the descent?"

"Yes, by all means. Thank you, Stromberg, for remembering my wants. Klaus is on hand with his torch, and we need lose no time in setting off."

"With me a guide is unnecessary," said Niels, shortly.

"But to-day we shall need him to hold the torch while we detach the ore."

For fear of exciting suspicion, Niels acquiesced. A sign to Klaus was sufficient, and, quickly lighting his torch, the trio proceeded on the somewhat perilous journey. Carefully and silently they crept through the gloomy, dripping passages, Klaus in advance with the light; slowly and cautiously picking their way along the overhanging ledge of the Goblin's Kitchen, till midway on the dangerous path, Niels cried:

"Halt!"

Taking the flaming torch from Klaus, he appeared to examine intently a fragment of glittering rock; and, as he noted well the position of his two companions, the pine brand seemed awkwardly to slip from his grasp.

They stood for a moment in total darkness; then Niels, with the cruelty of a fiend, sprang and pushed his supposed rival down into the yawning pit, where, at its craggy, slimy bottom, certain death awaited him.

An awful silence followed. Why was there no shriek or sound to give evidence of the shocking deed? The American had gone to his death without a struggle!

Niels turned swiftly, and flew like the wind along the dark path over which they had come, knowing well that the hunchback could extricate himself from the darkness, and caring little what fate befell him.

Emerging from the mine, Stromberg walked rapidly toward his ill-kept, dreary abode, where, huddled on his ghost-haunted bed, he awaited the dawn of the next morning. At daylight he again crept forth, like a whipped hound, until, sheltered by the woods, he ran at full speed, pausing only on gaining the entrance of the dark tunnel revealed to him long ago by Klaus.

He plunged into the narrow opening, bruising hands, feet and face as he stumbled over the rough stones. But he felt no injury; his murderous thoughts were too intent on the rich booty so soon to be within his grasp; already he saw, mentally, the maimed, rigid form of his victim lying in a dreamless sleep among the cold, wet rocks, with his tempting gold unguarded and uncared-for about him!

Trembling like an aspen, Niels, the murderer, lifted his lantern above his head, and stood on the vault-like floor of the Goblin's Kitchen. There, on the spot that he had imagined, lay a shapeless something

A spring like that of a wild beast brought him to its side. Turning the face upward to the light, the maddening truth flashed over him that this was not the mangled form of his hated rival, but Klaus, the hunchback, that lay dead before him!

With a fearful curse he hastened from the spot, leaving the hunchback entombed in his unknown sepulchre; he went home, washed the blood and mire from his bruised face and hands, and appeared among his fellow-men calm and composed as possible, for he must not lose his freedom while he still had a task to perform.

There seemed to be excitement and commotion in the village; the little church-bell was ringing merrily, and there were garlands and greens festooned over the door; peasant-girls in holiday attire, prayer-book in hand, hastened down the roughly-paved street, and snatches of a wedding-march were heard issuing from the church.

"Klaus has disappeared," said one of the villagers to Niels; "the American, Owen Maxwell, tells a strange tale of having gone into the mines with you and the hunchback, of darkness and silence falling suddenly on all, and of his wandering miles over unknown paths, and finally reaching the shaft, believing himself purposely deserted by you and Klaus. You have at last returned to give an account of yourself; but where is the hunchback?—he has not been seen since yesterday morning.

"The torch went out, and we were accidentally separated in the mines; voices sound faintly in those regions, and every man had to take care of himself. Since the American found his way out, Klaus will, too; be a little patient, and he will appear among us again."

"I fear harm has overtaken the poor fellow," said the countryman, with real anxiety depicted on his face.

"Why are the bells ringing?" Niels asked, in reply, his voice sounding strangely hollow and unnatural.

"Have you not heard the news?" said his companion, in great surprise. "Marstrand's son is very ill in England, and Miss Ilda is to be married to-day to Owen Maxwell, so that they may go together to visit him."

"Luckless wretch that I am!" muttered Niels.

"Everything has been very quickly arranged, and the wedding of our village belle is not to be so much of a merry-making as we had hoped. See, there is the bridal procession now—Miss Ilda never looked so beautiful before!"

As the lovely bride appeared in her pure white robes, with her eyes at times lifted to the handsome face of her lover, and again cast timidly to the ground, Niels stared in long silence, the only face in all that throng which did not express admiration and pleasure.

As they advanced nearer, the desperate man, utterly reckless of consequences, raised his pistol and fired. The ball luckily missed its destination—the heart of the young bridegroom—and lodged harmlessly in a tree.

Cries of dismay and great commotion ensued. Niels was arrested as a would-be assassin, and, when confronting the judges, said, coolly:

"Because I have unfortunately failed in this last attempt, my hands are not innocent of blood. Klaus lies dead at the bottom of the Goblin's Kitchen—I pushed him over the brink by mistake. It was the American whom I have twice tried to murder, and I am afraid he has now escaped me for ever."

Notwithstanding the ominous wedding, Ilda's life in her American home, with a fond husband and two blooming children about her, is as happy as the day is long.

STRANGE ARCHERY.

The Fish and Turtle of the Amazon.

The turtle is of a tolerably regular oval form, measuring, when full-grown, about three feet by two. Its upper or dorsal shell has very little convexity, and its legs are short. It is, therefore, unable to right itself when by force or accident it is thrown on its back. The shell is thin and of a dull blackish hue, and altogether it presents a very different appearance from the marine turtle, so much prized by our city *gastronomes*, and so often exhibited alive in the windows of dining-houses. Its flesh is white, tender and good-flavored, and those who have tried both give the preference to the Amazonic turtle for richness of taste, although in the wild region, where alone it can be had, the trial has to be made under the disadvantage of lack of all those additions afforded by the spices, butter, variety of herbs, and other resources of a civilized *cuisine*.

The Indians and other inhabitants of the Upper Amazon rely upon it as their chief article of animal food throughout the year, the absence of grass-land in the whole region having hitherto prevented the introduction, or at least the increase, of cattle. It has, however, other uses to them of not less importance. From the very oily eggs they prepare a thick, impure oil, or liquid butter, which they use for lamps, and as fat to fry their fish and bananas. This is an article of exportation from the district of the upper river, many thousand gallons, contained in earthenware jars, being sent to the civilized settlements on the lower river, where turtle butter is much used by the poorer classes. The skin makes a useful tough leather for various purposes.

As a supply of the animal is to be obtained only in the dry season, when the waters of the river and lakes are low, the stores of turtle have to be kept in the villages in little ponds, which each householder excavates in the garden at the rear of the house.

The turtle—called by the inhabitants, with justice, "*O gado do Solimoens*," *i.e.*, the cattle of the Solimoens, or Upper Amazon—is connected, therefore, in many ways with the daily life and habits of the scattered population of this remote semi-aquatic region.

Let us endeavor to follow their proceedings in hunting the animal.

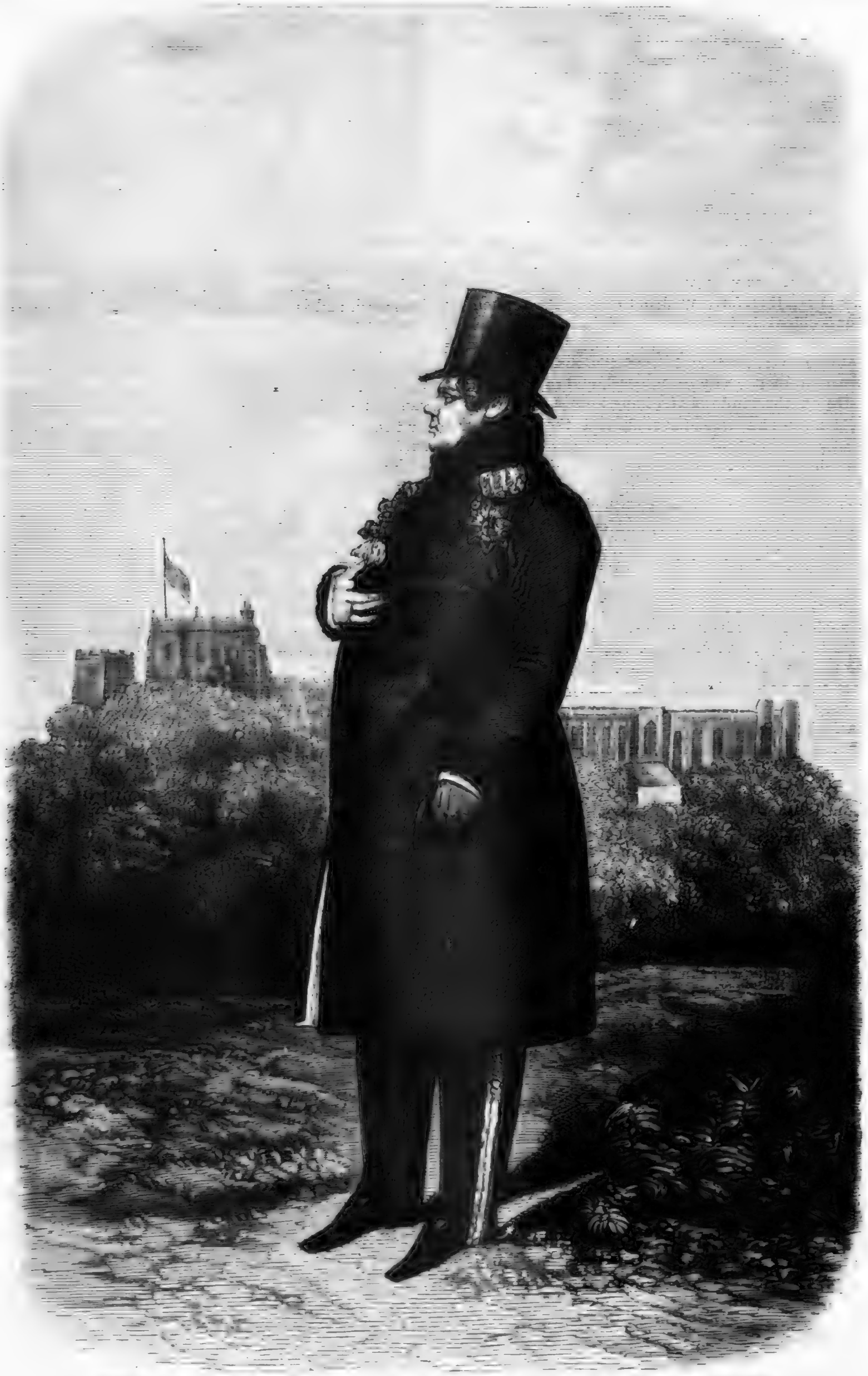
Toward the end of June, a few clear, bright days occur, after seven or eight months' constant rainy weather. The villagers, half starved by the long scarcity of animal food, arising from the flooded state of the country, note with joy the cessation of the rise of the waters. Everybody prepares for the turtle harvest which will soon follow. As a general rule, and especially at the commencement of the season, they are obtained by shooting with the bow and arrow; and the first care of the villagers is to re-string their powerful bows, and prepare a good stock of arrows.

The bow is a powerful instrument about seven feet in length, made from the hard, horny wood of a tree called "*Pao d'arco*," a lofty, handsome forest-tree, of the *Leguminosæ* or pea family. The only tools used in fashioning it are a common knife and an incisor tooth of a large rodent animal (*Cœlogenys Paca*), the latter used for scraping and finishing. The cord is made of the twisted fibres of a plant allied to the pineapple. The arrows are five feet in length. For the shafts the wonderful "arrow grass" of the borders of the Amazon supplies a ready finished material, for lightness and strength unsurpassable by the resources of the most consummate human art. The grass grows in large patches on swampy shores, to a height of fifteen or twenty feet; the part used for the arrow is simply the flower-stem, and is therefore free from knots. The feather wings of the arrow are secured by neat cotton thread, spun by the women. At the tip an ingenious loose spear-head has been contrived, to meet the peculiar requirements of turtle-fishing. The point is made of the best steel, and is fixed into a peg of hard wood; this peg fits into the hollow at the tip of the arrow, and a fine and strong twine connects the two, the twine, some twenty fathoms in length, being neatly wound round the end of the shaft. By this arrangement the turtle, which, of course, cannot be killed by an arrow, is pierced in its dorsal shell by two or three successive arrows, and pulled up to the surface by the lines, after it has dived toward the bottom with the loosened steel tips adhering to the shell.

The turtle inhabits almost exclusively the waters of the main river of the Upper Amazon, and the creeks, back channels, pools and lakes connected with it. In the tributary rivers, it is much less common; and, in fact, those tributaries which have clear or dark waters, unlike the main stream, which has turbid, clayey water, are almost destitute of this valuable animal.

The skill of the fishermen, and the temper of their steel-pointed arrows, are soon put to the test. Although the calm surface of the pools at first shows no indication of animal life, signs of turtles are presently seen in winding lines of disturbed water; these indications are followed by the canoes in various directions, the steersmen paddling stealthily, and all voices hushed. Presently the snouts of the animals peer above the surface, when they rise to breathe the indispensable air; the convex portion of the shell next emerges; the bow of the fisherman is bent, and an arrow is quickly seen quivering in the bony covering. An experienced fisherman does not hesitate to shoot at a distance of seventy or eighty paces, although he prefers a nearer shot. It is on this account they erect the stages in the middle of the pool; for the wary animals cannot be reached so closely in a canoe as from a spot where the marksman remains stationary and motionless. A long shot, however, tests their skill; and they have a pride on these occasions, at the commencement of a field day, in displaying their ability. The arrow, describing a parabolic curve, has to be elevated; and as there is no "sight" to guide the marksman, the nicety with which he calculates the distance and the degree of elevation is astonishing. They seldom miss; on the instant that one arrow has told, a second is let fly, and the light skiff is paddled forward with the speed of lightning. The concussion loosens the arrow-points; the shafts remain floating, with the attached cord unreeling at a great rate, as the wounded animal dives toward the bottom. The shafts secured, however, the fisherman takes his time about the finishing of his work; he gently hauls in the lines together, the animal is brought up, and helplessly laid on his back in the bottom of the canoe.

All the party are thus employed, and at the end of the day's work they return to the encampment on the banks of the river. Here some of them vary the day's sport by shooting fish with the bow and arrow, as represented in the engraving.

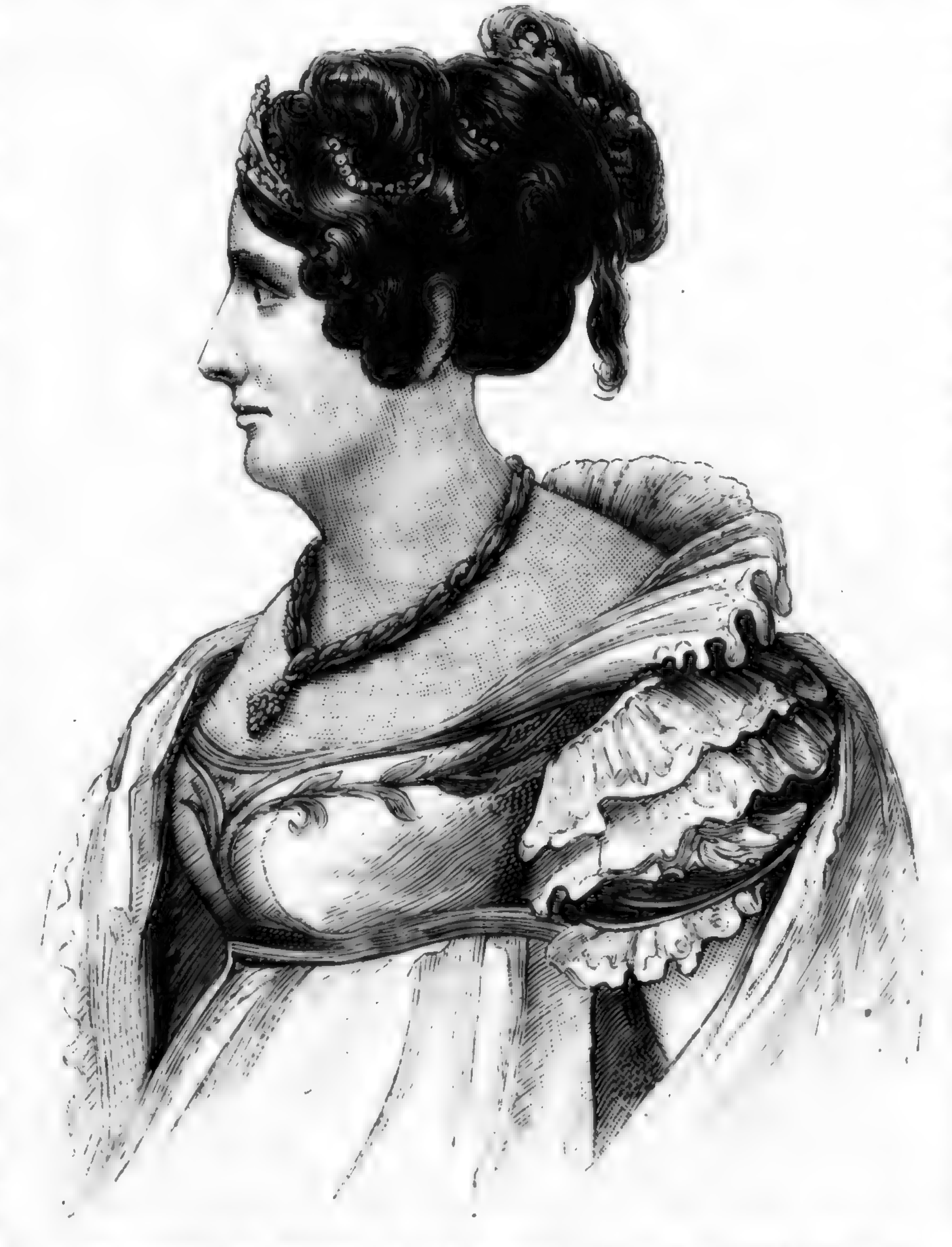


GENTLEMAN GEORGE.—HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV.—ENGRAVED BY SCRIVEN FROM A DRAWING BY ATKINSON.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

The British nation has in its long history many things of which it has good right to be more or less proud. Among these things are not any of the four Georges who occupied the throne for more than a century—that is, from 1714 to 1830; and, with the exception of Queen Victoria, hardly one member of the family to which they belonged. But little reason as there is to be proud of these Guelphs, the manner in which the English nation placed them upon the throne is perhaps the grandest event in its annals.



QUEEN CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, WIFE OF GEORGE IV.—FROM WOOLNOTH'S PORTRAIT.

For sundry sufficient reasons the English people wished to get rid of King James II., but not to get rid of him in the way in which their fathers had got rid of his father. They invited William of Orange to come over to England. He came with an army of 15,000 men. James was fairly scared away by this insignificant force, and fled to France. It was quietly assumed that he had abdicated, and then, in pursuance of what was declared to be the "undoubted inheritance of Englishmen," the nation proceeded to choose a King. This they did by the famous Act of February, 1669, which reads: "The Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, assembled at Westminster, do resolve that William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, be and be declared King and Queen of England." This Act virtually set aside the entire theory of the divinely appointed right to the crown; for even assuming that James had abdicated—which he never did—his abdication could be a renunciation only of his own personal right, and could not invalidate that of his infant son.

James II., while yet Duke of York, had in 1660 married Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. To them were born two daughters: Mary, married to her cousin, William of Orange, whose mother was a daughter of Charles I.; and Anne, married to Prince George of Denmark. Anne Hyde died in 1671, and two years after James, then forty years old, married Mary Beatrice of Modena, a girl of fifteen. For fourteen years this union was childless, and Mary was heir presumptive to the crown. James had become a Catholic, but his daughters had been brought up Protestants. But in 1688, it was announced that a son had been born to James and his Queen. It was of course suspected that this child was a supposititious one; but of this there is not a shadow of proof. This son lived to the age of fourscore, and is best known in history as "the old Pretender." By all hereditary right he was James III. of England, and transmitted his right to his descendants. But the English nation had resolved that no son or son's son of James should be their King; and from time to time Acts of Settlement were enacted which precluded any such succession.

Still it seemed best to the statesmen of that day that some kind of hereditary right should be established. James and his son being set aside, the next in order of succession was Mary; should she die childless, next came Anne; should she die childless, William was next. The first Act of Settlement provided that in case William and Mary should have no children, the crown should pass to any children which William might have by a subsequent marriage. If there were none such, then came Anne and her descendants. Mary died childless; William did not marry again, and upon his death in 1702, Anne ascended the throne. Before this time several children had been born to her; but they were now all dead, no one having survived childhood. One of the last acts of William was to procure the passage of a new Act of Settlement by which the succession was devolved upon the Electress Sophia of Hanover, whose remote connection with the royal family of Stuart must be briefly stated:

King James I. of England had a daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to Frederick, the German Elector

Palatine. This Elizabeth was a beautiful and clever woman. To her Sir Henry Wotton addressed the pretty little poem beginning, "Ye meaner beauties of the night." Frederick aspired to be something more than Elector. At the very commencement of the Thirty Years' War he got himself proclaimed King of Bohemia, with an eye upon the Imperial crown of Germany. To this he was urged on by his wife. "You should not have married a king's daughter," she said to him, "unless you had courage to be a king yourself" Frederick's ambitious plans came to naught. In a few weeks he was overthrown, discrowned and outlawed. With his wife he took refuge in Holland, where sons and daughters were born to them. One of these sons was Prince Rupert, the dashing royalist cavalry leader during the wars of the Commonwealth. To him has been incorrectly ascribed the invention of mezzotint engraving; but he made some improvements in its mechanical processes. Several other important inventions are correctly ascribed to him. Of the daughters of Elizabeth Stuart, all except Sophia became Catholics. She married George Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneberg. We find his biography thus summed up: "He was born in 1629, and died in 1698. By birth Duke of Brunswick-Lüneberg, he became Protestant Bishop of Osnabrück in 1662; he traveled extensively, leading a rather immoral life; was distinguished as a general and a diplomatist; served the Emperor Leopold I. in his war against France, for which he was rewarded with the Electoral dignity of Hanover in 1692. By his marriage with Sophia, granddaughter of James I. of England, his House obtained a right to the throne of that kingdom. His son, George Lewis, became King of England upon the death of Queen Anne in 1714, under the name of George I."

The family name of this house of Brunswick-Hanover is Guelph, that is, Wolf. We get our first glimpses of these Guelphs in Italy some eight centuries ago. In time the family separated. One branch remained at home, and played a great part in Italian history during the Middle Ages. Another branch made their way into Germany, where, partly by marriage and partly by the sword, they acquired considerable possessions.

The first of these German Guelphs with whom we have anything to do is Ernest, Duke of Celle, who was among the earliest disciples of Martin Luther. He had a son, William, styled "the Pious," who kept his little court at Celle. His family was large, and his estates were too small to be divided up among his seven sons, who, drew lots which of them should marry and continue the family line. The lot fell upon the youngest, who took to himself a wife, the others keeping a kind of bachelors' hall at the ancestral abode. They appear to have all been quite decent people in their generation. Duke George, the marrying brother, had several children, who turned out to be a decidedly bad lot. All of them became Catholics save the youngest, who was the George Augustus, the husband of that Sophia whose scanty trousseau contained, quite unsuspected at the time, the eventual succession to the English crown, which she would have worn had she lived only two months longer.

Her son, George Lewis—our George I.—was born in 1660, and so was fifty-four years old when by the death of Queen Anne he became, in accordance with the last Act of Settlement, King of England. For a time it had been doubtful whether this Act would be carried out. There were, as heraldists counted up, more than fifty living persons who stood by blood nearer the crown than did the old Electress Sophia. Queen Anne had no liking for these far-away Hanoverian cousins of hers. Her feelings were strongly in favor of her half-brother James. Moreover, she had a special reason for disliking this George Lewis. Three-and-thirty years before, while Charles II. was King of England, and when it seemed unlikely that she would ever become more than the younger daughter of a royal duke, George Lewis had come over to England with the avowed purpose of paying his addresses to her. He had scarcely landed when he was recalled by his scheming father, who had found for him a richer match in the person of his cousin Sophia Dorothea of Celle, whose father had bettered his fortunes by marrying a rich Frenchwoman of inferior birth. George Lewis and Sophia Dorothea were straightway married. How ill-starred this marriage was will appear hereafter. Anne was soon after married to the stupid Prince George of Denmark. No woman likes to be jilted in that way; and Anne kept the memory of the slight which she had suffered to the last day of her life. When there seemed a likelihood that George Lewis would come to the throne, he had been made Duke of Cambridge in the English Peerage; but Anne, now Queen, would not permit him to come over to England, be presented to her, and take his seat in the House of Lords. It is quite certain that for some time before her death she, with Bolingbroke and her other Tory ministers, was engaged in a scheme to set aside the Act of Settlement, bring her half-brother over to England, and make him her successor. There was more than even chance for the success of this scheme. Thackeray puts the case tersely. He says: "Had the Queen lasted a month longer; had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty; had the prince, whom the nation loved and pitied, been equal to his fortune, George Lewis had never talked German in St. James's Chapel Royal." But the sudden death of Anne before the scheme was completed put a stop to its execution. George Lewis was proclaimed King, and Bolingbroke and the rest of them had good reason to thank their lucky stars that they kept their heads upon their shoulders. Anne is styled in history "The good Queen Anne," though it is not easy to see what she was good for, only that she lived a virtuous life.

George Lewis had at first very little belief that he would in reality become King of England. Anne died on August 1st, 1714. He waited a month or more before he set out from Hanover to take possession of what he afterward styled "the throne of his ancestors." He touched English soil on the 18th of September, and was crowned a month later. The crown was scarcely on his head before it seemed quite likely that he would lose it. Lord Mar raised the Jacobite flag in Scotland. The clansmen flocked around it, and early in the Spring of 1715 it seemed that Scotland at least was in their hands. The leaders of the force appointed to surprise Edinburgh Castle were so sure of success that they thought it quite safe to stop to "powder their hair," as they called it—that is, to drink success to their enterprise—and so were a couple of hours too late in making their appearance under the castle walls. They found the garrison ready to repel them. The enterprise, thus foiled at the outset, came to naught. Of those who took part in it, some twenty-five were put to death; a thousand more, who were taken in arms, begged for mercy, and were transported to "His Majesty's Colonies in America."

When George Lewis came to England he was not accompanied by his wife; for that poor woman had been for twenty years a prisoner. Ten years or so after her marriage Sophia Dorothea had entered upon a criminal intrigue with Philip of Königsmarck, perhaps the handsomest, and certainly the vilest, little scoundrel of his day. An elopement had been planned; the very evening before it was to be executed Königsmarck was fallen upon by four of the electoral guard, and killed. It is said that they were employed by the Countess of Platen, a mistress of George Lewis, almost old enough to be his mother, with whom Königsmarck had not only been criminally intimate, but had publicly boasted of his intimacy. Sophia Dorothea was shut up in the Castle of Ahlden, and was henceforth only spoken of as "the Princess of Ahlden." She was only twenty-eight years old, and she lived thirty-two years more. Her faithless husband survived her less than a year. The taint of blood was upon the House of Hanover. Twice, indeed, it has overleaped a generation, only to reappear in the next.

So it happened that when this George Lewis came over to England to be crowned, there was no queen with him to share the pompous ceremony. But for this default he made amends by bringing with him two acknowledged mistresses. One of these, Madame Schulenberg, a lean elderly woman, was forthwith created Duchess of Kendal; the other, Madame Kielmansegge, a fat elderly woman, was made Countess of Darlington. These two ornaments of the British Court were sneeringly spoken of as the "Maypole" and the "Elephant."

Of the so-called "reign" of George I., which lasted thirteen years, there is no need to speak. He had really nothing whatever to do with the administration of the government which was carried on in his name. He was never so happy as when he could slip away to his native Hanover. It is said that he was fearfully terrified at a prediction that he would not outlive his imprisoned wife by a year. Be that as it may, death struck him while riding in his chariot on the Hanover road, hard by Osnaburg, whither he was carried. He died on June 11th, 1727, and was succeeded by his only son, George Augustus, known as George II., then forty-four years of age.

Of the thirty-three years' reign of George II., something must be said. He was eleven years old when his mother was imprisoned. Of his father he saw little in his early youth, being brought up under the care of his grandmother, the Electress Sophia. He was by no means destitute of parts, and served with some credit in the campaigns of Marlborough. When twenty-two years old, he married the Princess Caroline of Anspach, one of the cleverest women of the day, who must have married him for love, for she had refused the hand of an Archduke, who in time became Emperor of Germany.

When George I. came over to England he brought with him this son, then somewhat past thirty, who was created Prince of Wales. Father and son had known little of each other, and they soon came to hate each other. Something of this may have been owing to the clever wife of the Prince, who was quite free in her gibes at her father-in-law and his ugly old mistresses. The King was wont to speak of her, in French—for he could never master much English—as "that she-devil of a Princess." In a couple of years the ill-feeling between father and son grew into a scandalous quarrel. The immediate occasion of the open outbreak was the christening of the second son of the Prince. George the younger shook his fist in the face of the Duke of Newcastle, and called him a rogue; whereupon the King turned the Prince and Princess of Wales out of the palace of St. James, and bade him seek quarters elsewhere; but he tried to keep their children under his own charge. The matter being referred to the judges, it was decided by a vote of twelve to ten against his Majesty. The Prince and Princess set up housekeeping in London, and their residence soon became a kind of opposition court, frequented by all who had the sagacity to worship the rising instead of the setting sun. "The most promising of the young gentlemen," says Horace Walpole, "and the prettiest of the young ladies, formed the new court." The young couple had also a pleasant lodge at Richmond, to which resorted the pleasantest company of the day.

So matters went on for ten years, during which, if history is to be trusted, a notable incident occurred. At one time the old King's wrath rose to such a pitch that he listened favorably to a scheme, broached by the Earl of Berkeley, for carrying the Prince off to America, where he was to be disposed of in such a manner that nobody should know what became of him.

On the afternoon of June 14th, 1727, a stout, jolly-looking horseman was seen riding at utmost speed along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. When he reached the lodge he asked to see the Prince upon pressing business. He was told that this could not be, for his Royal Highness was taking his after-dinner nap, from which he must never be disturbed. The stout gentleman pushed the servants aside, and made his way to the bedroom, where, upon a couch, lay a little middle-aged gentleman, before whom the stout one plumped down upon his knees. The little man rubbed his eyes, and inquired who it was that thus dared to break in upon his nap.

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," was the reply, "and I have the honor to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg last Saturday, four days ago."

"Dat is one big lie," rejoined the little gentleman, who had laid down supposing himself merely the Prince of Wales. He had been really King of England four days without even dreaming of it; for the "king never dies," and the moment the breath left the body of King George I., his son became his Most Sacred Majesty, George II., King of England, Defender of the Faith, and so forth.

And a most curious King of England and Defender of the Faith he turned out to be! As King, he never cared a straw for the people over whom he was called to rule. He was never content when out of his native Hanover. He was always going there, and never coming back when he could help it. In 1729 he went over, and staid two whole years, and nobody missed him, unless it were his devoted wife, who was left behind as Regent of the Realm. Over and over again, ten times at least, he went, and never ceased going until 1755, when the Seven Years' War broke out, and Germany was no safe place for the little man, now become an old one. Even when away from Hanover, he was supposed to be there. Every Saturday a court assembly was held at the royal residence. "This," says Thackeray, ironically, "was what I can't but think a fine and touching ceremony. A large arm-chair was placed in the assembly-room, and on it the King's portrait. The nobility advanced, and made a bow to the arm-chair, and to the image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up; and spoke under their voices before the august picture, just as they would have done had the King-Elector been present himself."

As for "Defender of the Faith," he had not the shadow of a faith to defend. As for personal morals, his vile old father could not have asked for a son more like himself. We do not propose to say much of his double harem in England and Hanover. In another notable respect the first two Georges were alike: George I. hated his son, and turned him out of doors; George II. hated his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, and turned him out of doors.

For his scandalous harem George I. had, at least, this shadow of excuse: he was the husband of an unfaithful wife whom he had never loved, and who had never

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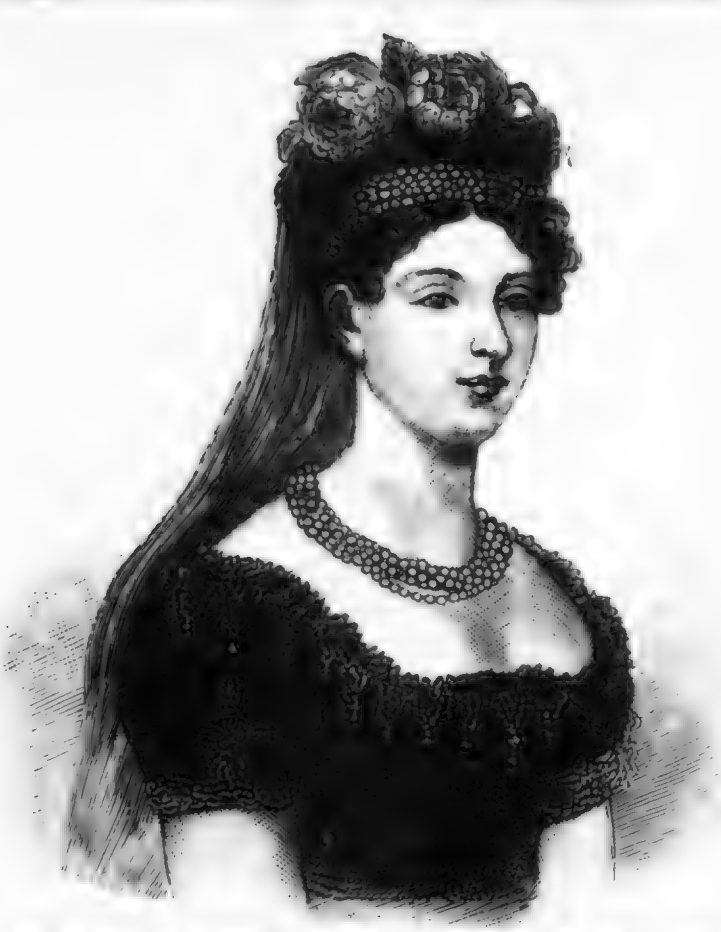


THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

loved him. For George II. there is not even this apology. His queen, Caroline of Anspach, was the truest and most devoted of wives. Through the more than thirty years of their married life, "she was faithful to him through all trial, neglect, pain and time," says Thackeray, from whom we must quote still further: "Save her husband, she really cared for no created being. If the King wants her, she will smile upon him, be she ever so sad; walk with him, be she ever so weary; and laugh at his brutal jokes, be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? Why did she, the most accomplished princess of Germany, refuse an Emperor, and take this little red-faced, staring princeling for her husband? What was there in those long letters which he wrote to her when he was absent, and to his mistresses in Hanover when he was in London with his wife? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? She killed herself because she loved him so. She had the gout, and would plunge her feet in cold water in order that she might walk with him. With the film of death over her eyes, writhing with intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful story of that deathbed—how she bade him marry again, and the reply the old King blubbered out: '*Non, non; j'aurai des maîtresses!*' (No, no; I'll have some mistresses!). There never was such a ghastly farce. . . . I am frightened as I look back into the past, and fancy that I behold that ghastly beautiful face—as I think of the Queen, writhing on her deathbed and crying out, 'Pray! pray!'—of the royal old sinner by her side, who kisses her dead lips with frantic grief, and leaves her to sin still more."

Caroline died in 1737, at the age of fifty-four, being some months older than her husband. George lived three-and-twenty years longer. He kept to the letter his promise that he would have "some mistresses." Unfaithful as he always was to her, he must have loved her in his coarse way. He said of her that he never knew a woman who was fit to buckle her shoe. Long after she was dead, he would sit weeping before her portrait; then he would dry his rheumy eyes and toddle off to one or another of those mistresses of his. But the end came to him, as it does to all. One morning—it was the 25th of October, 1760—a page went to his chamber with a cup of chocolate, and he found his Most Gracious Majesty lying dead upon the floor. Had he lived five days longer, he would have celebrated the seventy-ninth anniversary of his birthday. His hated eldest son, the insignificant Frederick, Prince of Wales, had died nine years before, at the age of forty-four; and Frederick's son, George William Frederick, became King of England, under the name of George III., his mother being Augusta of Saxe-Coburg.

If any wish to see a fine specimen of obituary poetry, we commend them to the following, in which the virtues of the second George are set forth, with a glowing anticipation of what might be expected from the third of them. The lines are by a young clergyman named Beilby Porteus, who, in due time, rose to be Bishop of London—some of whose printed works may still be read by any one who chooses. Of George II. the Reverend Mr. Porteus says, more piously than truly, that:

"While at his feet expiring Faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renewed,
The same fair path of glory still pursued;
Saw to young George Augusta's care impart
Whate'er could raise and humanize the heart;
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the throne:
No further blessing could on earth be given;
The next degree of happiness was—heaven."

All this about this George II.: bad son, bad father, bad husband, bad man in every way, and only failing to be a bad king because he, in fact, was no king at all—only a poor human creature upon whose head the English people found it convenient to place the crown, and pay him largely for wearing it. Saving that his great-grandmother was the daughter of a King of theirs who reigned half a century before he was born, they might have picked up a better figure-head for a King in any London alley. But the Reverend Mr. Porteus was quite wrong when he sang that this George saw in his grandson all of his own virtues—such as they were; for no two men could have been more different than were George II. and George III.

Of George III. we shall need to speak very briefly, and mainly only in so far as he had to do with shaping the character and career of his son, George IV.—"Gentleman George," or "The First Gentleman of Europe," as people were at one time in the habit of mis-styling him.

George III. came to the throne at the age of about twenty-three. His poor father had died nine years before, leaving him the eldest of eight children. His mother made peace with her father-in-law, George II., and the care of her children was given to her. This mother appears to have been a hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, who kept her children under strict rule, and was very careful of their morals—for which there was abundant need, since their residence was to be at Kensington Palace, then the abode of the King and some of his mistresses. She was wont to speak of George William as a dull good boy. Others describe him, just before he came to the throne, as an ill-grown young man, with a retreating forehead, prominent eyes and thick utterance. He was certainly narrow-minded, slow of comprehension, bigoted and obstinate ; but his personal morals, we believe, were pure from first to last. We indeed find, in the scandalous chronicles of the day, mention made of a certain Quaker girl, Hannah Lightfoot, whom some say he abducted, others that he married. We can trace this thing to no credible source, and can find no period in his life in which it could well have happened.

Not long before his accession to the crown, George fell in love, in his dull way, with the beautiful and sprightly Lady Sarah Lennox. As soon as he became King, he was certainly minded to make her his Queen ; but the affair came to naught. While Lady Sarah (who had been wont to go out upon the lawn of Holland House and make hay there whenever she got word that the Prince meant to take a ride along the road which bordered the lawn) was debating whether she would share the crown in case it was formally offered her, it was officially announced that the young King was about to be married to another. She scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry. She wrote to a friend : "He is to be married to a princess of Mecklenburg. I shall take care not to show anybody that I am mortified. The thing I am most angry about is looking so like a fool in having gone so often for nothing. But I don't care ! If he was to change his mind again—which he can't, though—and not give a very good reason for his conduct, I would not have him."

So King George was married, in a few weeks, to the plain little Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Lady Sarah was one of the bridesmaids. Gossips of the time said that during the ceremony the staring eyes of the bridegroom were fixed upon the lovely Sarah, not upon the plain little Charlotte. But if the heart of the King had received a wound, he soon got over it. He took kindly to his consort, and they lived most contentedly together until, long after, his poor wits left him.

Children were born to George and Charlotte in rapid succession. During the twenty-one years from 1762 to 1783, there were eight sons and seven daughters. Two little princes died in infancy. The youngest of all, the Princess Amelia, died at twenty-seven. We know her as the author of some touching verses, which are better worth reading than most very much better poetry :

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced, and talked and sung;
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me."

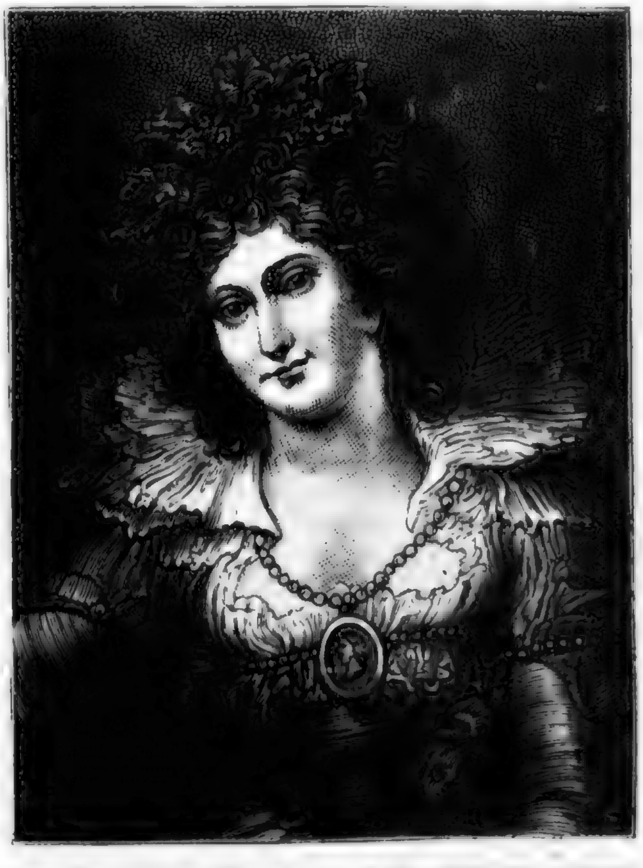
The other sons and daughters all attained a good age—Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, dying at fifty-three. All the others exceeded threescore, most of them attaining to threescore-and-ten or more. Of not one of the sons can much of good be said ; of most of them, very much that is very far from good. The first-born of the children of George III. was named George Augustus, after his grandfather, whose soul might almost be supposed to have passed over to him, only into a handsomer body. He is that George IV. with whom we have now mainly to do.

George Augustus was born August 12th, 1762, and died June 26th, 1830. The day of his birth seemed auspicious; for on that day, forty-seven years before, the crown of Great Britain had passed to the House of Brunswick-Hanover. Five days afterward, letters-patent were issued under the great seal creating him Prince of Wales, and conferring upon him a long list of titles : Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Great Steward of Scotland, and so forth.

All averred that a finer baby was never born into the world. As soon as she was able, the proud and happy little mother lay in state, the palace-doors being thrown wide open, so that all who wished might enter and delight their eyes with looking upon the nation's hope, as he lay in his cradle or in the arms of a nurse.

Up to the age of eighteen he was brought up with a strictness which belonged to the family of a God-fearing private gentleman rather than to that of the sovereign of a great kingdom. They tried to give him a good education. He had the best of masters, under whom he made at least fair progress ; for he was by no means destitute of natural ability. Clever enough as he was, everybody tried to make him out a great deal cleverer than he was. It was told with delight how he once had a dispute with his tutor, Lord Bruce, about the pronunciation of a Latin word. Authority showed that the Prince was right ; whereupon the mortified tutor resigned his post. So deeply mortified was he, that they had to soothe his feelings by making him an earl—a Scottish earl, indeed, which does not amount to much in itself. Among the numerous portraits of the Prince of Wales, is one taken at the age of eighteen. It represents an exceedingly handsome youth with a fine open countenance, and an enormous head of brown curly hair. In much later portraits we see what might be taken for the same head of hair—but it is a wig.

When he was about to attain his majority, a separate



MRS. FITZHERBERT, WIFE OF GEORGE IV.— FROM THE PAINTING BY R. COSWAY.

establishment was to be provided for him. Parliament, grateful to him for having taken the trouble to be born, were ready to grant a much larger allowance than suited the ideas of the King. They—or at least the Whig leaders—proposed £100,000 a year. They clearly expected that the Prince would soon become King; for not long before, George III. had experienced the first of those attacks of insanity, recurring paroxysms of which were in the end to reduce him to blindness, deafness and idiocy. The Whig leaders—Fox and the others—had already begun to turn their eyes toward the rising sun. The King, who had grown jealous of the Prince, thought £40,000 enough. The allowance was finally fixed at £50,000 a year; but to this was added £100,000 for fitting up an establishment suitable to the dignity of the heir to the crown.

In 1784 Carlton House, on the north side of the Mall in St. James's Park, London, was fitted up for the abode of the Prince of Wales. It had long been the property of the Crown, having been purchased as a residence for poor Frederick, the grandfather of Prince George. Carlton House was pulled down half a century ago; but there are prints enough which tell us how it looked in the days of which we are to speak. Outside, it was pretentious and ugly; inside, no cost had been spared to make it magnificent. So in his twenty-second year George Augustus was set loose in the world, with nothing to do, and a quarter of a million of dollars a year to spend just as he pleased. Dr. Watts has told us who it is that "finds work for idle hands to do"; and we know what kind of work he finds. The Prince of Wales needed no instruction from the Prince of Evil in running the downward course. We need not follow him in his first footsteps, and tell how he came to be known as "Prince Florizel," on account of his connection with a pretty actress who was famous in the part of *Perdita* in Shakespeare's "Winter's Night." Florizel soon discarded Perdita, who in time came to be all that her stage-name means—"The Lost."

The Prince had not been long settled at Carlton House before he formed what may almost be styled a real attachment, and the story of this is worth telling, as illustrative of the kind of man he was coming to be:

At Richmond Hill lived a handsome widow of not quite thirty. She was of good family, her maiden name being Maria Smythe. At nineteen she had been married to a Mr. Weld, who died within a few months. Three years after, she married Mr. Fitzherbert, who died within a couple of years, leaving her a comfortable fortune. The fair and virtuous widow was celebrated by the poets of the day as "The Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill." Prince George, six years her junior, saw her, became enamored, and offered her the place in his affections which had been vacated by Perdita. Mrs. Fitzherbert declined the offer, not with thanks. This rebuff only aggravated the passion of the Prince, who begged her to become his wife. By law the woman who marries a prince of the blood without the assent of the sovereign occupies an anomalous position—precisely what it is, we believe the authorities have not yet exactly decided. Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was a devout Catholic—a fact which, although she most likely did not know it, was of immense importance—declined this offer also.

The despairing Prince hurried home, threw himself upon his couch, and stabbed himself, not very dangerously, we imagine, but still so severely that there was a considerable flow of blood, and the scar of the wound was visible for many a year All Carlton House was thrown into commotion. Messenger after messenger—among whom were two peers of the realm—were sent to Mrs. Fitzherbert, urging her to come to the poor Prince, whose precious life lay in her hands. She went, but took good care to be accompanied by the beautiful and virtuous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She found the Prince, still bedrabbled with blood, with a brandy-bottle by his bedside. He swore that the only thing which could save his life was that she would consent to marry him. Half bewildered, she gave some kind of a promise; a ring was slipped upon her finger, and she went home. The next day she repented her half-promise, packed up her things, and fled to the Continent, whither she was followed by messenger after messenger from the Prince, begging her to come back and marry their master. Overborne by importunity, she did come back, and near the close of December, 1785, the rites of marriage were duly performed, in the presence of competent witnesses, by an Episcopal clergyman. There is reason to believe that the marriage rites were also repeated in Catholic form. The lady was still known as Mrs. Fitzherbert, and of course her residence was not at Carlton House. The public supposed that she was his mistress.

The Prince had in the meanwhile been living far beyond his income. His creditors began to press him. A schedule of his debts showed that he owed more than £150,000. His friends in Parliament urged that he should be relieved from such an unpleasant situation. Rumors flew about that there had been a marriage. The Prince wrote to his friend Fox affirming that these rumors were false. Fox stood up in his place and averred that he was armed with the direct authority of His Royal Highness to assure the House that the report of the marriage was an infamous fabrication; and that there was no part of the conduct of the Prince which he was afraid or unwilling to have investigated in the most minute manner. The next morning the Prince sneaked to his wife. "What do you think, Maria?" he said to her; "Fox went down to the House last night, and denied that you and I are man and wife. Can you conceive of such a thing?"

The immediate result of the matter was that Parliament made an appropriation to pay the debts of the Prince, upon condition that he should contract no more, and also made an addition of £10,000 a year to his allowance.

What more is to be said of George and Mrs. Fitzherbert must be briefly said. Three years after their marriage, she received a letter from him to the effect that all must be over between them, for Lady Jersey now occupied the first place in his affections. A while after came the marriage of George and Caroline of Brunswick, and then in a little more than a year their formal separation, "by mutual consent."

The separation was scarcely effected when the Prince wrote to Maria, claiming that she was his wife, and demanding that she should return to him. Never was a good woman more perplexed as to what she ought to do. She replied that his so-called marriage with Caroline had placed her in a peculiar position, in which her conscience was involved; and she could do no other than submit the question to his Holiness the Pope. The Pontiff very properly decided that by divine law she was the rightful wife of the Prince, and so was bound to obey him. Maria did so, and consorted with him for eight years, still being known as Mrs. Fitzherbert; but being received by society, and even by members of the royal family, as his wife. Through the intervention ot the Duke of York a pension of £6,000 a year was settled upon her. George, in time, grew weary of her, for he had found a new favorite in Lady Hertford, and embittered Mrs. Fitzherbert's life by insults. The crowning one happened in this wise: At the informal dinner-parties which they were wont to give, the custom was that the guests should be seated without regard to rank. A formal dinner was to be given in honor of Louis XVIII. of France, at which the guests were to be seated in the order of their rank. Maria asked her princely consort where her place was to be. "Madame," he sneered, "you know that you have no place at all." "I know," she replied, "that I have no place but what your Highness pleases to give me." After that, they never saw each other but once, and that apparently by chance, when he asked her some civil question, and received a civil answer. They say that when George was on his deathbed he ordered that the picture of this wife of his should be placed in his coffin. She lived, honored and respected by all, until 1837, when she died, at the age of more than eighty.

We must now go back in the history of our "Gentleman George." No sooner were his debts paid, in 1787, than he rushed into extravagances wilder than before. In 1795 his affairs had again to be laid before Parliament. The schedule showed that he owed £640,000. That is, while his income was half a million dollars a year, he contrived to spend nearly another half million. How did he get rid of all this million a year? Rather, how did he not do it? He spent much in dinners and all that. He threw away much upon his needy associates. He gave away something in what may fairly be called benevolence. Thus, upon one occasion he learned that a worthy military officer, with a large family, was in sore straits. He put £800 in his pocket, slipped out in disguise to the poor lodgings of the officer, and flung the whole upon the table. Doubtless his servants cheated him. His farrier put in a bill for £11,000. Then, again, when his tradesmen found that they would be likely to have to wait long for their pay, they naturally took that into account in making up their bills. For example, his tailor's bill ran up to £10,000 a year.

But all this will account for only a small part of this £640,000 of debt incurred in seven years. One significant item in the schedule will go far to explain this. There was £500,000 due upon various "bonds." These bonds were for sums obtained from money-lenders, very little of which ever really found its way into the princely purse. Primarily this two and a half million of dollars went to pay his "debts of honor"—that is, his gambling debts. In those days it was not considered at all out of the way for a gentleman to bilk his tailor or butcher, or to keep his servants out of their wages. He might shirk his lawful debts, but his "debts of honor" must be promptly met. If his purse was empty, he must have recourse to the "Jews," under which name all money-lenders and bill-dealers were classed. There were plenty of these men who always had money to advance "for a consideration" to any one who had good "expectations." The Prince of Wales had exceedingly good expectations; and so, for a while at least, could borrow as much money as he wanted, giving his bond, of course, for a great deal more than he received. Then again notes, when overdue, had to be taken up by "renewing" them, with interest and discount, and what not, added. So, in one way and another, a bill for a thousand pounds would before long have grown to five thousand. Those who have read the Life of Haydon, the painter, know how this worked on a small scale; it worked on a large scale in the case of "Gentleman George."

So long as money could be borrowed for the asking, things went on swimmingly at Carlton House. Of the high times held there—the bacchanalian orgies, the fiddling and dancing, and all that—any one who wishes can read enough in the diaries of the day, and in the reminiscences which Captain Gronow, and several other old beaux of the period, have scribbled down in our own time. Everybody who went to Carlton House said that the Prince was the most accomplished of hosts. If there was dancing to be done, nobody could dance better than he; if there was singing to be done, he had a beautiful voice; if there was drinking to be done, nobody else could take more wine or brandy, and still keep his legs. As for his bow, it was perfection. Yet, somehow, when decent people had been a few times to Carlton House they did not care to go much more.

Late in 1794 the distressed condition of the Prince of Wales had to be made public. He was, after all, the child of the nation, and its future hope. In that capacity he had run into debt to all sorts of people, and the nation, somehow, felt itself bound to pay these debts. George III., now in his right mind, took the same view. It was tacitly agreed that provision should be made, from one fund or another, gradually to pay off these debts. But a condition precedent was that he should marry, in the hope that he would reform his evil life. At this time it was assumed that he was not already married; that Maria Fitzherbert, as far as the English nation was concerned, was nothing more than "Perdita" and a half-score of other women had been to him.

A wife had to be found for him, and there was scant time in which the work was to be done. In regard to this matter we get a glimpse of about the only dispute between good King George III. and the good Queen Charlotte. Charlotte wanted her darling first-born to marry a niece of her own, Maria of Strelitz, who in time came to be the luckless Queen of Prussia. George wanted his son to marry a niece of his own, Caroline of Brunswick. My Lord of Malmesbury, a fine old English gentleman, was sent over to Brunswick to see if the Princess Caroline would do. His report was, upon the whole, quite favorable. The Princess was decidedly good-looking, and seemed to be of good disposition. She had not been brought up in the very best manner, for the Brunswick court of that day was not a very nice one. The Princess herself was a lively young woman of six-and-twenty. Good old Malmesbury took it upon himself to give the Princess some sound advice upon certain delicate points upon which a lady is not often expected to be advised by a gentleman. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was exceedingly fastidious upon some points; his sense of smell was very nice, and it would be well that his future bride should be careful in the use of the bath and in the purity of her linen. The poor Princess was persuaded, or forced, to accept the brilliant future thus opened up to her. From a letter of hers we infer that she had already formed an attachment; but that she was willing to forego it.

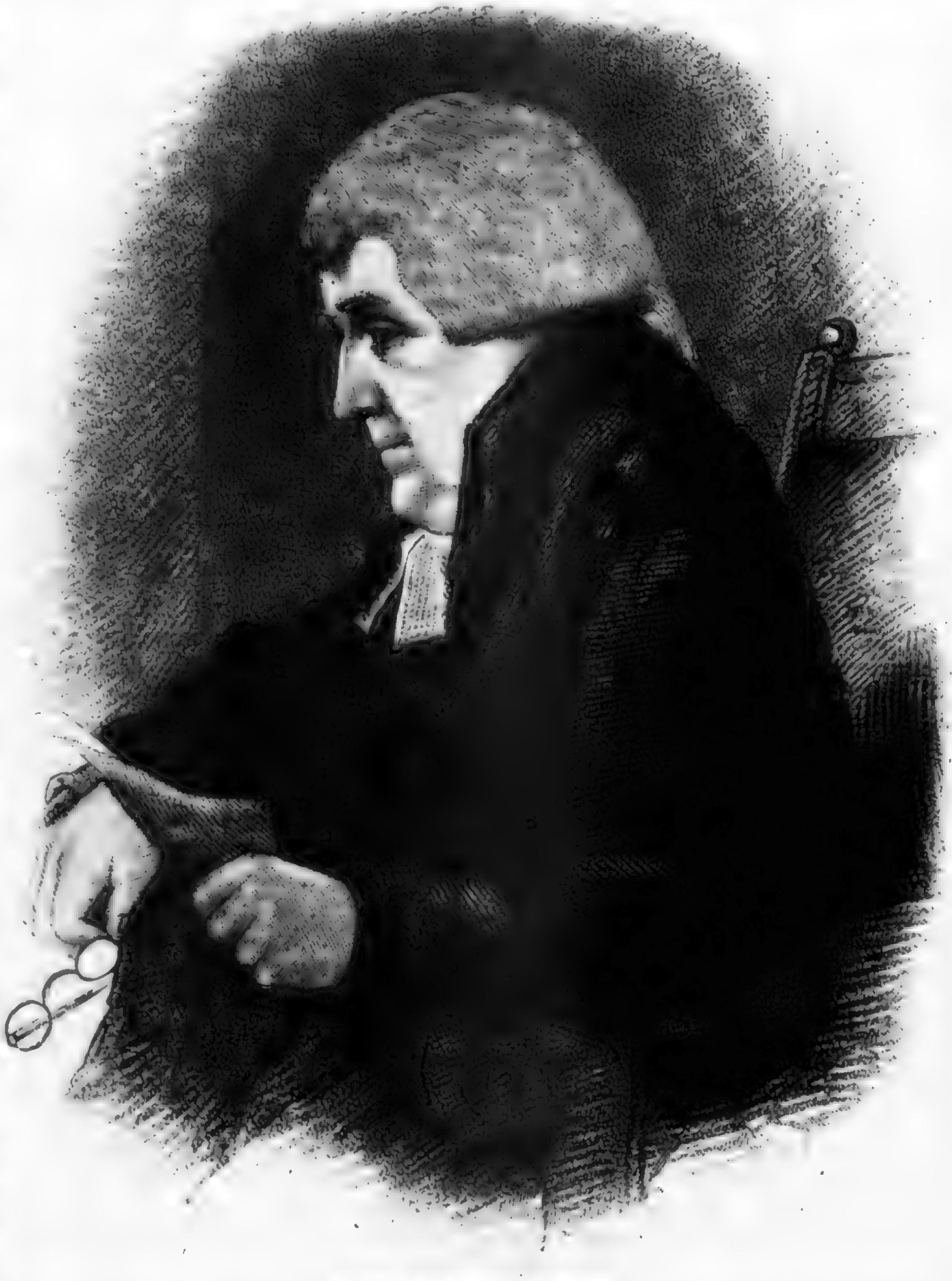
As for the Prince of Wales, as he was then circumstanced, he did not much care whom he married, so that his debts should be paid, and the duns kept from his door. So the ill-starred marriage was agreed upon; and Caroline set out for England to be married, Lord Malmesbury being at the head of her escort.

Malmesbury has left upon record an account of the first meeting between his charge and the bridegroom-expectant. From a portrait which had been sent to him, George had been led to form a high opinion of her personal charms, and as soon as she reached London he hastened to meet her. "When she was first presented to him," says Malmesbury, "she very properly attempted to kneel. He raised her, gracefully enough, embraced her, and turning around to me, said: 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said: 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?' Upon which, much out of humor, he said, with an oath, 'No, I will go to the Queen!'"

And he went. But the marriage had nevertheless to be concluded, the ceremony taking place on the 8th of April, 1795. It is enough to say that the Prince was drunk upon the occasion—so drunk that he reeled as he entered the chapel, and could barely hiccough out his responses.

Over the miserable life which ensued we may draw a decent vail. It is enough to say that the Princess Charlotte, the only child of this ill-starred union, was born on January 7th, 1796, nine months, lacking a day, after the marriage; and in three months more a formal separation had been agreed upon. The letter in which "Gentleman George" finally acceded to this separation is upon record. It bears date April 30, 1796, a year and a fortnight after the date of their marriage, and runs thus:

> "MADAM: As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define, in writing, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavor to explain myself with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquillity and comfortable society are, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required,[*] through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to our daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing at any period a connection of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquillity. I am, madam, with very great truth, very sincerely yours, GEORGE, P."



LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

After this separation Caroline lived for twenty-five years, and George for thirty-four. It does not appear that they ever afterward saw each other; though their paths in life came to cross in a notable manner—of which crossing we shall soon have to speak at some length.

The Princess Charlotte was taken from her mother, and brought up under the charge of the Bishop of Exeter and Lady Clifford. The mother was allowed to see her daughter only at rare and stated intervals; but it is clear that the Princess had a tender regard for her mother, while for her father her feelings were little short of aversion. When she was approaching womanhood, a project was entered into to marry her to an ugly little man, the Prince of Orange. This fell through, mainly because she would agree to it only upon condition that she should be allowed to reside in England after her marriage. In 1814, after the first overthrow of Napoleon, the allied sovereigns visited England. In their train came a handsome young man, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who had distinguished himself in the Russian service. His fortune was exceedingly moderate; but somehow a warm feeling grew up between him and the Princess Charlotte. The return of Napoleon from Elba gave occasion for potentates to think of something besides marrying and giving in marriage; but Waterloo and what followed that battle put a different face upon public affairs; and among the most pressing of these was the question as to who should be the husband of the Princess Charlotte. How that question was decided in favor of Leopold of Saxe-Coburg has been told in many ways, all of them involving a pleasant idyl in royal life. That which seems most likely to be the true one is given by Gronow, who says: "The Duke of York said one day to his royal niece, 'Tell me, my dear, have you seen any one among the foreign princes whom you would like for a husband?' The Princess replied that she had been much struck with Prince Leopold." The hint thus given was not long in reaching the ears of Leopold, who, wise young man that he was, did not let the opportunity slip. Everybody in England was right glad to get the heir-presumptive to the crown well married, in the hope that the dynasty would be perpetuated. All sorts of good things were heaped upon Leopold upon occasion of this marriage; not the least of which was a pension of £50,000 a year, which he lived to draw for half a century, and long after he had come to be made King of Belgium.

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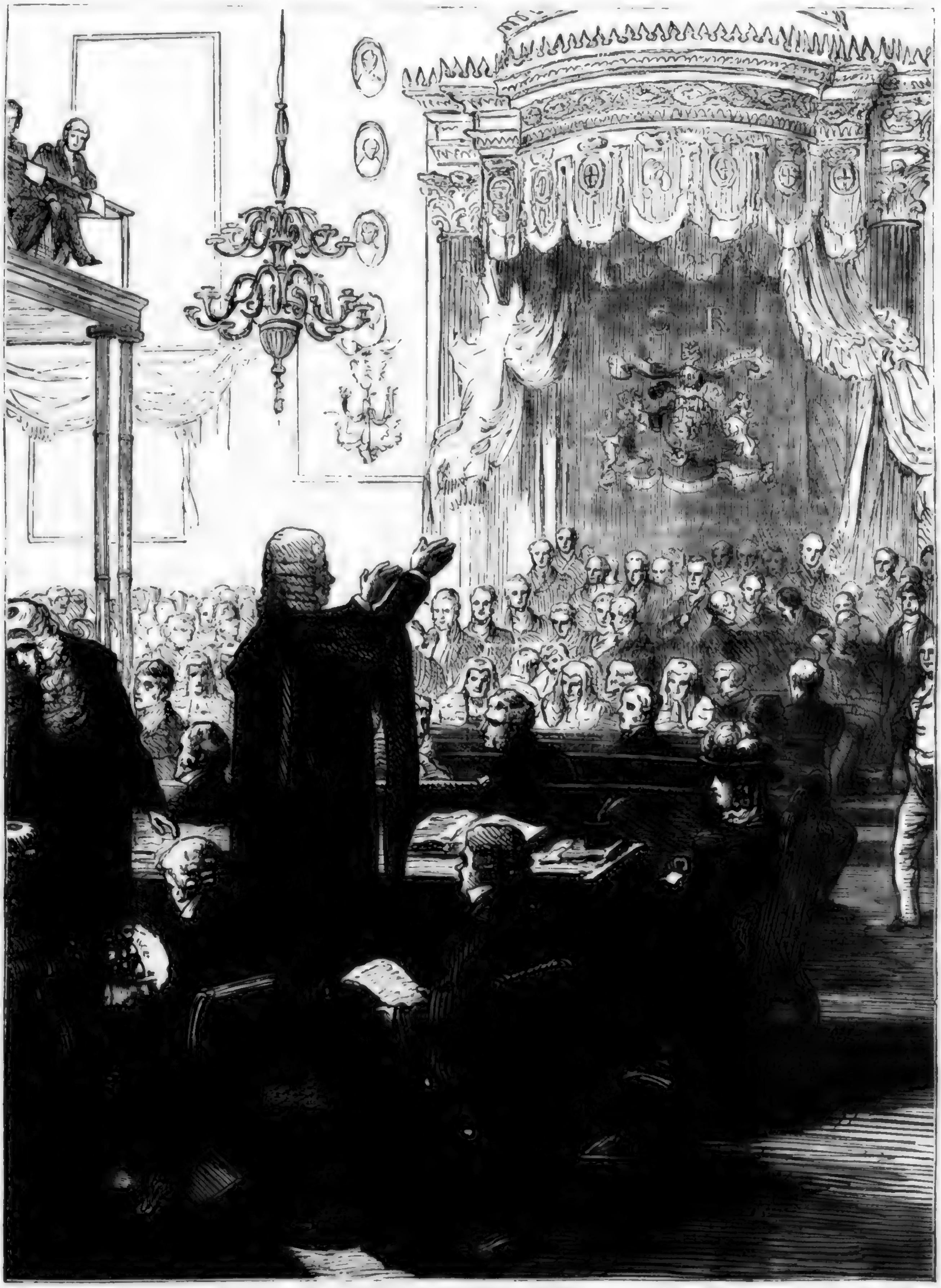
[*] Brougham, in making this letter public upon the Queen's trial, a quarter of a century after, declared that no such condition had ever been required, or even alluded to.

The marriage of Leopold and Charlotte took place on May 2d, 1816. But the hope of the British people was not to be realized. On the 6th of November, 1817, the Princess Charlotte died in childbirth. Her infant, who never saw the light, lay dead by her side. The fault was, rightly or wrongly, attributed to her attending physician, who committed suicide in consequence. Never was people



THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

more deeply stricken with sorrow than were the British people by this unexpected death of the Princess Charlotte. Perhaps the noblest funeral discourse ever delivered was that of Robert Hall, the famous Baptist preacher, upon this occasion. Much of this public grief was doubtless owing to sympathy for a young wife and mother whose days were thus cut short. But lying far deeper were considerations of public moment, upon which we must briefly touch.

For seven years George III. had been hopelessly insane, and his eldest son, under the title of Prince Regent, had been really King. The Prince, whom we may henceforth style George IV., had long been separated from his wife, and it was clear that no other heir to the crown could ever be born to him. Upon his death, come when it might, the succession would pass to that one of his brothers who was next in age. Of these the first was Frederick, Duke of York, scarcely a year younger than George, who was also childless. He was now fifty-four years old, and not in good health. Of the two, the life of George seemed the best; so Frederick might be left out of account, as far as the succession was concerned. Then came William, Duke of Clarence. He was a stout man of fifty-two. He had never married, although he had several illegitimate children, "Fitz-Clarences," as they were and are styled. He might, most likely, come to the throne, as in fact he did, as King William IV.; but unless he married and had a lawful child, the succession would pass to some brother of his. Next came Edward, Duke of Kent, a poor insignificant man of fifty, unmarried, as far as was known.

Next after these—and herein lay the peril of the time—came Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, a stout, hale man of forty-six, who bade fair to outlive his elder brothers, and who, in case of their dying childless, would in due course of nature come to the crown. This prince was most thoroughly unpopular in England. He was believed to be guilty of crimes of the greatest enormity, among which were those to which the English language refuses even to give a name. It was generally felt that should the crown ever fall to him, he must be set aside; for no decent people could bear such a man as their king.

When, therefore, the death of the Princess Charlotte rendered it more than likely that before many years Ernest of Cumberland would come to the succession of the British crown, it was the common feeling that his elder brothers must do what in them lay to preclude such a possibility. In a word, those of them who could marry must marry, and in such a way as to give hope that a child should be born, who would, in order of succession, stand before this Ernest. So poor Charlotte had scarcely been buried before the Dukes of Clarence and Kent set out for Germany, each in search of a wife—it being understood that only a middle-aged widow would be likely to meet the emergency. Each of the royal dukes found such a widow. The result was that the wife of Clarence gave birth to two children, neither of whom lived a year. The Duke of Kent was in this respect more fortunate. His wife became the mother of a girl, who grew up, and is now Queen Victoria.

We now go back to our "Gentleman George," and his special affairs. We have seen that since 1797 he had been separated from Caroline of Brunswick, whom, after what we know of Maria Fitzherbert, we can scarcely call his wife. She, indeed, never considered herself as rightly such, if we may give credit to what we read in books of the time. Caroline was wont to say, in her imperfect English: "Mrs. Fitzherbert—dat is de Prince's true wife. She is an excellent woman; it is a great pity for him he ever broke vid her. Do you know, I know de man who was present at her marriage. He declared to a friend of mine dat when he went to tell Mrs. Fitzherbert dat de Prince had married me, she would not believe it; for she knew dat she herself was married to him."

So long as George III. retained his reason, the Princess Caroline found a true friend in him. Scandalous charges were indeed rife against her, involving the most serious allegations. A commission was appointed to investigate the matter, the final result being that she was freed from serious blame. That her conduct then and thereafter was not as circumspect as it should have been in the peculiar circumstances by which she was surrounded, must be admitted. When George III. finally lost his reason, and the power came into the hands of his son, matters took a new shape. The old Queen Charlotte took her son's side in the long quarrel. Caroline was formally excluded from Court by the instigation of the Prince Regent. She was thus virtually outlawed from society. In her despair she resolved to quit England for a time, and travel on the Continent and elsewhere. She left England late in the Summer of 1814, leading an almost wandering life for about three years, rarely remaining more than a few weeks in the same place. In the course of her wide wanderings she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Finally she took up a permanent residence near the Lake of Como, where she remained until the death of George III., January 29th, 1820, when she announced her determination to return to England and claim her place as Queen. Every effort was made to deter her from doing this. Government offered her a pension of £50,000 a year if she would remain abroad; everywhere out of British dominions she should be recognized as Queen of Great Britain, and all diplomatic agents should treat her as such. Her own best friends urged her not to return, and among these was Mr. Brougham, who had long been the confidential adviser of herself and of her daughter, the Princess Charlotte. She refused all such offers and suggestions, and on the 6th of June landed in England. Out of this proceeding grew the trial of Queen Caroline—one of the most famous in English history.

Almost from the beginning of her residence abroad, reports of a most damaging character had been circulated as to her way of life, especially in connection with an Italian servant named Bartolomeo Bergami. We present here the essential facts of the case so far as they were clearly proven beyond all possibility of doubt. It should be borne in mind that, at the time when these transactions begun, the Princess had reached the age of forty-six, and had been for eighteen years entirely separated from her husband.

When Caroline set out for the Continent she was accompanied by a suite of English ladies and gentlemen, such as was usual in the case of ladies of her rank. For one reason or another all these left her service within a few weeks or months, so that during the greater part of her absence from England her household and attendants were foreigners, nearly all of them Italians. Very soon after her arrival in Italy, Bergami entered her service as courier.

He was by birth, manners and education considerably above this half-menial position. He was a handsome married man of middle age. During the wars and troubles of the preceding years his family had lost their moderate estate. He entered the Italian army, in which he rose to the rank of quartermaster; but afterward became the confidential servant of an Italian nobleman. When the Princess reached Milan, early in October, 1814, she wished to engage a courier, and Bergami was strongly recommended to her by the Marquis of Ghislieri, a nobleman of high character, who expressed a strong hope that the courier would soon rise to a more important position in the household.

He did rise very rapidly in the favor and confidence of the Princess. In a very few weeks she made him her chamberlain—that is, the superintendent of the household. Previous to that time he had waited at dinner behind the chair of the Princess, he himself eating with the other servants. Afterward, he had a place at the table of the Princess. In the course of time she procured for him various titles. Upon occasion of her pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in the Summer of 1816, she instituted the Order of Santa Carolina of Jerusalem, in order as the diploma read, "to reward the faithful knights who have had the honor to accompany her Royal Highness in her pilgrimage to the Holy Land." The insignia of this Order was a red cross, with the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," suspended by a ribbon of lilac and silver. Bergami was made Grand Master of this Order; and his "children, male and female, were to succeed him in it, from generation to generation, to the end of the world." He himself was designated as "Sieur Bartolomeo Bergami, Baron Francini, Knight of the Grand Order of Malta and of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, Equerry to her Highness." Bergami remained in the service of the Princess as long as she remained abroad; and not long before her return to England she obtained for him the title of Baron Bergami, and purchased for him a considerable estate near Milan.

The favor of the Princess extended not only to Bergami himself, but to his whole family, with the exception of his wife, who is not mentioned, although she was living in Milan. Victorine, his daughter, a child of two or three years, was almost adopted by the Princess, always sleeping in her apartment. A sister of Bergami was made lady of honor to the Princess, with the title of the Countess of Oldi. Another sister, a brother and the mother of Bergami had also subordinate places in the household. Thus far, the facts were proven by the prosecution and admitted by the defense.

The Queen, as she must henceforth be called, had scarcely touched English soil, when the Government—Lord Liverpool being Premier—instituted proceedings against her. These took the form of "A Bill of Pains and Penalties," introduced by Government into the House of Peers. Such a bill is of a somewhat peculiar nature; for it undertakes to make that a penal offense which was not previously so by law, and then to inflict pains and penalties for what had already been committed. It is thus of the nature of a retroactive law, and as such is not favored. Indeed, it is universally held that such a measure should be employed only in case of urgent need, when some important public good was in question, which could not be otherwise secured. In this case, the Queen was charged with adultery, and this is not an offense punishable by English law; but it was argued that this, when committed by a Queen, was such an offense against the State as justly to cause her to be degraded from the crown. The title of the Bill explains its purport. It was entitled, "An Act to deprive her Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, of the Title, Prerogatives, Rights, Privileges and Pretensions of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to dissolve the Marriage between his Majesty and the said Queen." The Preamble (here considerably abridged) recited that—

> "Whereas, in the year 1814, her Majesty, then Princess of Wales, and now Queen Consort of this Realm, being in Milan, in Italy, engaged in her service, in a menial situation, one Bartolomo Bergami, a foreigner of low station, advanced him to a high situation in her household, and bestowed upon him great and extraordinary marks of favor and distinction; that while Bergami was in this service, she, unmindful of her duty to your Majesty, and wholly regardless of her own honor and character, conducted herself, in public and in private, in various places and countries, with indecent familiarity and freedom, and carried on with him a licentious, disgraceful and adulterous intercourse, which continued for a long period of time, by which conduct of her Royal Highness great scandal and dishonor have been brought upon your Majesty's family and this kingdom."

And in order to manifest their deep sense of this disgraceful conduct of the Queen, and to evince their just regard for the dignity of the crown and the honor of the nation, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, begged of his Majesty that it might be enacted that—

> "By the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that her said Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, from and after the passing of this Act, shall be and is hereby deprived of the title of Queen, and of all the prerogatives, rights, privileges and exemptions appertaining to her as Queen Consort of this Realm; and that her said Majesty shall, from and after the passing of this Act, for ever be disabled and rendered incapable of using, exercising and enjoying the same, or any of them: And, moreover, that the marriage between his Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth be, and the same is hereby, and from henceforth for ever, wholly dissolved, annulled and made void, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever."

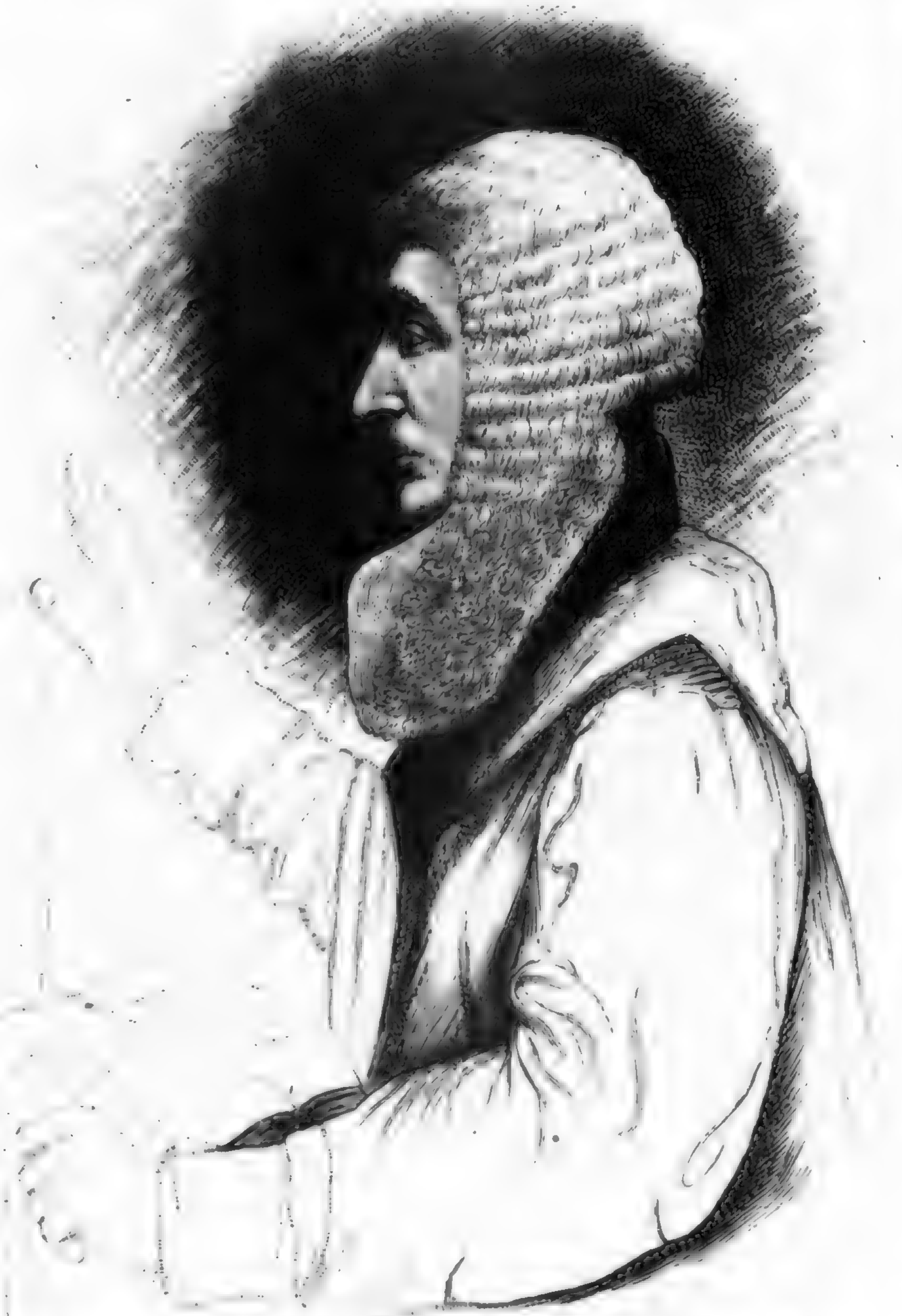
The introduction of this Bill, technically called its "first reading," was a mere matter of form. The real thing was upon the motion for the "second reading"—that is, whether the matter should be considered at all. This question came up for consideration on the 17th of August, 1820. After prayers had been read by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, as junior bishop, the call of the roll of the House was begun. Several noble lords were excused, most of them because they were more than seventy years of age, one because he was a minor, several because they were absent from the kingdom. Nine bishops were excused on account of "great age and infirmity." For the Bishop of Cloyne a most valid excuse was presented—he was dead. This proceeding was interrupted by a picturesque incident—about the only thing of the kind in this trial—which we find thus recorded in the *Parliamentary Register:*

> "Loud shouts, which rent the air, proclaimed the arrival of the Queen. Her Majesty entered the House of Lords at the door on the right hand of the throne, and she took her seat in a chair placed at the right of the canopy. Upon her entrance, the peers all rose and bowed to the Queen. The sensation caused by her Majesty's arrival was most profound, and when the impression had in some degree subsided, several of the peers entered into the most earnest discourse. The Queen took her seat with much grace and dignity. She was attended by Lord Archibald and Lady Hamilton and suite. She was dressed in a most rich suit of black, a crape turban was on her head, and a white lace vail thrown over her. She wore white gloves and white shoes."

Then the roll-call was continued. There must have been some curiosity as to what course the royal dukes, the King's brothers, would take. The Duke of Kent, father of Victoria, had been dead six months and more. The Duke of Cumberland was rarely in England. The Duke of Cambridge was excused, on account of being away on his Majesty's service. The Duke of Sussex wrote begging to be excused on account of consanguinity; he had been silent upon this delicate subject, and thought this the most respectful course. The Duke of York said: "Though I, who stand in still more delicate circumstances, have urgent and pressing duties to perform, yet neither these nor relationship shall prevent me from doing my duty." He did his duty by voting for the Bill to the last; so, too, did the Duke of Clarence, in time to be William IV.

The Duke of Leinster had already given notice that he should oppose the Bill in every stage and upon every possible occasion. Bills of Pains and Penalties, he said, were all engines of injustice and oppression; and this one was especially objectionable in every point of view. He moved that further consideration of it should be abandoned. The vote was taken, and 206 peers voted against the motion and only 41 in favor of it; there thus being a majority of four to one for proceeding.

Then the Earl of Liverpool moved that counsel be heard in favor of the preamble to the Bill. The Earl of Carnarvon made an earnest speech against the whole proceeding. He objected to it as inconsistent with the public interest and with the honor of the House. The Queen, he said, had been placed in circumstances in which no woman ought to be placed. In the case of any other woman thus situated, their lordships would never have allowed the introduction of a bill of divorce, no matter what the woman had done. Even supposing that the charges were true to the fullest extent, it would have been better that the minister had not made them public, "but had suffered the Alps and the Apennines, the boundaries of distant realms, and the wide extent of seas and oceans to throw a vail over those events which they had so eagerly brought forward."



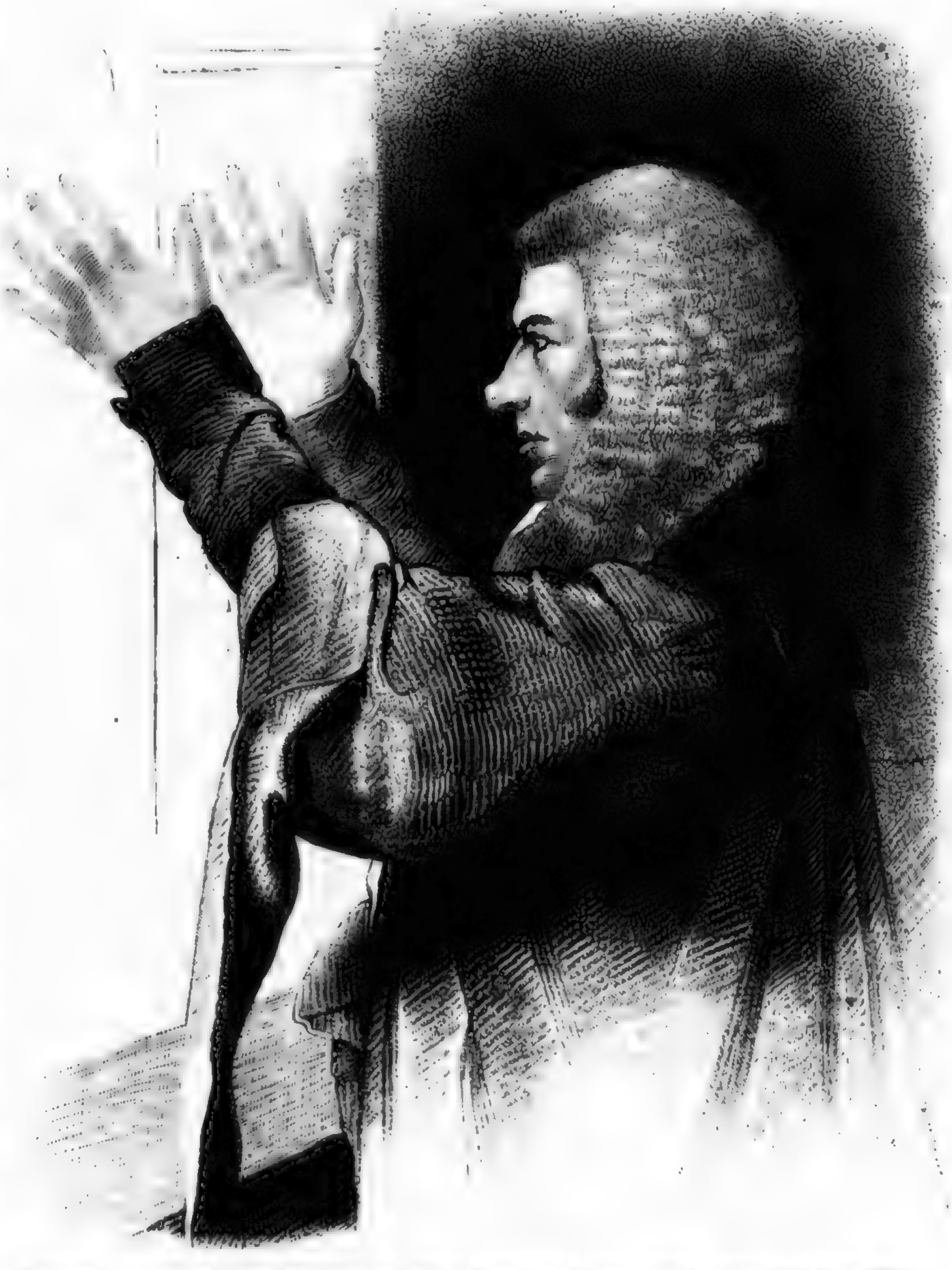
THOMAS, AFTERWARD LORD, DENMAN, QUEEN CAROLINE'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL AT THE TRIAL.

The great trial fairly commenced on the 19th of August, when, all preliminaries having been settled, the Lord Chancellor, addressing the Attorney-General, directed him to "proceed and open the case." The Lord Chancellor who presided at this trial was Lord Eldon, a man of almost seventy years, who had won high repute as a judge in common law. He had been Lord Chancellor for nearly twenty years, and his numerous decisions had been so carefully prepared that they still rank as precedents. He had all along been an extreme political partisan. In this case it is clear that all his prepossessions were against the Queen; and whenever he had occasion to decide a judicial point, his decision was almost invariably adverse to the defense. Perhaps there was never a case in which so much high legal talent was embodied in the counsel upon both sides.

The leader for the prosecution was Sir Robert Gifford, in time to become Lord Gifford and Master of the Rolls. Then came the Solicitor-General, Sir John Copley, son of the famous American painter, who afterward came to be Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Chancellor. Then was Mr. James Parke, afterward Lord Wensleydale and Baron of the Exchequer. Besides these were His Majesty's Advocate, Sir Christopher Robinson, and Dr. William Adams, a learned and acute lawyer.

Strong as was the array of counsel for the King, that for the Queen was still stronger. Foremost among these was Henry Brougham, her Majesty's Attorney General, as yet untitled, but before many years to become a peer, and Lord Chancellor. He was now in the very prime of life, scarcely turned forty, indeed; but he had developed early, and for some years he had come to be regarded as one of the keenest of English lawyers. He had been the confidential adviser of Caroline and of her daughter; had dissuaded both of them from doing some unwise things, and was fully posted up in all the matters which had now come to a crisis. Then came Mr. Thomas Denman, her Majesty's Solicitor-General, a man of about the same age as Brougham, who, after holding high positions, came to be a peer and Lord Chief Justice. Then came Mr. Thomas Wilde, afterward Lord Truro, and Lord High

Chancellor; Mr. John Williams, afterward a Judge in the Court of the King's Bench; Mr. Nicholas Tindal, afterward Solicitor-General and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Stephen Lushington, afterward Judge of the High Court of the Admiralty, and probably the only man who ever knew the entire secret of the matter which led to the separation between Lord Byron and his wife—a secret which he never disclosed, and which perished with him when he died, in 1873. The burden of the defense of Queen Caroline rested mainly upon the shoulders of Brougham and Denman. On August 19th, 1820, Gifford, the King's Attorney General, was directed to "proceed and open his case." His opening, which occupied two days, was in effect a recapitulation of the numerous charges contained in the Bill, with specifications of the separate allegations which he undertook to substantiate by testimony; and a very strong case there was, according to his showing.



HENRY, AFTERWARD LORD, BROUGHAM, QUEEN CAROLINE'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL AT HER TRIAL.

The first witness called was Teodoro Majocchi, for some time a servant in the household of Caroline. The reports of the trial describe him as "a man of middle stature, decent appearance, and handsomely attired." As it afterward appeared, he had been "got up" for the occasion. No sooner was he produced than—we quote from the official account—"The Queen, having fixed her eyes upon him, exclaimed, in a piercing tone, 'Teodoro! Oh, no, no!' and was immediately conducted to a private apartment," and did not reappear during the day. Brougham, as we learn from his Autobiography, was no little annoyed by this episode, which indeed looked ill for his client.

This Majocchi was one of the two most important witnesses in the case for the prosecution. He understood no English, and his examination had to be conducted through an interpreter. His story was, however, told glibly enough. He had known Bergami for some time before he was employed by the Princess. Bergami was then quite poor, with no resources except three livres a day, which he received as valet of General Pino, in whose service Majocchi was also employed as a postilion. Some time about Christmas of 1814 Majocchi also entered the service of the Princess, in which he remained nearly three years. He told many incidents which, if true, could leave no possible doubt that during this whole time the Princess was guilty of everything charged against her in the Bill.

But when Majocchi came to be subjected to the cross-examination of Brougham, he broke down; and in the end, even when questioned upon points as to which he had already given explicit answers, his usual reply was "*Non mi ricordo*"—"I don't recollect." With all the questions and answers before us, we dare not decide whether or not all this was merely sharp practice on the part of an able advocate to confuse and break down an ignorant witness who could scarcely be made to understand the questions put to him through the interpreter, and who could scarcely frame his answers so that the interpreter could render them into intelligible English. Once when a very simple question was put, the interpreter was obliged to say: "I find it difficult to make myself understood. The witness is frightened out of his wits; he does not understand the most common words; I cannot make him understand the question." In any case, Brougham had gained his point, by making the impression that no reliance could be placed upon the evidence of Majocchi. He adroitly put in a side hit. He was quite willing to admit that Majocchi was "a good servant—particularly a good traveling servant—during the whole time he was in the service of her Royal Highness." This would account for the agitation of the Queen when this man was produced as a witness against her.

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Another very important witness for the prosecution was Louisa Demont, a Swiss woman, who came into the service of the Princes as waiting-woman *(femme de chambre)*, some weeks before Bergami entered it; remaining in this service nearly five years. She was not brought forward until near the close of the evidence for the prosecution. It had been given out that her testimony would be of the highest moment.

She understood English a little, but the examination was conducted in French, through an interpreter. She was a Swiss, she said, a Protestant, and entered into the service of the Princess as first *femme de chambre* while her Highness was on the way to Italy. At this time the suite of the Princess consisted of Sir William Gell, Mr. Craven, Dr. Holland, Mr. Hesse and Lady Elizabeth Forbes. They went to Milan, where a man named Bergami was engaged as courier. For a fortnight or so he waited at the table. Then they went to Naples. There was a lad named William Austin, who usually slept in the apartment of the Princess. Upon arriving at Naples, the Princess said that William had got to be so big a boy that it was not proper that he should sleep in her apartment; so another room was provided for him. The second night after their arrival at Naples, a room was given to Bergami close by that of the Princess, and communicating with it. That night the Princess went to the opera, but returned very early, and went to her sleeping-room, giving special orders that William Austin should not be admitted. There were two beds in the room of the Princess—a small traveling one, which she usually occupied, and a large one. The next morning the witness saw that the small bed had not been disturbed, while the larger one was considerably tumbled, presenting also some stains, which were hinted at rather than described. This was the period fixed upon by the prosecution as that of the commencement of the guilty intercourse between the Princess and Bergami.

The witness went on to give an immense number of details to the same general effect. It was her business to make the beds. Bergami's seemed never to have been occupied; that of the Princess always, and apparently by two persons. There was a masked ball given, which the Princess attended, very indecently dressed, and accompanied by Bergami. After that she often saw him entering the bedroom of the Princess. Demont went on to give accounts of extraordinary familiarities which she saw in place after place; the essential points being that wherever they went, Bergami's room was always close by that of the Princess; and that she was accustomed to address him as *Mon cœur*—"My heart"—or by other words of endearment.

These transactions ran through the time from the Autumn of 1814 to the Summer of 1816, when the pilgrimage to the Holy Land was undertaken. After landing at St. Jean d'Acre, the expedition went on to Jerusalem in the manner then usual, traveling mainly by night, and resting by day. They had a large double tent, in which were placed two bedsteads; one of these presumed to be for the Princess, the other for Bergami, no longer a menial servant, but Baron Francini, and so forth. Just how many days the pilgrims remained in Jerusalem does not appear. Demont could only recollect that they lodged in a house "which belonged to a convent"; that the bedrooms of the Princess, of the Countess of Oldi, and of Bergami opened upon the same gallery; and that upon one occasion, while she and the Princess were in the bedroom, Bergami came in, and "threw himself on the bed, in a ludicrous or jesting way."

The voyage back from Palestine to Italy was a long and tedious one; something like forty days being passed on a miserable little Italian craft which had been chartered for the whole trip. The party roughed it on the voyage back. A tent was put up on the deck, under which the Princess slept. Bergami also slept there, but such was the scanty space on deck that any one of the score of men who composed the crew might at any moment have seen or heard whatever was going on within. It is clear, from other testimony, that on this voyage Bergami performed for the Princess many offices which a woman does not usually receive from a man. Demont relates all of these.

Further proceedings were now adjourned until October 3d, in order to give the counsel for the defense time to get their witnesses, and to decide upon their course of action When the House convened, Brougham had already marked out his course. Public opinion had expressed itself in a thousand ways. The real question was no longer whether the Queen was guilty, but whether, even granting that she was so, the conduct of the King had not been such as to deprive him of all right of redress. Viewed in the light of what we now know, Brougham's opening speech for the defense was a masterpiece of forethought. He began, of course, by professing his entire confidence in the innocence of his client. He was glad that the evidence as it now stood against her Majesty "did not now call upon him to utter one whisper against the conduct of her Illustrious Consort." For the present he waived the right of recrimination; but he gave due notice that he still retained this right, and would exercise it, should he hereafter think it necessary. Then followed that famous utterance, the full meaning of which was not understood until he explained it half a century later. He said:

> "An advocate, in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others—and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating the duties of the patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection."

Perhaps most persons who listened to that speech supposed that Brougham merely meant that if need were he could and would prove that the King had been guilty of all and more than all which had been alleged against the Queen. Nobody doubted that. But, as he says in his posthumously published Autobiography: "We could never be certain of this proving decisive with both Houses; and it assuredly never would have been sufficient to make the King give up the Bill. He knew that all the facts of his conduct with Lady Jersey and others were universally known in society, and he cared little for their being proved at the bar of the House of Lords. When I said that it might be my painful duty to bring forward what would involve the country in confusion, I was astonished that everybody should have conceived that recrimination was all that I intended. But I was very well satisfied with the mistake, because it was of the last importance that the real ground of the defense should be brought forward by surprise. The ground was nothing more or less than impeaching the King's own title, by proving that he had forfeited the crown. He had married Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic, while heir-apparent, and this is declared, by the Act of Settlement, to be a forfeiture of the crown, 'as if he were naturally dead.'" As matters turned out, Brougham had no need to unsheathe this weapon, which would have been done in the House of Commons, had the Bill ever come before that assembly. We find no intimation that even Denman knew that Brougham had this weapon in reserve: that is, that he could prove the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the consequent forfeiture of the crown by George.

The testimony for the Queen was then produced. The witnesses were of much higher character than those brought forward for the prosecution, being mostly the ladies and gentlemen who had formed her suite when she left England. But unfortunately, none of them had remained very long with her. There were also several English nobles who had at times met the Princess while abroad. Their general testimony was to the effect that they knew of no impropriety in the conduct of the Princess. They were able to contradict some special points in the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution; and that was about all.

The evidence in the case was closed upon October 24th. The Lord Chancellor asked of her Majesty's counsel what they proposed to do next. Brougham replied, "To save your Lordships' time and trouble, my friend, Mr. Denman, tells me that he is ready to go on." Denman's speech, which lasted for two days, was mainly a searching analysis of the evidence against the Queen. He was followed by Mr. Lushington, who poured forth a torrent of invective against the King, to the like of which no monarch was ever before subjected.

> "Who," he exclaimed, "ever imagined a case like the present? Here was a husband who had been for four-and-twenty years separated from his wife, not through any fault of hers, but by his own caprice, and for his own wayward indulgence. For self-gratification he had broken the bonds which the laws of God and man had formed. Were his Majesty a simple subject, there was not a man in the world who would say that he was entitled to any consideration whatever in an application for divorce—that it was possible that he could have any injury founded on such a complaint for which he could claim redress. As a husband, he had no right to seek redress. Moreover, as a king, there was no law not applicable to him as well as to any subject. He was not emancipated from obedience to the law of God. Was the private individual to be told that in the matter of matrimonial rights and duties there was one law for him and another for the sceptred monarch? Was there one law for woman and another for man? What was the plighted troth of the husband?—what the promise made at the altar? To love and comfort. But how had that promise been observed? Where was the love?—where the comfort? If one went back to 1806, was it there? Was it to be looked for in 1813, when intercourse between the mother and the daughter was prohibited? Was it to be sought for at the time when the mother was exiled to a foreign land? No; it did not exist there, for wherever she went, the spirit of persecution followed her. It was inconceivable that a wife thus deserted, thus persecuted, should now be told that she had been unmindful of her duty, while her husband, who was pledged to protect her, had allowed her to pass through the world without a friend to guard her honor."

And much more to the same purport. Lushington—doubtless inspired by Brougham—had struck the keynote of the case. It was indeed assumed that the evidence did not show that the Queen was guilty, but, taken all together, showed that she was innocent; but even upon the supposition that she was guilty to the full extent charged, so flagitious had been the conduct of her husband, that he could not come into court and seek redress.

The King's Attorney-General and his Solicitor-General spoke in reply, and a great number of the peers gave their views upon one side or the other. This took up the time until November 10th, when the question as to the "third reading" of the Bill, that is, virtually its passing by the House of Lords, was put. The vote stood 108 yeas and 99 nays—a nominal majority of nine for the King. This apparent success was felt to be a defeat. When the vote was announced, Lord Liverpool, the Premier, and introducer of the Bill, arose and said, in substance, that he could not be ignorant of the state of public feeling in regard to this measure. Had the third reading been carried by as considerable a number of peers as the second reading had been, he and his colleagues would have felt it to be their duty to send it down to the other branch of the Legislature; but, in the present state of the country, and with the division of sentiment so nearly balanced as was shown by the vote just passed, they had come to the determination not to proceed any further. He should, therefore, move that the question that "the Bill do pass" be put on this day six months.

That is, the Bill was really abandoned. It was a humiliating thing to do, but it was the best thing to be done under the circumstances; for there were indications enough that the Bill, if sent to the House of Commons, would meet slight consideration. The result was scarcely a triumph for the Queen, but it was a disgraceful defeat for the King. Of the peers who in the end voted against the Bill, we imagine that many really believed that the Queen was guilty of what was alleged against her; but that the King was so notoriously guilty of the like offenses, that he could have no rightful remedy.

Whether Queen Caroline was really guilty or innocent, is a question upon which we think no man will ever be in a condition to render a competent decision. We have carefully waded through the almost two thousand closely printed pages which embody the proceedings at the trial—evidence, arguments and decisions—and are still in doubt. Upon the whole, we acquiesce in the verdict of Thackeray: "As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story, the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great, hearty people of England loved, protected and pitied her."

Not long after the abandonment of the proceedings against her, the Queen was informed by the ministers that Parliament was about to be prorogued, and that they intended to provide money for her support, and a suitable residence, until a new session could be holden. She at once sent a message to the House of Commons, which was beyond doubt written by Brougham. She would not receive from the ministers that which she was well assured the "liberality of the House of Commons would have granted, as alike essential to the dignity of the throne, and demanded by the plainest principles of justice." And she said in conclusion:

> "If the Queen is to understand that new proceedings are meditated against her, she throws herself with unabated confidence on the representatives of the people, fully relying on their justice and wisdom to take effectual steps to protect her from the further vexation of unnecessary delay, and to provide that these unexampled persecutions may at length be brought to a close."

The coronation of George IV. took place in Westminster Abbey, on the 9th of the July following. Walter Scott has written a glowing account of this ceremonial. We only care to note one incident. The Queen had resolved to be present, and somehow had procured tickets of admission for herself and her attendants. She was rudely rebuffed at one door and another. The mortification of this hastened her end, and in less than a month she lay dead. She had directed that her remains should not rest upon English soil, but should be carried to her native Brunswick, and that upon her coffin should be inscribed,

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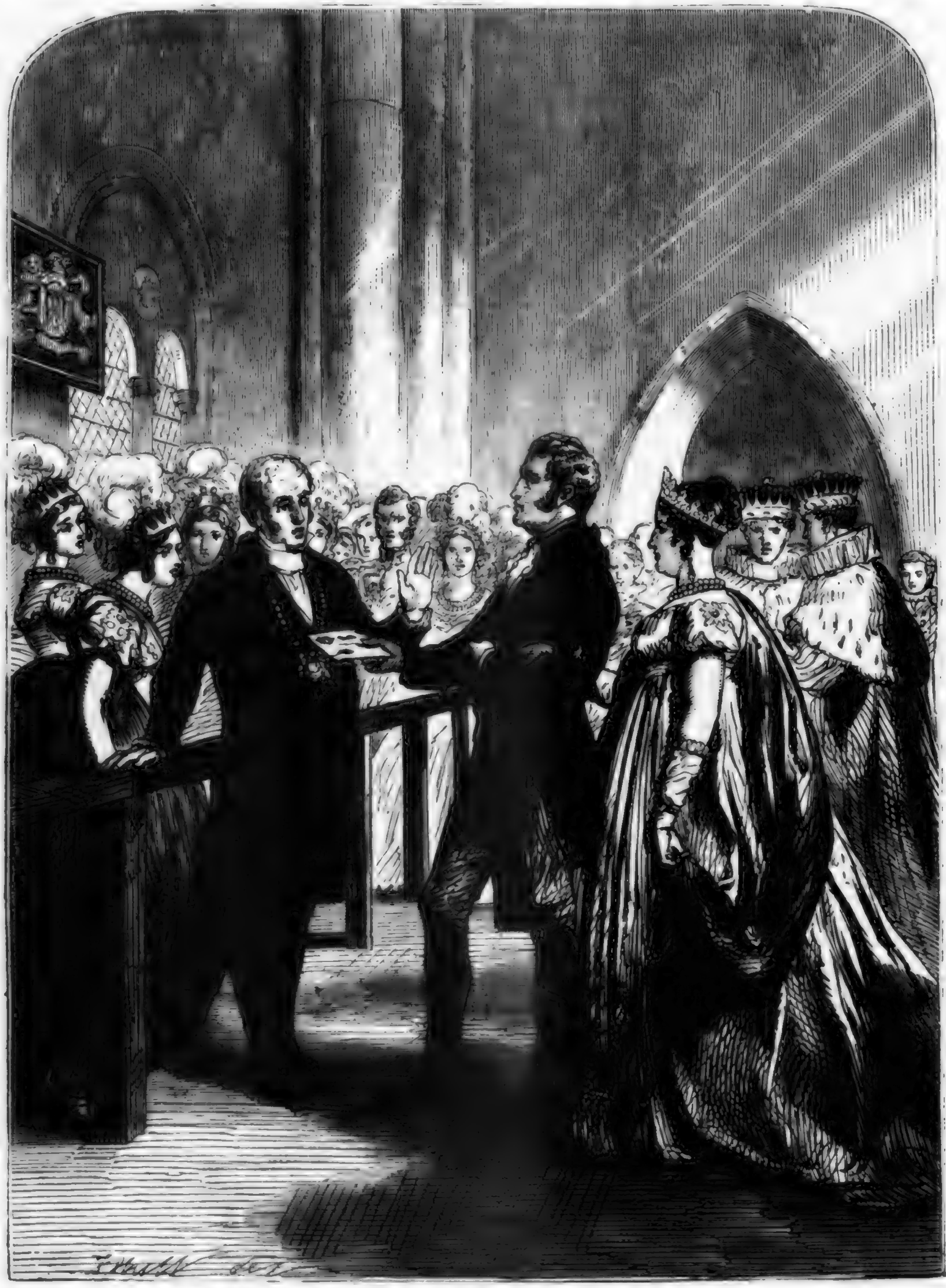
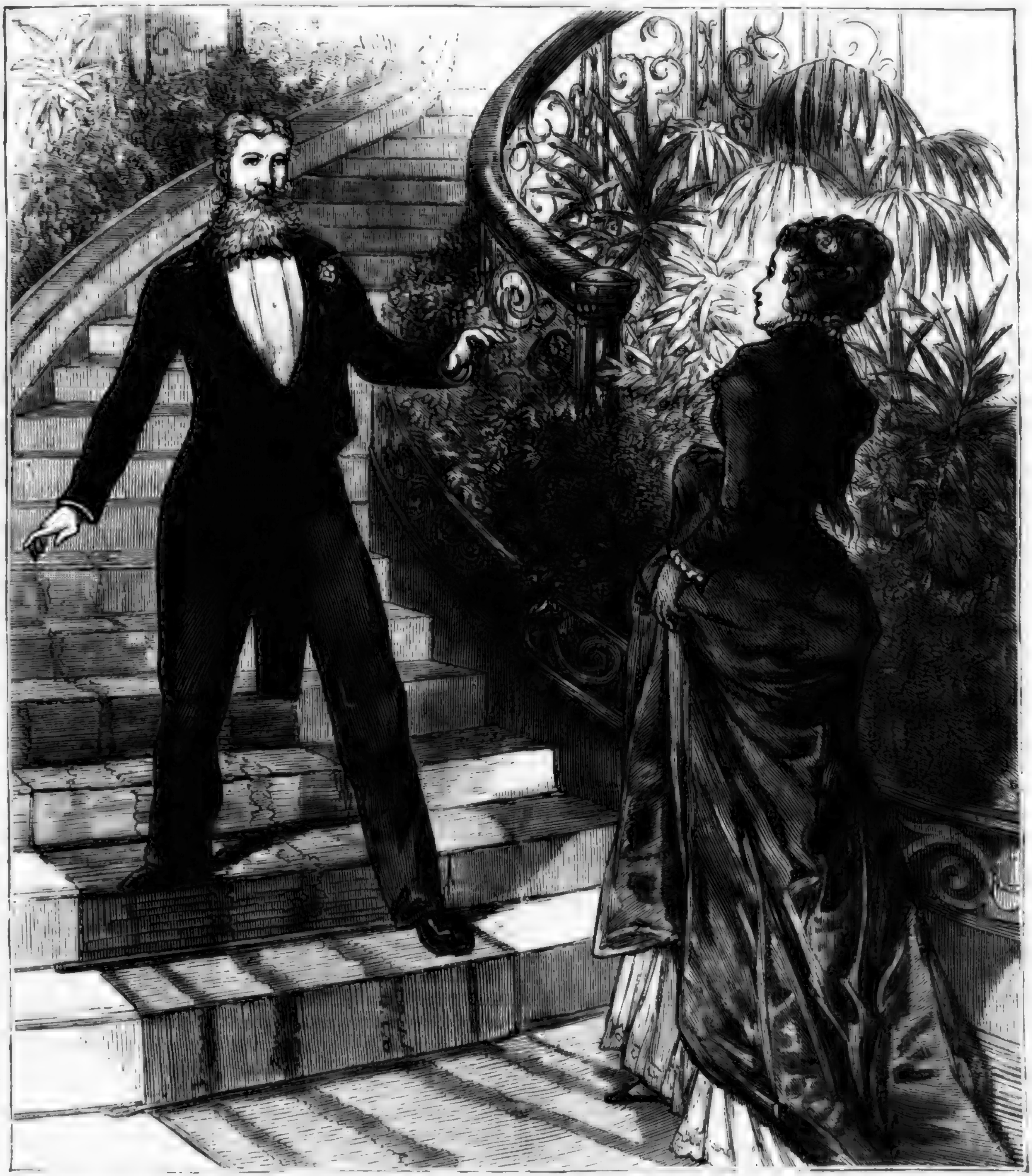
"Caroline, the murdered Queen of England." She died on the 7th of August, 1821, at the age of fifty-three.



QUEEN CAROLINE REPULSED FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY AT THE TIME OF THE CORONATION.

Of "Gentleman George" we do not care to say more. The last years of his life were a fit sequel to those which had gone before. He died in 1830, at the age of sixty-eight. Many men have tried to sum up his character. Leaving out of view the adulatory phrases which are always ready for a dead king, the least unfavorable of the judgments passed upon him is that of the Duke of Wellington: "He was the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy and good-feeling—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life." We judge quite otherwise, believing that in him the utterly bad qualities vastly preponderated over the few good ones.



NOT GUILTY! —"MEG DEPARTED. HALF-WAY UP THE STAIR, GUARDED BY STATELY PALMS AND WREATHED WITH FETTERS OF FLOWER-STARRED VINES, SHE MET DANTON MOULTRIE, DESCENDING. HE PAUSED ABRUPTLY AT SIGHT OF HER.'

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XI.—Old Friends.

A small, unpretending house on the sunny side of a highly respectable South End street—a house with spotless windows, faultless curtains, a tiny silver plate over the bell, and a general look of comfort and gentility.

Within, a corresponding air prevailed. Hall and parlor, oaken study, charming dining-room and airy bedchambers were all full of rich solid colors and the latest luxuries of modern life. Nowhere could a sign be seen of the shabby household gods that once did duty in the old house at Blackhaven. Three years had greatly changed the fortunes of the Leiths—lifted them, in fact, from poverty to ease and plenty.

It was a December day, bleak and dreary. In a low renaissance chair in her warm bright parlor, sat Miss Prue Leith, straining her spectacled eyes over a small-lettered pamphlet, written by a Sorosis Sister upon the subject of female suffrage. Miss Prue wore a black silk dress, and upon her iron-gray hair was arranged a little square of real lace. Her new grandeur had brought her many trials. She was tormented with unruly servants; she must now wear fine gowns and play the lady—she, who had never before known anything but hard work and meagre fare, and to whom the purchase of more than one dress per year had hitherto seemed gross extravagance. However, her pride in Robin's talents—in the success which he had won and was still winning, helped her to bear these crosses with heroism. Miss Prue firmly believed her brother to be the only perfect man—she could no longer call him a boy—upon this sublunary sphere.

"'Woman has been in bondage ever since the creation,'" read Miss Prue, aloud, from her pamphlet, "'but the day of her deliverance is now at hand. Let her be strong and work diligently for the one great end. Our enemies argue that many of our sex do not wish to vote. Granted. When did fools ever sigh for good? But the necessity for suffrage remains the same, the ills which it will remedy remain——' Precisely what somebody said at the Woman's Club yesterday. Lie down, sir, and keep quiet."

She pushed a hairy black nose off her knee as she spoke. Its owner, who had been for some moments walking uneasily about the renaissance chair, dropped, at this rebuff, upon a mat at her side, and laid the offending member down upon two rough paws. It was Meg's old canine friend, Castor.

A ring at the bell.

"Callers!" said Miss Prue, throwing aside her pamphlet. "More of Rob's aristocratic friends, I dare say, come, out of regard for him, to pay their respects to a cross old spinster. Good heaven!" as she caught, through the nearest window, a glimpse of a landau at the door, with champing horses and a liveried coachman, "that widow, Mrs. Ryder!"

She listened, and heard a servant come up from the lower regions and open the door. A moment later the caller sailed into Miss Prue's presence.

"My dear Miss Leith!" she cried with effusion, "am I *de trop?* Shall I bore you if I sit down a moment? You are not writing a speech for that giddy-minded Sorosis Club? I mean to join it myself some day, and set all its members by the ears with an essay on the paramount duty of women to dress in a becoming manner."

She sank gracefully into the nearest chair. She was a brunette, still in her twenties—a "relic," though one would never have guessed the fact, for her weeds had long been laid aside, and she had the air of some gushing young *débutante*. Her olive skin bore the traces of *Blanc de Perle*; her hair, of the darkest shade of red, was tangled wildly over her forehead; she had a pair of brown eyes which she could use very effectively—man-traps, Miss Prue called them. The finest sealskin, the richest silk enveloped her round—almost *too* round—figure, and a Paris bonnet, fearfully and wonderfully made, crowned her fuzzed and frizzled head.

Miss Prue had her reasons for being somewhat afraid of this sparkling young widow.

"I am always glad to see my brother's friends," she said, simply; "it is very kind of you to think of a plain old woman who is altogether out of your set, Mrs. Ryder."

The visitor smiled, softly.

"My dear Miss Leith, remember the debt of gratitude which I owe your brother. It is one of my weaknesses never to forget a service. For *his* sake I must always feel an unspeakable interest in you. And, apart from that, I find you a delightful change from the people that I know—those of my own set bore me horribly at times."

Like Achilles, Miss Prue had one vulnerable spot, though hers was not in her heel, but in her heart. It was impossible for her to hold out against the person who said pretty things of Rob.

"It was you who made Robin's fortune," she said, graciously.

Belle Ryder's brown eyes put on a melting look. She smiled again, showing an unbroken line of milk-white teeth.

"Yes? I like to think that. Ah! but for him, where should I have been to-day? I am sure there was not another person in existence who could have pleaded my cause so well."

Miss Prue beamed at the speaker over her spectacles, and nodded.

"I was not happy in my wedded life," sighed Mrs. Ryder. "You will not mind my frank way of speaking, Miss Leith—I feel as if you were an old friend. There was a great disparity betwixt my husband's age and mine, a wide difference in our tastes and pleasures."

"In short, you married him for his money," said Miss Prue, in her straightforward way.

Mrs. Ryder colored, then made a little deprecatory gesture.

"Consider—I was but eighteen. Surely my designing friends were more to be blamed than I, and I was sorely punished. You do not know, perhaps, what slow starvation of the heart means—*I* do. At last my husband died, leaving me everything that he possessed—a small recompense for all I had suffered. His will greatly enraged his relatives. They declared him to be of unsound mind; they banded against me, determined to wrest from me the bulk of the estate—greedy creatures! Your brother defended my case, and triumphed over my foes. He made me what I am to-day—a rich, independent, happy woman."

All this was very gratifying to Miss Prue's pride.

"It was a piece of rare good fortune to Robin," she said, "for it attracted to him the notice of the public. His success began then."

"Yes. Of course, the matter made a great stir in the upper circles of society. Everybody talked of Mr. Leith's skill and talent. He became the fashion. You cannot think how my interest in law has increased since that fateful time, Miss Leith. I frequently go now to court to hear him plead a case. He is superb when thoroughly aroused—he invariably carries all before him."

Miss Prue eyed her keenly. Was this gratitude, or did report speak truly when it said that the rich young widow had lost her heart to the preserver of her fortune? Miss Prue's opinion of widows corresponded closely with old Weller's.

"I always knew," she answered, simply, "that Rob would make his way."

Mrs. Ryder sat silent and pensive for some moments, then stooped and patted Castor's head with one delicately gloved hand.

"Mr. Leith is very fond of this dog, is he not?" she queried, softly.

"Yes. The brute once belonged to a friend of ours to whom we were much attached."

"I fear I have more than my share of womanly curiosity," said Belle Ryder, with a little laugh, and still caressing the dog; "but I would really like to know if there is anything else that your brother loves? Not society, surely, for he is constantly declining the invitations sent him by his many admirers—yes, and by *me*." Miss Prue detected a sharp anxiety breaking through the studied lightness of her tone. "Dear Miss Leith, all men have some passion—what is his?"

The black walnut door betwixt the parlor and the oaken study stood open. Miss Prue turned in her low chair, and pointed to the rows of crowded book-shelves.

"There you see the objects of his passion, Mrs. Ryder. He has no time for society, for he passes all his leisure in hard work."

A strange look of relief flitted across her face.

"And is that *all?*"

"All! Do you mean to ask if he has a sweetheart, madame? None, I assure you! I do not think Robin ever cared for a woman in his mortal life."

Her soft brown eyes betrayed her pleasure.

"She came here expressly to ask this question of me," thought shrewd Miss Prue. "Robin, Robin! beware of this widow!"

"How delicious," murmured Belle Ryder—"I mean how very odd. But his time will come—it always does. One cannot escape the common lot." She arose as if she had accomplished some desired object—as, indeed, she had. "Positively, I must go. Come and see me, Miss Leith—for your brother's sake, I long to know you better."

Then, with a pressure of the exquisitely gloved hand, a smile and a bow, she departed, and left Miss Prue again to her Sorosis pamphlet.

Just after nightfall Robin Leith walked into the South End house, into the warm lighted parlor where his spinster sister was waiting. Three years had left their mark upon him, physically as well as mentally. Truly, he was no longer Miss Prue's "boy." His deep-chested, well-knit figure, his severe bearded face, and the grave composure of his manner, told that he had now become that thing which his sister regarded with animosity and distrust—a man, and a dominant and determined one at that.

"Mrs. Ryder called to-day, Robin," was Miss Prue's tart salutation.

"Indeed."

"Why do you answer me in that idiotic manner? I'd quite as soon you would box my ears. She was here, I say, and she talked of you every moment of her stay. She always does it."

"Because you find the subject so agreeable, probably. Mrs. Ryder is studiously polite."

She stared hard at his impassive countenance.

"Robin," she cried, in a hollow voice, "your doom is sealed! I feel it in my bones. That woman has made up her mind to marry you."

He bent down to pat the dog, who was leaping upon him with extravagant signs of fondness.

"My dear Prue," answered Leith, "for a strong-minded woman, you often say incredibly absurd things. Give me a cup of tea, please. I have some reading to do, and a piece of dissipation to indulge in to-night—I am going to a reception at Judge Fortescue's."

"*You?* Robin, what freak is this? I thought you hated such frivolities?"

"Far from it. I have no time for them—that is all. The judge has shown me many favors, first and last. He particularly desires me to attend this reception; therefore I must go."

"You will meet the widow, of course," said Miss Prue, meditatively, "with her owl-eyes and her hair like mad Ophelia's. Well, she is rich, and most people, I suppose, would call her pretty. You might do worse, but I warn you, Robin, *I* could never live with her. That style of woman is sure to have a temper like fire."

He laughed outright.

"Prue, you remind me of the 'ghastly, grim and ancient raven,' who could not be persuaded to croak but one refrain. I am not what is called a marrying man. You need make no arrangements at present for a separate establishment."

She shook her head dismally.

"I am not so easily deceived, Rob," she cried, in a tone awful with foreboding; "if that widow should ask you, point-blank, to have her, what *would* you say?"

"That she had been with you to the Sorosis Club," he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "and there learned that woman has rights which the tyrant man is bound to respect."

"Stuff!" said Miss Prue, and she arose and gave him his tea.

Robin Leith spent the first hours of the evening in his study, smoking a pipe of fragrant Latakia, and reading a ponderous tome. The dog Castor sat at his side, watching him—he had conceived a tender attachment for his new master. Presently Leith put down his book and pipe together and gently stroked the head so near his knee. A shadow fell upon his bearded face.

"Do you remember her, old fellow?" he whispered. "You do, I know! If she should enter at this door now your honest heart would break for joy, would it not?"

The dog whined and licked his hand. For awhile Leith sat motionless and with bent brows, as if in deep thought; then he arose, sighing heavily, made a few preparations, said good-night to Miss Prue, and started for the Fortescue reception.

When he reached the Beacon Street house he found a crush in the drawing-rooms, a jam on the stair. All the world and his wife were present, seeing and being seen. Mrs. Maitland, in black velvet and old point, received with her niece Lilian.

Into a bewildering sea of light, perfume, gleaming tissues, radiant faces, Leith plunged, made his bow to his hostess, and confronted the dark, distinguished judge, who stood near Lilian, in conversation with a handsome, golden-bearded fellow, whose air of high-bred indolence seemed strangely familiar to Leith.

"I am immensely glad to see you here, my dear Leith," said the judge, kindly—this rising young lawyer was a great favorite with the stately autocrat. "Let me introduce you to my future son-in-law, Mr. Moultrie, of New Orleans."

The Southerner extended his hand languidly. These Fortescues had legions of friends; it was a great bore to make the acquaintance of so many people. Leith did not touch the hand, but he looked the owner straight in the eyes.

"I think I have seen Mr. Moultrie before," he said, dryly.

"Possible?" replied Moultrie, bristling at the marked slight. "I don't recollect. When—where, pray?"

"At Gull Beach, three years and six months ago," said Robin Leith.

The effect was instantaneous. Moultrie colored to his temples, stared at the speaker in angry amaze for a moment, then turned on his heel and vanished in the crowd.

Leith stepped into the embrasure of a window and stood there, gazing out upon the brilliant scene. That false rascal in the North again, and going to wed Judge Fortescue's daughter and heiress! Incredible! As he turned the matter in his mind a light hand touched his arm, a woman's voice said, softly:

"What! *You* at a reception? Can I believe my eyes? Name the sorcery which the judge employed to lure you from your musty law-books!"

The brown laughing eyes of Belle Ryder looked up into his own. She was bravely attired in a dress of cream brocade and Brussels lace, with ornaments of diamonds, and one gorgeous cluster of jacqueminot roses fastened in her Pompadour corsage. There was a flush on her cheek and a smile on her lip. Her joy at seeing Leith was quite undisguised.

"I am surprised to find myself in such a place," he answered, smiling. "I really do not know what brought me."

"How devoted you are to your profession!" she murmured. "Of course, you will make yourself famous in it. Such zeal is always rewarded. Behold this crowd. Is it not somewhat oppressive to a common mind to consider the amount of culture represented here? One is nothing without culture, especially in the Hub. But none of these faces attract you, I see—yes, you *are* looking at some one with interest—a *man!*"

It was Danton Moultrie who passed by just then, with his betrothed upon his arm.

"Is Miss Fortescue really engaged to that fellow?" queried Leith, in a tone of deep disgust.

She stepped further into the embrasure, a dangerous battery of soft glances, arch dimples, silvery tones.

"Yes; he is an old friend of the family. The engagement was very sudden. She is deeply in love, but he—oh, I fear that with all his good looks and fine manners he is nothing more than a fortune-hunter. Poor child—poor little heiress!

"'Why Love in all his ways should be
So hard a master, who can tell?'"

He did not hear the quotation nor the sigh that accompanied it. His eyes had wandered over her gemmed and frizzled head to the crowd, and this time they alighted not upon Moultrie, but upon a woman who was standing at a little distance, under a rose-wreathed chandelier, talking with Judge Fortescue.

She looked like a pre-Raphaelite picture. Her black silk *princesse* dress—a gift from Lilian—with its dead-gold satin front, gold-slashed sleeves and long train, set off her elegant shape to the best advantage. From a Medici ruff of yellow Mechlin lace her snow-white throat arose, like a garden lily. Long black gloves, a necklace and bracelets of yellow rosebuds, one full-blown yellow rose, set, like a star, in the high waved masses of her dark hair, completed this simple but striking costume.

She was by far the handsomest woman in the company.

For a moment Leith stood as if petrified, then, in a strange voice, he said:

"Who is that lady—the one yonder with Judge Fortescue?"

Mrs. Ryder looked.

"Oh, that is Miss Grey—Lilian's paid companion—a mere nobody. To tell the truth, she used to make my dresses. Quite uncommon, is she not?—medieval, one might say, in that costume. She has been with the Fortescues about three weeks, and already she seems to have everything her own way here. It is really outrageous."

"What do you mean?" said Leith, never withdrawing his eyes from the black-and-gold vision.

Mrs. Ryder shrugged her plump shoulders.

"Observe the manner in which the judge looks at her. Did you ever read of devouring glances? There you see them. It actually seems as if he would eat her. *Entre nous*, that man reminds me of some great pent-up force that will break forth destructively some day. The last time I called at this house Miss Grey was in the drawing-room with Mrs. Maitland and her niece. By father and daughter she is treated as an equal. She appears at their dinner-parties, she goes with them everywhere. At the late sleighing carnival on the Brighton Road I saw her sitting beside Lilian, wrapped in the costly Fortescue furs, and looking like a queen, instead of an ex-sewing-girl. Bah! everybody is talking of the matter. It is a case of pure infatuation. The judge, you know, has been a widower for many years. His warmest friends regard him as a doomed man."

"A widower—ah, yes! I had forgotten," murmured Leith.

He eyed the sarcastic, melancholy face that bent over the girl in gold-and-black, and felt that those friends of whom Mrs. Ryder spoke had good cause for their alarm.

"Since the days of Helen of Troy," he said, dryly, "a handsome woman has ever been a dangerous ornament in a house."

"True," answered the widow, with a spiteful little laugh; "you see it, do you not? The judge is *une affaire flambée*. Actually, he is leading her away; she is going to sing. I assure you she has a voice."

Even as Mrs. Ryder spoke, Judge Fortescue moved out from under the chandelier and walked with Miss Grey to a piano at the far end of the room. A long-haired professor of music seated himself to play the accompaniment. Meg stood by his side, the cynosure of all eyes, but queenly and composed.

"Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!"

Tennyson's familiar lines, but into them Meg managed to throw a tragic power and passion wonderfully new. The room grew still as death. Everybody stared.

"How very effective!" whispered some one near Leith. "Wonder if she has been on the stage?"

"Really, you must favor us once more, Miss Grey," pleaded the deep voice of the judge.

She could not yet escape; her hearers were crowding about her with murmurs of delight. So, with increasing sweetness, she sang again, this time a German love-song. As she turned at last from the piano, the first thing that she confronted was the grave, set face of Robin Leith.

She saw that he was about to speak, and dropped her fan quickly. He picked it up, and as he did so heard these faintly-breathed words:

"Hush! Behind you is a door; step into the room beyond, and I will join you as soon as possible."

Fortunately, one of Mrs. Ryder's admirers had borne her safely away. Leith fell back, and, passing under a crimson *portière*, entered a library, tenantless and quiet, save for the hum of distant voices. It was not many minutes before she followed. Tall and shining, she advanced to his side, looked into his face.

"Robin, is it you—is it really you?" she said, under her breath.

"It is I, Miss Dysart——"

She put her finger on her lip.

"No, no!—not that name; it is hateful to me! I am now Miss Grey."

Behind her was a sweeping curtain of red-and-white silk. Over her head burned a cluster of lights, softened by colored shades. In their subdued radiance and against that rich background, her creamy face, with its velvety curves and deep dark eyes, looked incomparably lovely.

"I could no longer call myself Dysart," she explained, in a low voice, "and I could not take the name of my father. My strength was not sufficient for that weight—I had my bread to earn. Do not blame me."

"I? God forbid! Perhaps you will tell me where you have been all these months and years in which my sister has lamented for you vainly, and bemoaned the hardness of heart that led you to leave us so cruelly at Blackhaven."

"I wrote to Miss Prue long ago," said Meg, with an anxious pucker of her satin-smooth forehead, "and sent a certain sum of money which I owed her for board and attendance. Did she not receive the letter?"

He regarded her sternly.

"Yes—a brief, frightful little note, containing no news of the writer's welfare, no information of any kind—only a few set phrases, and that remittance, which would have been promptly returned to you, had poor Prue known your address. To say the least, Miss Grey, you treat your friends very unkindly."

She hung her head.

"What good could I have done Miss Prue by telling her that I was lonely, homesick, miserable—that I found the Philistine world hard and wearisome? No, no; it was better to follow the example of the Spartan lad who could keep a wise silence while the fox gnawed his vitals. I had given your sister torment enough as it was." She plucked a spray of heliotrope from a Sèvres vase near at hand. "Will you tell me something about her? Is she still in Blackhaven? Does she ever speak of me now? Believe me, I have not forgotten the debt under which you both placed me more than three years ago."

"She speaks of you often," he answered, "but never as a debtor. I think I have heard her mention that she holds for you a quantity of jewels which you left behind in your flight from Blackhaven, and which she longs to restore to you. The old town she deserted long since. We have established a home in this city, and an acquaintance of yours resides with us. I decline to mention his name—you will see him when you call."

"I will call at the first opportunity. Why did you refuse to know me that night upon the crossing?"

"After the manner in which you had treated me and mine, how was I to suspect that you cared to be recognized by me?"

She pulled the fine bloom of the heliotrope to atoms, and dropped it absently on the floor. After a pause, she said:

"You see the home which I have found, at last. It seems to me like an Eden."

"Without the serpent?"

"No," frankly—"with him."

Leith lifted his brows in a faintly sarcastic way.

"I saw him in the crowd to-night. You meet him in this house?"

"Almost daily. He is to marry Miss Fortescue."

His keen eyes searched her face, but found it as inscrutable as stone. Meg did not wear her heart on her sleeve.

"Can this be pleasant for you?" he said, involuntarily.

"No," she answered; "but it is inevitable. No word has yet passed between us. We simply ignore each other."

"And these people are kind to you?" he queried, with interest.

"Unspeakably. The aristocratic friends of the family open their eyes at the treatment which I receive in this household."

"The judge—what do you think of him?"

"He is a Bayard, a Sir Galahad, the Seven Wise Men of Greece and a Lord Chesterfield—all in one," she answered, smiling.

"Pardon my curiosity—have you yet seen Colonel Dysart?"

The smile faded off her lip.

"No, no! Year after year I wait for him, but he does not come—he does not come. Sometimes"—a convulsive shudder went over her—"I feel strangely terrified to find myself under this roof—feel that I ought to have seen the colonel before I ever came here, and learned all that there is to learn of my wretched father. Oh, Robin! suppose you should step out yonder, and tell my story to that company—to the judge and his daughter—neither of them know it—tell them who and what I am! Would they be kind to me *then?* Fancy the horror, the indignation that would ensue! They would call me a fraud, a pariah—they would thrust me out of their doors. 'The sins of the fathers!' It is a hard, hard saying," and a dry sob swelled her round throat.

Her distress brought a great disturbance to Leith's grave face.

"Colonel Dysart has treated you in a most heartless manner," he said, angrily.

"Do not blame him. It is all Constance's work," she answered, in a weary voice. "Robin—Mr. Leith, I mean, you will keep my secret?"

"Inviolably. How can you ask such a question?"

"Then I am safe for the present. For his own sake, Danton Moultrie will tell no tales. I think—I am almost sure—that we have not yet shaken hands." She held out her gloved fingers. "I have heard from Judge Fortescue that you are fast winning fame and fortune. I am glad—sincerely glad. And now go back to the drawing-room. Some one may surprise us here, and that would be awkward."

He bowed, pressed the hand and let it fall, then disappeared under the *portière*, and left her alone.

Lost in thought, Meg stood in the shadow of the curtain until the rattle of a door-knob broke her reverie. Some one was entering at the opposite end of the room. A sense of guilt and fear was upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did, she darted behind the silken drapery, and at the same instant, Judge Fortescue and his prospective son-in-law stepped together into the library.

It was too late for Meg to retreat. The pair advanced to a table in the centre of the floor, and the judge laid one hand kindly on the young Southerner's arm.

"My dear fellow, now that we are out of that crowd, speak frankly. You say that you are in trouble—of what nature?"

"Pecuniary," answered Moultrie, stroking his golden beard.

"Your new situation is satisfactory?"

"Yes; but you force me to a humiliating confession. I am in debt—my embarrassments began long ago in the South. One cannot free oneself all at once from such a burden."

"You wish me to help you?"

"Yes," said Moultrie, frankly.

Judge Fortescue opened a drawer in the table, drew out a check-book, wrote a few words, tore off the slip, and gave it to his future son-in-law.

"Accept this trifle from Lilian's father. The child loves you—you, I hope, love her. I have promised that she shall be your wife some day. Now go; show a cheerful face to her before you bid her good-night."

Here was a fond father, indeed.

Moultrie looked at the check, and the blood rushed into his blonde face.

"My dear, kind friend—by Jove! Five thousand! I did not ask——"

The judge interrupted him.

"Not a word," he said, with his usual cold, sarcastic smile. "It may set you upon your legs for a few days. All that I have is Lilian's."

And the two departed as they had come.

By another door Meg returned to the drawing-room.

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One glance told her that Robin Leith had taken his departure. She made her way to Lilian, who was sitting in a corner, with dark circles of languor and fatigue under her large eyes.

"Parties, receptions, balls—all things of this kind tire me to death," sighed the little heiress. "Oh, for a body like yours, Miss Grey! I feel bored and ill. Where is Danton? Have you seen him?"

"He is with your father," stammered Meg; and, fortunately, at that moment a careless foot stepped upon her train, and tore away a yard, more or less, of the smart lace frill.

"Go to the dressing-room for repairs," said Lilian, with a tired laugh, "and then come back and support me till these people go."

Meg departed. Half-way up the stair, guarded by stately palms and wreathed with fetters of flower-starred vines, she met Danton Moultrie, descending. He paused abruptly at sight of her. There was no one within hearing.

"Stop, Miss Grey!—since that is the name by which I must call you," he said, in a thick, exasperated voice. "You have avoided me long enough. It is time that we understood each other."

He placed himself directly before her. She fixed upon him her grand eyes, then, with an unspeakably scornful gesture, drew her shining dress from contact with him.

"Sir," she answered, "let me pass. You mistake—I do not know you."

He colored to his temples—quailed, too, under her look.

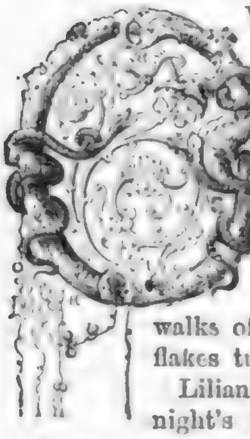
"Meg," he pleaded, hoarsely—"Meg, I entreat you, listen to me for a moment."

"I tell you," she repeated, with pitiless denial, "I do not know you!"

He drew back. She continued her ascent serenely. With something like an oath, Danton Moultrie tore down the stair, and lost himself somewhere below.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD LOVE.



OVER the fire in the crimson-and-gold boudoir, Lilian Fortescue and Meg were sitting together the morning after the reception. To be accurate, it was not morning at all, but high noon. Breakfast had just been served to the two girls, but Aunt Maitland was still in bed. Outside, the snow fell fast from a leaden sky; the long walks of the Common were white; feathery flakes tufted every leafless tree.

Lilian looked greatly worn after the last night's dissipation. This little heiress had small power of endurance. It was well for her that she had been born to ease and wealth; poverty, adversity, trouble—plainly, these things she could never bear.

"Was it not amusing to watch Belle Ryder?" she was saying, as she sat curled up in a great chair, with a gorgeous morning-gown of flowered silk wrapped about her limp figure, and her dark hair streaming like the tail of a comet—"to see her, figuratively speaking, fling herself at the head of that young lawyer, Leith—her counsel in some by-gone will case. Everybody knows that she is in love with him. Well, she is very rich—a great match, in fact, for a rising young man."

Meg, on the other side of the tiled hearth, was embroidering a square of satin in exquisite colors. There was no sign of fatigue in *her* face—she had an admirable physique. Drawing her needle slowly through the rich fabric, she answered:

"Would Mr. Leith marry a woman for her money?"

"Really, one cannot say," laughed Lilian; "men often do those things, I suppose, and he is very ambitious. Papa admires him greatly—says he has remarkable talent, and is sure to make a stir in the world. Doubtless you saw him with Mrs. Ryder?—a brown, stalwart fellow, grave as an owl, austere as a Diogenes."

"Yes," said Meg, smiling.

"At least, he does not appear to repulse the rich widow's advances," went on Lilian, lightly; "and, *apropos* to that, *belle* Margaret, papa's attentions to you last night provoked no end of comment among our dear five hundred friends. Envy, you know, of the very blackest dye, for you were the handsomest woman in the rooms, and I was glad that papa had eyes to recognize the fact. All the same, it was very funny to hear those grand dames talk."

Meg colored high, but found no voice to answer.

"*En passant*," said Lily, quickly, "papa was up and away hours ago, and if you will come with me to his chamber, I will show you something that will interest you." Meg lifted a pair of inquiring eyes. "It is a portrait which hangs by his bed," explained Lilian; "have I not mentioned it before? You must see it, *ma chère*. The face is an excellent copy of your own."

Meg dropped her satin with an indefinable thrill.

"Come at once!" urged Lilian.

The two girls arose, and Miss Fortescue led the way to her father's sleeping-apartment. On the threshold Meg shrank back, embarrassed, ill at ease, but Lilian seized her hand and drew her into the room.

Like all the rest of the house, it was luxuriously furnished, but not on fresco, or carving, or Persian carpet, or rosewood and satin brocaded with arabesques, did Meg look—her eyes followed Lilian's slim finger as it pointed to a glimmering object which hung on the paneled wall at the foot of the costly carved bed.

"Behold yourself, Margaret," she said, laughing.

What did Meg see? The head and shoulders of a woman, beautifully painted in oil, and set in an unusually heavy and elaborate frame of ebony and gilt. In one corner of the canvas the name of the artist had once been traced, but a daub of paint now carefully covered the letters.

Involuntarily she started back. Her own eyes seemed looking upon her from that shadowy face. There were the pearly contours, the black hair shot with golden gleams, the arched red mouth, the same youth and high-bred loveliness that she saw daily in her mirror. Only in expression were the two dissimilar. Meg's beauty was of the proud, bright, defiant order, but a profound melancholy, a sort of weary heart-sickness was fixed on the exquisite lips, and brooded in the eyes which the painter had so faithfully limned. The original of that portrait could never have been a happy woman.

A deep amazement, mingled with something like awe, thrilled through Meg's veins. She now understood the cause of the "vertigo" which had overwhelmed the judge at their first *rencontre*. This was the image of some lost friend, and the strange resemblance existing betwixt his dead and a living stranger had been too much, even for his iron nerves. Lilian seemed to feel her mood, and stood silent, staring, also.

"Whom does this picture represent?" queried Meg, at last, in a voice as hushed as if she stood in the presence of death. "Your mother?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered Lilian, in the same tone.

"I have no knowledge whatever concerning the original. Once I asked papa to tell me something about her, and he bade me hold my peace, in such a stern, disagreeable tone, that I never dared mention the subject again. I am sure Aunt Maitland is no wiser, but here the picture has hung ever since my earliest recollection. Save for the arrangement of the hair, and that sad, hopeless look, it might be your own lovely self."

In the dull light of the sumptuous room the pensive eyes seemed watching the two girls, the sad lips looked as if they were about to open in mournful speech. Strangely life-like was the face—one of those rare portraits that seem to follow the observer with a conscious gaze.

"Whoever the artist was," said Meg, "surely his heart was in his work. I am convinced that it was a labor of love."

"*Lilian!*"

Both girls jumped as that deep, stern voice came from the doorway. Horror! There stood Judge Fortescue himself, looking in upon the two.

The blood rushed like fire into Meg's cheek. Mutely she prayed for the earth to open and swallow her, but, as it did not, she was obliged to face the dark, frowning apparition, whose eyes ran over her like chain-lightning.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded of his daughter.

"Papa," stammered Lilian, in confusion and fright, "I wished Margaret to see this portrait, which is so like herself, and so I brought her here. Of course, I thought you were safely out of the house."

A grim smile appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"Be calm. I shall not devour either of you. Let not Miss Grey think that this is a Bluebeard chamber. You have my permission to look at the picture as long as you please."

But by mutual consent the pair retreated hastily into the corridor. As Meg passed she lifted to Gerald Fortescue's face a pair of irresistible eyes.

"Pardon me——"

"There is nothing to pardon," he answered, before she could say another word, but a queer tremor shook his voice, and his hand trembled as he shut the door on the melancholy beauty in the frame, and followed the girls back to the boudoir.

Later, he lunched with them. He was in his most affable and fascinating mood, and he bewildered Meg, as he had done more than once before, with attentions. Outside the snow ceased, and a gray calm settled on the earth. The jingling of bells began to be heard in the streets. Gerald Fortescue looked at his watch, and then at the two girls.

"I have a little leisure," he said, "and if you will ring for your wraps we will test the sleighing on the Mill-dam Road. A ride may bring some color to Lilian's cheeks. It is plain that late hours do not agree with her."

Wraps were brought, and Lilian and Meg made ready. In fifteen minutes they were whirling away with the judge, behind a pair of magnificent horses, away over the Mill-dam Road toward Brighton.

Just enough sleet and snow had fallen to make the streets like glass. The whole way was black with sleighs of every description; the keen air vibrated to the music of countless bells. If there is one drive which the inhabitants of the Hub affect above all others, it is the Brighton Road. Here they were holding a sort of levee upon runners. Sleighs were there, single and double, elegant, shell-like, artistic and ugly; horses of every style and hue and rate of speed; robes of long white silky fur, robes of shaggy shining black, with vivid scarlet linings; skins of bear and fox and Canadian wolf, skins of sable and spotted leopard; bells arched over well-groomed backs, after the Russian style, bells in long girdles, bells jingling on slender shafts; faces bright and sour, high-bred and low-bred; long-haired children, laughing young girls, grave men of business, dames of fashion—all these were flying back and forth in gay confusion.

An open vehicle, crimson-lined, set low upon runners, and drawn by a pair of blooded horses, tricked out in foreign harness and strings of silver bells, dashed by, bearing four persons, two of whom Meg recognized—Mrs. Belle Ryder, in sealskin and velvet, talking like a magpie to Robin Leith, who occupied the same seat with her. Leith lifted his hat gravely at sight of Judge Fortescue and his companions. His eyes lingered longest upon Meg, over whom the judge was bending at that moment, to draw the rich robes more carefully about her. She colored as she met the young lawyer's searching gaze, then looked quickly away.

"Papa, that is sure to be a match," said Lilian, with conviction—"the widow and Mr. Leith, I mean."

"No doubt," answered the judge, indifferently.

They were approaching Brighton, when Lilian began to shiver violently.

"It is a bitter day," she said, with chattering teeth; "I am quite frozen, in spite of all these furs. I really fear, papa, that I am ill. You must turn about, and go home with me at once."

She looked pinched and blue and bloodless.

"My darling, what is it?" said the judge, with tender solicitude.

"I stood in a draft last night," she shivered, "and my throat is sore. Somehow, all these whirling faces and jangling bells confuse and sicken me."

They drove rapidly homeward over the crowded road. By the time they reached the house it was apparent to the judge, and to Meg also, that Lilian was in an alarming state. Gerald Fortescue carried her to her room in his own arms, and sent a messenger in hot haste for the family physician.

The man of medicine came directly, made the usual examination, and pronounced Miss Fortescue ill of malignant diphtheria.

"Diphtheria!" screamed Aunt Maitland. "Impossible! That is something peculiar to tenement-houses and bad drains, and all that. It would never venture upon *this* street!"

"Disease, like death, is no respecter of streets or persons," said the doctor, dryly.

"It is infectious!—we shall all take it and *die!*" cried Mrs. Maitland; and she fled from the room, followed by Celeste, the French maid.

Consternation reigned in the great house. Sorrow, fear and the shadow of death had followed fast on the splendor of the preceding night. Skillful nurses were summoned swiftly, and when Judge Fortescue entered his daughter's chamber, a half-hour after the doctor's visit, he found Miss Grey seated by the bed, with Lilian's hand in her own, calm and undismayed. His dark face put on a pained look.

"You must not stay here," he said, peremptorily. "You risk your own life in so doing."

She smiled, quietly.

"See how closely she holds me. I am not afraid."

"I insist that you leave the room immediately. The nurses will see that she lacks nothing."

"She has asked me to remain with her, and I have promised. My place is here, and here I shall remain till all danger is past."

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"Miss Grey, I command you to obey me!"

"Impossible!" she answered. "My first duty is not to you, but to Lilian."

He was not a man who liked opposition in anything. He frowned.

"You have no regard for my wishes, then?"

"Yes; but, pardon me, I cannot heed them in this case —I cannot leave Lilian."

He flashed upon her a strange look, but said no more. She was left to her own brave will.

Day after day passed. Lilian's condition became desperate. The judge was constantly at her bedside. Meg rarely left it. From no other hand would the sick girl receive her medicine, on no other arm would she consent to rest, even for a moment.

The doctor shook his head.

"You are worn out, Miss Grey," he said; "I advise you to leave the house. An exhausted body is the favorite prey of this terrible disease."

"I will go," answered Meg, "when I am no longer needed here—not till then. She is uneasy the moment I am out of her sight—she clings to my hand, she shows in a hundred ways that I am needful to her. So here I must remain."

During these dark, sad days, she was constantly before Gerald Fortescue, with her tireless ministrations, her unflinching devotion and her matchless beauty. Few words were spoken in the sick-room—few were needed; but a common interest, a common anxiety drew the two closely together. Meg seemed ready to sacrifice life itself to Danton Moultrie's betrothed. If this was the revenge which she meditated against her false lover, it was a noble one, indeed!

Late and early Moultrie came to inquire for his betrothed, but he always remained below-stairs. Would the little heiress live? There was a hard struggle, then a change for the better became apparent in her condition; the shadow lifted suddenly from the house and from all hearts. Moultrie would not lose his rich prize by death. The danger passed. Lilian began to improve.

It was late of a wintry afternoon, and the sick girl lay in a peaceful sleep. Judge Fortescue had gone to his library. Meg and the hired nurse alone held possession of the room. Presently a servant crept to the door, and whispered:

"Mr. Moultrie is in the drawing-room, and he wishes particularly to see Miss Grey."

Meg stared.

"*Me!*"

"Yes, miss—you alone, he says."

She hesitated, then nodded to the nurse, and went down. She found him walking the gorgeous room back and forth with impatient strides. He came toward her hurriedly. She was dressed in her favorite color, black, and sleepless nights and anxious days had blanched her face, and made her great eyes look larger and darker under the finely marked brows.

"Why have you sent for *me?*" she demanded, in a sort of calm disdain.

He looked irritated and frowning.

"To inquire about my betrothed wife. The judge tells me that you have watched over her ceaselessly. Is she better? Will she recover?"

"Without doubt," answered Meg, in a frigid tone. "You were apprised of the fact at noon to-day."

"True; but I wished to hear it from *your* lips. You have acted like a heroine. It is my duty to thank you for the service you have rendered me through Lilian."

Her lip curled.

"I have done nothing but my duty, and that with no reference to any one save those to whom I owed it."

His brows contracted angrily.

"You have learned to sneer since I knew you by another name. Let me confess the truth. I am here to see with my own eyes how *you* have borne these wretched days. Great heaven! You are as pale as death—you are worn to a shadow! Why have you periled your life for one who was nothing to you? And how could these people allow it? Cursed selfishness! they should have sent you out of the house—they should have banished you from the room. Report says the judge holds you in high favor. By Jove! he takes a queer way by which to show it."

She moved proudly toward the door.

"As there is nothing further which you can have to say to me, or I to you, permit me to retire."

By a dexterous movement he placed himself before her. The blood flew into his face. Under his bent brows the usually careless eyes shone with a hard, steely light.

"One question: Have Judge Fortescue and his daughter heard your story? Do they know that you have no right to be called Miss Grey?"

"You err," she answered. "Grey is as much a part of my name as Margaret. They have *not* heard my story —relate it to them, if you like. It is just possible that they might not hold me accountable for the sins of another—that they would not cast me out of their home, even if all was told."

He stood frowning and pulling his golden beard.

"You hate me for what I did at Sagamore!" he cried, almost roughly. "Be reasonable, Meg. What man would have acted otherwise? I was a Moultrie—could I link my stainless name with one that was hopelessly disgraced? Surely not. It was detestable in the colonel—it was even more detestable in Constance, to conceal your real story from me. All in all, I think I was used extremely ill."

She looked at him with great, cold, scornful eyes.

"Without doubt," she dryly answered.

He snatched her hand.

"*Do* you hate me because I forsook you in the very hour that should have seen us supremely happy, Meg?—because I could not stoop to mate with the daughter of a criminal?"

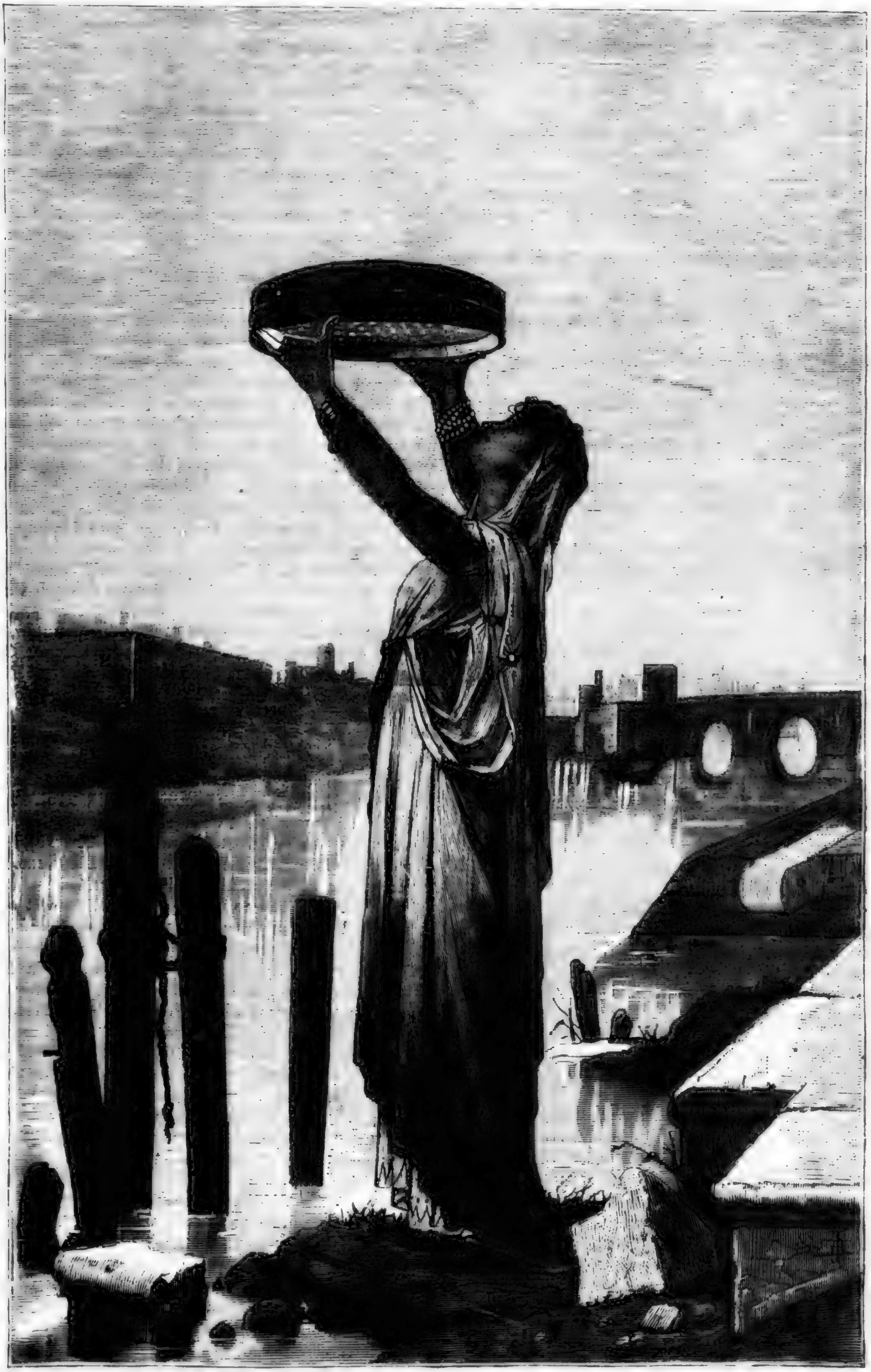
She tore her hand free.

"How dare you touch me?" she cried, with a look that made him quail. "No; I do not hate you, Danton Moultrie—but I *despise* you!"

He reeled back, as if he had received a blow.

"What else could I expect?" he muttered, bitterly. "It was a sorry trick of fate to throw you again in my way. I would sooner have met the Furies of mythology in this house than you. Why did you come here to torment me again? You have not changed. No—here are the same eyes and lips that turned my head at Gull Beach. I wish to heaven the years had taken something from your beauty, instead of increasing it? Faugh! what a weak fool I am—am I not? And to think that you belonged to me once—that you loved me—that you might have been my wife—that you were ready to give up the world for my sake! Great God! this is intolerable! Go! you are avenged, Meg—go quickly, before I say that which I shall be sure to regret, and despise me, if you like. What can it matter to me? Do you know that I am to marry Miss Fortescue, if she lives?"

"Yes, I know it; and I am sorry for Miss Fortescue," said Meg. And with these words she swept, like a tragedy-queen, out of the room—out of his presence.



"THE VESTAL TUCCIA," BY H. LE ROUX.—FROM THE EXHIBITION IN THE FRENCH GALLERY, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 460.

XUM

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROPOSAL.

SHE went back to Lilian's chamber. The invalid was awake.

"She has been calling for you," said the nurse.

Meg hurried to the rich bed, to see two thin arms upraised, and a wan childish face, beaming with a great hope and joy.

"Margaret, dear," feebly whispered the little heiress, "nurse says that I shall live."

"Thank God—yes!" answered Meg, with fervor.

"How glad I am! It would be hard to die now—now, when Danton loves me. For his sake, life is precious."

A pang stabbed through Meg's heart. This foolish child had made to herself an idol. Who would show her her own folly?

"Oh, can I see him?" she pleaded. "I so long to see him, Margaret—to hear his voice once more!"

"He has but just left the house," Meg answered; "he came to inquire for you. The physician wishes you to remain perfectly quiet. To-morrow, perhaps, he can be admitted here."

"To-morrow? Well, I will wait," she sighed; "but it is very tiresome, Margaret, dear, for I love him more than all the world."

"Yes; I understand. It is the besetting weakness of our sex to love more than is good for us," murmured Meg, in bitterness of spirit.

The next day Danton Moultrie was allowed to see his betrothed. Aunt Maitland and the nurse received him. Meg had made her exit by one door of the chamber as he entered at another. In her retreat, she stumbled upon Judge Fortescue at the threshold of the red-and-gold boudoir. His dark face changed at sight of her.

"Miss Grey," he began, stretching out his nervous hand, and clasping hers like a vise, "how can I thank you for the comfort and help which you have been to me, and to us all, in these last few days? How can I thank you for your noble devotion to Lilian?"

"I wish for no thanks," answered Meg, smiling brightly. "Lilian is better—she will live, and that is reward enough."

"We have good reason to bless the day when you entered this house."

His look, his tone, embarrassed her exceedingly. She drew hastily back.

"Step within one moment," he said, holding the heavy carved door open, "I wish to speak to you."

Sweet as was his voice upon certain occasions, the ring of authority was always in it. A foreboding of something strange made her hesitate, but he drew her forward. She stood with him inside the boudoir.

Sleet rattled against the plate-glass windows. Without, storm and desolation reigned; within, all was soft color, warmth, fragrance, security, abundance. He came close up to her. On his sallow face was a look which she had never seen before. She cowered involuntarily.

"Miss Grey—Margaret—will you marry me?"

This without warning of any kind. She neither started nor changed color, only stood and stared at him—thunderstruck.

"I think this must be some extraordinary jest," she said, finding voice at last, and drawing up her smooth, proud throat.

"No—a thousand times, no!" he cried, with a great eagerness and passion flaming in his fierce eyes. "Try to comprehend me. I have spoken suddenly, it is true, but why should I delay? I love you—how much, I will not attempt to tell you now. It is enough for me to say that I find myself completely mastered, hopelessly enthralled. I ask you to be my wife."

She could not misunderstand this language. Her heart gave a great, frightened leap. She grew hot, then cold, then tried to speak, but no words would come.

"It has taken but four weeks to bring me to your feet," he continued. "Look at me well, Margaret. I am old enough to be your father. Is it possible for you to love me?"

"I do not know," she answered, frankly. "Heaven forbid that I should deceive you in the least. I do not love you *now*."

He took a turn across the floor.

"That does not discourage me; I can be patient. Love is often a thing of slow growth. Heaven knows I would not have it be to you what it is to me—a fever, an agony. I have wealth in abundance—Miss Grey, judge how desperate my passion must be when I do not scorn to mention money as an inducement for you to listen to me. I can give you the position which you are so well fitted to fill—you were born for luxury and display—born to be worshiped and admired. I wish to ask but one question."

She began to tremble.

"And that is?"

"Are you heart-whole? Do you care for any other more than for me?"

"I am heart-whole. I care for no one."

A passionate fervor kept breaking out through the enforced calm of his voice.

"Thank God! I do not ask for an answer now, Miss Grey. You are agitated—I have been too abrupt. I will give you a week in which to consider the matter. At the end of that time, you will tell me your decision—you will answer me, Yes or No, will you not?"

She stood with downcast eyes, a smart refusal trembling on her lips, but at that moment she heard Danton Moultrie's step outside the door—heard him go down the stair, and the blood flew into her face, her heart beat like a trip-hammer. Her resolution changed as if by magic.

"You will think of what I have said? You will, if possible, decide in my favor?" urged Gerald Fortescue.

"Yes," she answered, involuntarily: "Yes."

He raised her hand to his lips, pressed upon it a kiss that seemed to burn the soft, dimpled flesh, then turned on his heel and left the room.

The week that followed was a strange one in Meg's history. No person in the house or out of it suspected the secret which lay betwixt herself and Judge Fortescue. The latter was a wise man, and neither by word nor look did he betray his passion for this girl. He held aloof from her, he annoyed her with no attentions; he simply awaited her answer with patience and dignity.

Lilian had recovered so far as to lie upon a sofa in becoming invalid attire, and there receive the homage of her lover and of the whole household; but neither her sharp owl-like eyes, nor the dull ones of Aunt Maitland, could detect anything unusual about Miss Grey in these seven days. She sang and read to Lilian, amused her in countless ways, listened unmoved to her foolish raptures concerning her lover, preserved her usual reserved demeanor toward Judge Fortescue, avoided Moultrie upon all occasions, and wore herself out with secret struggles that became sharper and sharper as the week flew on. Night after night, in her luxurious pink-and-white chamber, she tossed sleeplessly upon her pillows, talking in this wise to her own heart:

"Why should I not marry for wealth and position, as

Constance did—as thousands of women do? Why not? I love wealth and all that it brings. I hate poverty and its ills. I have tried struggling with the world, and I find the experience supremely unpleasant. This Gerald Fortescue is what society calls a superb *parti*. I do not love him—what of that? Have I found love so delightful that I should wish to know more of it? I honor, reverence and admire him—he fascinates and interests me more than any man I ever met. In time, I dare say, I shall be deeply enamored of him."

Then another thought, sinister and depressing, would crowd these away. Could she accept the greatness which this rich and honored man would fain thrust upon her, and not reveal her dark secret? Could she marry Gerald Fortescue, and not tell him that she was the daughter of a criminal, who was shut up for life in the stone walls of a prison? No. If she dared to think of accepting his hand she must make up her mind to confess her real name, her disgrace, her felon father. Would his love stand such a test, or was it of a different quality from Danton Moultrie's?

After tormenting herself with these queries one dreary night, she arose from bed, crept to her window, blurred with snow and rain, and turned her face in the direction of the Charlestown district. A shudder shook her from head to foot. Somewhere yonder in the darkness was the big gray prison—she had seen it many times from afar; and there in grated cell to-night slept the man to whom she owed her being, the father she had never seen, the murderer of her mother. Oh, would Colonel Dysart *ever* come to tell her if that horrible charge was true? She stood for a long time staring out into the blank night, and shivering with dread foreboding; then returned to her pillow and fell asleep, to dream of the portrait in Judge Fortescue's bedchamber—the beautiful, sad face which had looked at her with her own eyes.

So the days passed.

The seventh came—that fateful one which was to decide Meg's future. She trembled, in spite of herself, as she looked out on its early sunshine.

At the late breakfast no judge appeared.

"Papa has been called from town on important business," remarked Lilian, carelessly. "Aunt Maitland says he will not return till night."

Meg drew a breath of relief. It was a sort of respite. For hours she devoted herself to the convalescent—brought her a basket of flowers which Danton Moultrie had left at the door, sang her favorite songs, dined with her at an early hour, read her to sleep, and then went to Aunt Maitland for permission to go out for a walk.

"I have lately learned that a friend of mine is in the city," she explained. "I wish to see her."

Aunt Maitland surveyed her coldly.

"How pale and nervous you look to-day," she said, with a touch of malice. "One would think you had something preying on your mind. Well, go, and return as soon as possible, for if Lilian awakes and finds you out of sight she will be heart-broken."

Meg dressed with speed, and set her face toward that quiet South End street whereon Miss Prue Leith lived with her talented brother, Robin.

The crisp, bracing air sent the healthy blood bounding through her veins. She was a good walker, and it was not long before she stood at the door of the Leiths, and was ushered into the warm, bright parlor, where Miss Prue sat sewing upon some strange, dress-reform garments. At sight of Meg the old spinster dropped her work, took one mighty stride forward, and with a great cry, snatched the girl to her heart.

"My dear, my dear! Have you come, at last? For two mortal weeks I have been waiting for this. Dreadful child! I do not know whether to kiss or scold you."

Two soft arms strangled further words. Meg's cheek was upon hers, Meg's eyes were laughing through quick tears.

"As you like, dear Miss Prue—it is all one to me, only permit me to tell you how happy I am to see you once more."

They sat down together. There were many questions for each to ask and answer. Miss Prue took off her visitor's hat, and eyed her with keen interest.

"Humph!" she said, dryly. "I wonder that Rob did not tell me how handsome you had grown. To be as close-mouthed as an oyster may be good in the law, but it is highly exasperating in private life. And so you are called Miss Grey now?" She shook her head. "I do not like that. Let us hope no evil may come of it."

The door of Robin Leith's study chanced to be closed. A loud whine was suddenly heard in that direction—an impatient bark. Miss Prue turned the knob, and lo! a big black dog came bounding into the parlor, and leaped upon Meg like a whirlwind. She cried out, in glad surprise:

"Oh, Miss Prue! where did you find him?"

"I suppose the colonel's servants must have cast him adrift. At any rate, Rob went down to Blackhaven one day, and there was the poor brute, wandering half-starved about the streets, with no owner, and all the ragamuffins of the town casting stones at him. Rob brought him home, and we've kept him ever since."

Meg looked at the sleek proportions of her old playfellow, who was fawning upon her as if his dumb heart could not contain his joy, and tears rushed anew to her eyes.

"How kind of Rob—I mean, Mr. Leith. He told me that I would find a friend residing with you." She caressed the dog fondly. "How good it seems to see the poor fellow again! Castor, Castor! do you remember Gull Beach, and the sands and the sea-birds, and the dear old garden at Beach Hall?"

He barked his joyful assent. Miss Prue looked on grimly.

"Will your brother keep him?" queried Meg, her voice full of unconscious appeal.

"He will, my dear. He has grown very fond of the brute."

"Thank him, for me. Dear Miss Prue, were you angry because I left you so suddenly at Blackhaven? Did I seem ungrateful? My very heart was breaking that night. I could not trust myself to say farewell."

Miss Prue went to a cabinet in a corner, took out a box containing the jewels which Meg had left behind in her flight, and, with an expressive toss of the head, placed them on the girl's lap.

"There they are, my dear. Did you think I would keep them? I cried over the trinkets, and at the same time I could have boxed your ears with right good will. Now tell me truly, are you happy with those grand Fortescues?"

"Very," answered Meg, gazing ruefully at her recovered treasures.

"Are you going to marry the judge?"

Miss Prue never beat about the bush, but put her questions boldly. Her visitor colored.

"I have not yet decided," she answered, with a forced laugh.

"His infatuation for you is apparent to everybody—Rob told me that. Be wise, my dear. Don't marry one man to spite another, and that other a prospective son-in-law, too, who will be before you constantly—a thorn in your flesh. No, no! it would be simply idiotic. By-the-way, has Judge Fortescue no wit, that he gives his only daughter to that Southern fortune-hunter, adventurer, deceiver—he is all these in one, I take it."

Meg smiled scornfully.

"Your question is too hard for me to answer. Not by so much as a hair's breadth can Danton Moultrie influence any decision, great or small, of mine."

Miss Prue's keen eyes seemed to grow keener yet.

"Quite right. Well, never marry a man for his money or social standing, child. 'Riches take to themselves wings and fly away,' and 'Great names from their place fall fast.' It's the most risky thing that a woman can do."

Meg lowered her handsome eyes.

"I am a very worldly creature, Miss Prue," she answered, dryly. "I have a taste for luxury and the pleasant things of life. Poverty, obscurity, I detest."

"Pleasant things may sometimes be bought at too high a price," warned Miss Prue. "'The game is not always worth the candle.' Something tells me that you ought not to give a thought to this man, who must be more than twice your years."

"Dear Miss Prue, let us talk upon a more agreeable subject—Woman's Suffrage, for instance. I can stay but a little while, and if you are cross to me, I shall not dare to come again. We will discuss the learned judge at some future day."

"Very well," said Miss Prue; and the conversation changed at once.

For an hour or more Meg sat with her old friend; then she arose to go.

"Miss Fortescue will miss me," she said, hastily. "Good-by, Miss Prue, I will see you again soon."

And in the gathering twilight, she left the South End house and turned homeward.

At every step the secret struggle in her heart seemed to wax fiercer and fiercer.

"Shall I marry him?—shall I not?" she queried of herself, again and again. "If I refuse, I cannot remain longer under his roof; I shall be forced to return to Madame Modiste's workroom. Can I do that? No, I cannot!"

The day was fading fast. Lights began to flash out on the dark side of the street. Troops of people passed her—rosy schoolgirls, anxious-faced workwomen, children of wealth and children of poverty. She walked mechanically forward, looking not to the right hand nor to the left. One thought alone consoled her: Judge Fortescue was out of town; he might not return to-night. Her decision, perhaps, would not be called for till the morrow. She began to breathe more freely.

Suddenly a carriage rumbled along the street, and stopped near her. The door flew open, and a tall dark man sprang out upon the sidewalk. Judge Fortescue himself! Her heart gave a great bound.

"I saw you from the window," he said, quickly. "Why are you alone, and on foot? Where have you been? Whither are you going?"

His manner was full of repressed excitement. He spoke as if he was already her master. She knew that the hour had arrived which was to decide her fate.

"I have been to visit a friend a few blocks away," she answered; "I preferred to go alone, and walking is a favorite exercise of mine."

"Allow me to assist you into the carriage. I am going directly home. How fortunate that I should have met you!"

Was it fortunate? He assisted her into the vehicle, and took a seat beside her. The coachman drove on.

A few moments of silence. His eyes dwelt fixedly on her drooping face, then he reached and covered her gloved hand with his own. An unspeakable sweetness and tenderness thrilled through his voice.

"Margaret, have you thought of me, as you promised?"

She began to tremble. Somehow, she felt like wax in this man's hold. She nodded, silently.

"Tell me, is it Yes, or No?"

Dizzy and frightened, she tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast. He leaned toward her.

"I do not love you," she faltered.

"You will learn to do so in time."

"It is more than probable that I shall not make you happy."

"I will take that risk, and all others. I ask for but one word—Yes, or No, darling."

She hesitated, dragged her face aside; then, in a voice scarcely audible, even to him, Meg answered: "*Yes.*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE VESTAL TUCCIA.

THIS picture, by Monsieur Le Roux, has been recently exhibited in England, and attracted no little attention. Its subject is chosen from an anecdote recorded by Valerius Maximus, a Latin author of the time of Tiberius Cæsar, who wrote nine books "Of Memorable Doings and Sayings."

In a chapter "De Judiciis Publicis," he relates several instances of a miracle being vouchsafed by the deities of Old Rome to attest the truth and virtue of their official worshipers. The Temple of Vesta, of which any visitor to Rome can now see the remaining structure, is a circular building, with twenty surrounding Corinthian columns. But there was another and more ancient Temple of Vesta, founded by Numa Pompilius, which stood in the Via Sacra, where the Vestal virgins, a nunnery of consecrated girls from the noblest patrician families, preserved ever burning the sacred fire, emblematic of the divine sanctities of home life.

The sin of breaking their vow of perpetual chastity was to be punished, as romance-writers have fabled of the nuns of the medieval Catholic Church, with the dreadful doom of being buried alive. There was once, it is said, a Vestal virgin named Tuccia, who was falsely accused of that kind of frailty. The popular assembly before which she was publicly denounced and condemned had already voted by acclamation that she should instantly be put to death.

Suddenly, when the executioners were about to lead her away, a cloud of mist fell upon the innocent maiden's figure, and concealed her from their view. She was immediately absolved, and relieved from peril of the judicial sentence.

But this did not satisfy her indignant sense of conscious purity, which demanded a more distinct vindication.

Stepping forth out of the cloud, she lifted her eyes and hands to heaven, loudly praying the goddess to give a manifest sign that Tuccia was not unfaithful. She caught up an ordinary sieve lying at hand, exclaiming:

"Oh, Vesta! if the hands I have used in thy service have been ever pure, help me now to take up in this sieve the water of the Tiber, and carry it to thy temple!"

And so it was, says the Roman historian, "rerum ipsa natura cessit."

She bore the sieve to the banks of the Tiber, there filled it with water, and safely carried it to the feet of the

Pontiff, who acknowledged the miraculous offering, and directed her to pour it out as a libation to Vesta.

The people of Rome, after a moment of pious and joyful exultation, decreed that the accuser of Tuccia should be put to death in her stead. But a new miracle had snatched him away from where he had just before stood, hurried off invisibly to some place of eternal torment in the regions below. Such was the solemn faith of ancient republican Rome before it was infected with Greek intellectual skepticism.

The French artist of our own day has certainly drawn a graceful figure in a picturesque attitude, with scenery which those who have visited Rome may at once recognize; and the story of the sieve is told in his picture, and is repeated in our engraving.

MARY BRAND.

ONE fine sunny evening in April of 1847, when the cottonwoods on the banks of the Arkansas began to put forth their buds, three white-tilted Conostoga wagons emerged from the timbered bottom of the river, and rumbled slowly over the prairie, in the direction of the Platte's waters. Each wagon was drawn by eight oxen, and contained a portion of the farming implements and household utensils of the Brand family. The teams were driven by the young boys, the men following in the rear with shouldered rifles—old Brand himself, mounted on an Indian horse, leading the advance. The women were safely housed under the wagon-tilts, and out of the first the mild face of Mary Brand smiled adieu to many of her old companions, who had accompanied them thus far, and now wished them "God-speed" on their long journey.

Some mountaineers galloped up, dressed in buckskin, and gave them rough greeting, warning the men to keep their "eyes skinned," and look out for the Arrapahoes, who were out on the waters of the Platte.

Presently all retired, and then the huge wagons and the little company were rolling on their solitary way through the deserted prairies, passing the first of the many thousand miles which lay between them and the "setting sun," as the Indians style the distant regions of the far West. And on, without casting a look behind him, doggedly marched old Brand, followed by his sturdy family.

They made but a few miles that evening, for the first day the *start* is all that is effected, and nearly the whole morning is taken up in getting fairly under way. The loose stock had been sent off earlier, for they had been collected and corraled the previous night, and, after a twelve hours' fast, it was necessary they should reach the end of the day's journey betimes.

They found the herd grazing in the bottom of the Arkansas, at a point previously fixed upon for their first camp. Here the oxen were unyoked, the wagons drawn up so as to form the three sides of a small square, and the evening meal was prepared.

The women were sadly down-hearted, as well they might be, with the dreary prospect before them; and poor Mary, when she saw the Mormon encampment shut out from her sight by the rolling bluffs, could not divest herself of the idea that she had looked for the last time on civilized fellow-creatures, and fairly burst into tears.

In the morning the heavy wagons rolled on again across the upland prairies, to strike the trail used by the traders in passing from the South Fork of the Platte to the Arkansas. They had for guide a Canadian *voyageur*, who knew the route well, and had agreed to pilot them to Fort Lancaster on the North Fork of the Platte.

Their course led for about thirty miles up the Boiling Spring River, whence they pursued a northeasterly course to the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte and the Arkansas. Their progress was slow, for the ground was saturated with wet, and exceedingly heavy for the cattle, and they scarcely advanced more than ten miles a day.

At the camp-fire at night, Antoine, the Canadian guide, amused them with tales of the wild life and perilous adventures of the hunters and trappers who make the mountains their home.

Mary listened with the greater interest, since she remembered that such was the life which had been led by one very dear to her—by one, long supposed to be dead, of whom she had never but once, since his departure, nearly fifteen years before, heard a syllable. Her imagination pictured him as the bravest and most daring of these adventurous hunters, and conjured up his figure charging through the midst of whooping savages, or stretched on the ground perishing from wounds, or cold, or famine.

Among the characters who figured in Antoine's stories, a hunter named La Bonte was made conspicuous for deeds of hardiness and daring. The first mention of the name caused the blood to rush to Mary's face; not that she for a moment imagined it was *her* La Bonte, for she knew the name was a common one; but, associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former life, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure.

Once only, and about two years after his departure, had she ever received tidings of her former lover. A mountaineer had returned from the far West to settle in his native State, and had found his way to the neighborhood of old Brand's farm. Meeting him by accident, Mary, hearing him speak of the mountain-hunters, had inquired tremblingly after La Bonte.

Her informant knew him well, had trapped in company with him, and had heard at the trading-fort, whence he had taken his departure for the settlements, that La Bonte had been killed on the Yellowstone by Blackfeet, which report was confirmed by some Indians of that nation.

Now, upon hearing the name of La Bonte so often mentioned by Antoine, a vague hope was raised in her breast that he was still alive, and she took an opportunity of questioning the Canadian closely on the spot.

"Who was this La Bonte, Antoine, who, you say, was so brave a mountaineer?" she asked, one day.

"J'ne sais pas; he vas un beau garçon, and strong comme le diable—enfant de garce, mais he pas not care a dam for les sauvages, pe gar. He shoot de centare avec his carabine, and ride de cheval comme one Comanche. He trap heap castor (what you call beevare), and get plenty dollare—mais he open hand vare wide—and got none, too. Den he hont vid de Blackfeet and avec de Cheyenne, and all round de montagnes he hont dam sight."

"But, Antoine, what became of him at last? Why did he not come home, when he made so many dollars?" asked poor Mary.

"Enfant de garce, mais pourquoi he come home? Pe gar, de montagne-man, he love de montagne and prairie more better dan he love de grandes villes—meme

XUM

de St. Louis ou de Montreal. Wagh! La Bonte, well, he one montagne-man, wagh! He love de buffalo and de chevreau plus que de bœuf and de mouton, maybe. Mais on dit dat he have autre raison—dat de gal he lofe in Missouri not lofe him, and for dis he not go back. Mais now he go ondare, m' on dit. He vas go to de Californe, maybe to steal de hoss and de mule—pe gar, and de Espagnols rub him out, and take his hair, so he mort."

"But are you sure of this?" she asked, trembling with grief.

"Ah, now, J'ne suis pas sûr, mais I tink you know dis La Boute. Enfant de garce, maybe you de gal in Missouri he lofe, and not lofe him. Pe gar! 'fant de garce, fort beau garçon, dis La Bonte, pourquoi you no l'aimez pas? Maybe he not gone ondare. Maybe he turn op, autrefois. De trappares, dey go ondare tree, four, ten time, mais dey turn op twenty time. De sauvage not able for kill La Bonte, ni de dam Espagnols. Ah, non! ne craignez pas; pe gar, he not gone ondare, encore."

Spite of the good-natured attempts of the Canadian, poor Mary burst into a flood of tears; not that the information took her unawares, for she had long believed him dead, but because the very mention of his name awoke the strongest feelings within her breast, and taught her how deep was the affection she had felt for him whose loss and violent fate she now bewailed.

As the wagons of the lone caravan roll on toward the Platte, we will return to a camp where La Bonte, Killbuck and a stranger are sitting before the fire. Said Killbuck:

"The doin's of them Mormon fools can't be beat by Spaniards, stranger. Their mummums and thummums you speak of won't 'shine' whar Injuns are about, nor pint out a trail whar nothin' crossed but rattlesnakes since fust it snowed on old Pike's Peak. If they pack along them *profits*, as you tell of, who can make it rain hump-ribs and marrow-guts when the crowd gets out of the buffler range, they are some, now, that's a fact. But this child don't believe it. I'd laugh to get a sight of these darned Mormonites, I would. They're no account, I guess; and it's the meanest kind of action to haul their women critters and their young uns to sech a starving country as the Californys."

"They're not all Mormons in the crowd," said the strange hunter; "and there's one family among them with some smartish boys and girls, I tell you. Their name's Brand."

La Bonte looked up from the lock of his rifle, which he was cleaning, but either didn't hear, or, hearing, didn't heed, for he continued his work.

"And they are going to part company," continued the stranger, "and put out alone for Platte and the South Pass."

"They'll lose their hair, I'm thinking," said Killbuck, "if the 'Rapahoes are out thar."

"I hope not," continued the other, "for there's a girl among them worth more than that."

"Poor beaver!" said La Bonte, looking up from his work. "I'd hate to see any white gal in the hands of Injuns, and of 'Rapahoes worse than all. Where does she come from, stranger?"

"Down below St. Louis; from Tennessee, I've heard them say."

"Tennessee!" cried La Bonte; "hurrah for the old State! What's her name, stran——"

At this moment Killbuck's old mule pricked her ears and snuffed the air, which action catching La Bonte's eye, he rose abruptly, and exclaimed:

"The old mule smells Injuns, or I'm a Spaniard!"

The hunter did the old mule justice, and she well maintained her reputation as the best "guard" in the mountain; for in two minutes an Indian stalked into the camp, dressed in a cloth capote, and in odds and ends of civilized attire.

"'Rapaho!" cried Killbuck, as soon as he saw him; and the Indian, catching the word, struck his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, in broken Spanish and English mixed:

"Si, si, me Arrapaho, white man amigo. Come from Pueblo—hunt cibola—me gun break—*no peudo matar nada: mucha hambra* (very hungry)—heap eat."

Killbuck offered his pipe to the Indian, and spoke to him in his own language, which both he and La Bonte well understood. They learned that he was married to a Mexican woman, and lived with some hunters at the Pueblo fort on the Arkansas. He volunteered the information that a war party of his people were out on the Platte trail to intercept the Indian traders on their return from the North Fork; and as some Mormons had just started in that direction, he said his people would make a "raise." Being muy amigo himself to the whites, he cautioned his present companions from crossing to the "divide," as the "braves," he said, were a "heap" mad, and their hearts were "big," and nothing in the shape of white skin would live before them.

"Wagh!" exclaimed Killbuck, "the 'Rapahoes know me, I'm thinking; and small gain they've made against this child. I've knowed the time when my gun-cover couldn't hold more of their scalps."

The Indian was provided with some powder, of which he stood in need; and, after gorging as much meat as his capacious stomach would hold, he left the camp, and started into the mountain.

The next day our hunters started on their journey down the river, traveling leisurely, and stopping whenever good grass presented itself. One morning they suddenly struck a wheel-trail, which left the creek-banks and pursued a course at right angles to it, in the direction of the "divide." Killbuck pronounced it but a few hours old, and that of three wagons drawn by oxen.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "if them poor devils of Mormons ain't going head first into the 'Rapaho trap! they'll be gone beaver afore long."

"Ay," said the strange hunter, "these are the wagons belonging to old Brand, and he has started alone for Laramie. I hope nothing will happen to them."

"Brand!" muttered La Bonte. "I knowed that name mighty well once, years ago, and should hate the worst kind that mischief happened to any one who bore it. This trail's as fresh as paint; and it goes against me to let these simple critters help the 'Rapahoes to their own hair. This child feels like helping 'em out of the scrape. What do you say, old hoss?"

"I thinks with you, boy," answered Killbuck, "and go in for following this wagon-trail, and telling the poor critters that thar's danger ahead of them. What's your talk, stranger?"

"I go with you," shortly answered the latter.

Meanwhile the three wagons containing the household goods of the Brand family, rumbled slowly over the rolling prairie, and toward the upland ridge of the "divide."

They traveled with considerable caution, for already the quick eye of Antoine had discovered recent Indian signs upon the trail, and, with mountain quickness, had at once made it out to be that of a war-party. The men were consequently all mounted and thoroughly armed, the wagons moved in a line abreast, and a sharp lookout was kept on all sides.

However, they had seen no Indians, and no fresh sign, for two days after they had left the Boiling Spring River, and they began to think they were well out of their neighborhood.

One evening they camped on a creek called Black Horse, and, as usual, had corraled the wagons and forted as well as circumstances would permit, when three or four Indians suddenly appeared on a bluff at a little distance, and, making signals of peaceable intentions, approached.

Most of the men were absent at the time, attending to the cattle or collecting fuel, and only old Brand and one of his young grandchildren, about fourteen years old, remained in camp.

The Indians were hospitably received, and regaled with a smoke, after which they began to evince their curiosity by examining every article lying about, and signifying their wishes that it should be given to them.

Finding their hints were not taken, they laid hold of several things which took their fancies, and, among others, of the pot which was boiling on the fire, with which one of them was about very coolly to walk off, when old Brand, who up to this moment had retained possession of his temper, seized it out of the Indian's hand and knocked him down.

One of the others instantly began to draw the buckskin cover from his gun, and would no doubt have taken summary vengeance for the insult offered to his companion, when Mary Brand courageously stepped up to him, and placing her left hand upon the gun which he was in the act of uncovering, with the other pointed a pistol at his breast.

Whether daunted by the bold act of the girl, or admiring her devotion to her father, the Indian drew himself back, exclaimed "Howgh!" and drew the cover again on his piece, went up to old Brand, who was all this time looking him sternly in the face, and, shaking him by the hand, motioned at the same time to the others to be peaceable.

The other whites presently coming into camp, the Indians sat quietly down by the fire, and, when the supper was ready, joined in the repast, after which they gathered their buffalo-robes about them and quietly withdrew.

Meanwhile Antoine, knowing the treacherous character of the savages, advised that the greatest precaution should be taken to secure the stock; and before dark, therefore, all the mules and horses were hobbled and secured within the corral, the oxen being allowed to feed at liberty—for the Indians scarcely care to trouble themselves with such cattle. A guard was set over the camp, and relieved every two hours; the fire was extinguished, lest the savages should aim, by its light, at any of the party, and all slept with rifles ready at their sides.

However, the night passed quietly, and nothing disturbed the tranquility of the camp. Shortly after sunrise, they were in the act of yoking the oxen to the wagons, and driving in the loose animals which had been turned out to feed at daybreak, when some Indians again appeared on the bluff, and descending it, confidently approached the camp. Antoine strongly advised their not being allowed to enter, but Brand, ignorant of Indian treachery, replied that so long as they came as friends they could not be deemed enemies, and allowed no obstruction to be offered to their approach.

Six or seven first arrived, and others quickly followed, dropping in one after the other, until a score or more were collected round the wagons. Their demeanor, at first friendly, soon changed as their numbers increased, and they now became urgent in their demands for powder and lead, and bullying in their manner

A chief accosted Brand, and, through Antoine, informed him "that, unless the demands of his braves were acceded to, he could not be responsible for the consequences; that all they required was that they should give up their guns and ammunition, and their mules and horses—retaining the 'medicine buffaloes' (oxen) to draw their wagons."

By this time the oxen were yoked, and the teamsters, whip in hand, only waited the word to start. Old Brand foamed while the Indian stated his demands; but, hearing him to the end, exclaimed:

"Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life! Put out, boys!" and, turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the wagons, and commenced the attack, yelling like fiends.

One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in the stirrup, and drew his bow upon him at the same moment.

In an instant the old backwoodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and, putting the muzzle to the Indian's heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, flourishing his war-club, laid the old man at his feet, while some dragged the women from the wagons, and others rushed upon the men, who made brave fight in their defense.

Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance, for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparatory to thrusting it into the old man's breast.

For the rest, all was confusion. In vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowering numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed, while the shrieks of the women and children, and the loud yells of the Indians, added to the scene of horror and confusion.

As Mary flew to her father's side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and, jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown back violently to the ground.

The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly toward the spot where her father lay, bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengeance upon his victim.

He paused, however, as at that moment a shout as fierce as his own sounded at his very ear, and, looking up, he saw La Bonte galloping madly down the bluff, his long hair and the fringes of his hunting-shirt and leggins flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, while close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger.

Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonte, as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands of the ferocious Indian.

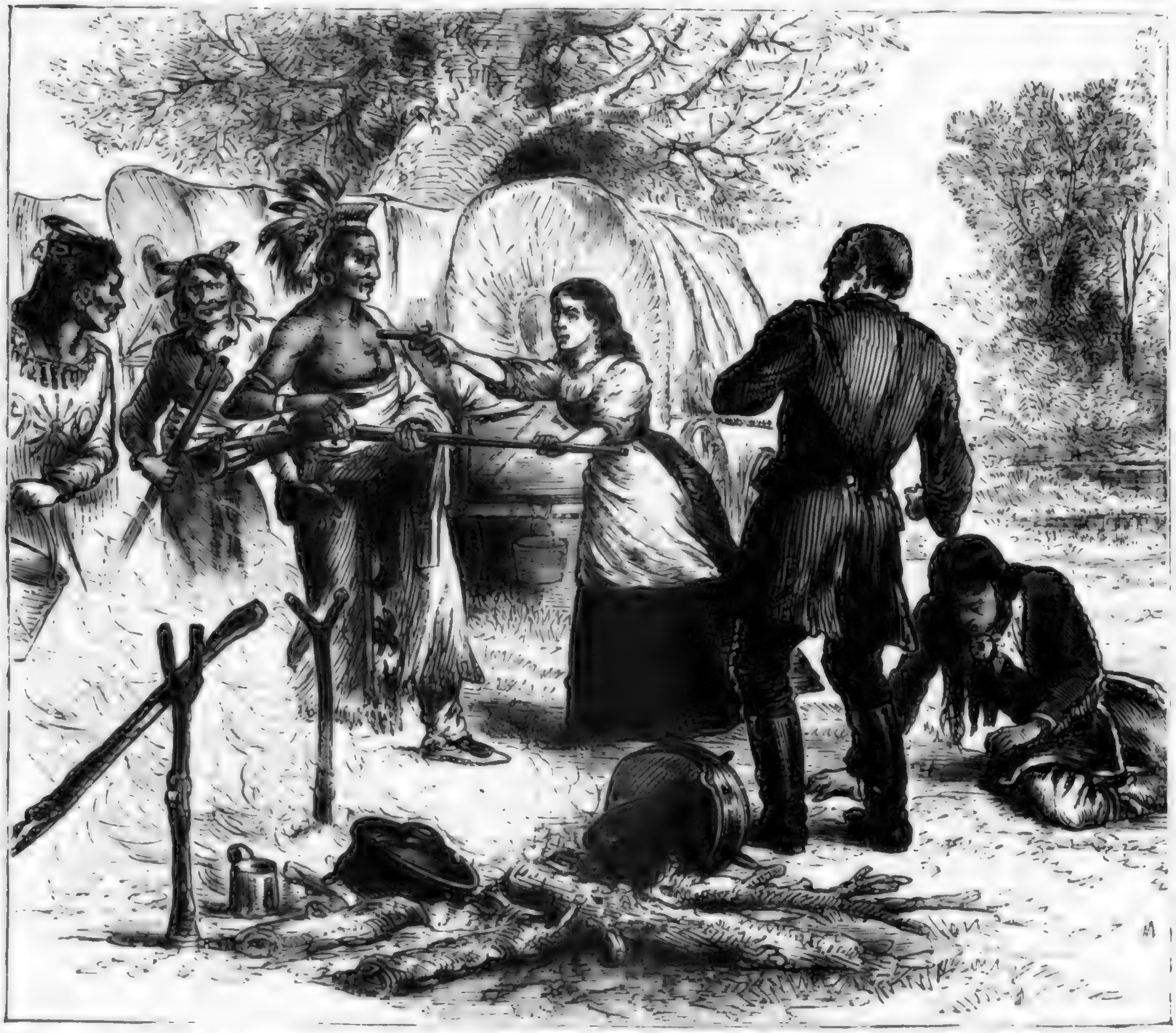
In a single instant he was upon the Indian, and, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his very breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled him over stone dead.

Throwing down his rifle, La Bonte wheeled his obedient horse, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, among whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows.

Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic-struck at the sudden attack, and thinking this was but the advance guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead upon the field.

Mary, shutting her eyes to the expected death-stroke, heard the loud shout La Bonte gave in charging down the bluff, and again looking up, saw the wild-looking mountaineer rush to her rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinioned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonte was the first to run to aid her, as soon as the fight was over. He raised her from the ground, and, upon her turning up her face to thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten Mary Brand; while she, scarcely believing her senses, recognized in her deliverer her former lover, and still beloved, La Bonte.

"What, Mary, can it be you?" he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman.



MARY BRAND.—"MARY BRAND COURAGEOUSLY STEPPED UP TO HIM, AND, PLACING HER LEFT HAND UPON THE GUN WHICH HE WAS IN THE ACT OF UNCOVERING, WITH THE OTHER POINTED A PISTOL AT HIS BREAST."—SEE PAGE 461.

"La Bonte, you don't forget me?" she answered, and threw herself sobbing into his arms.

There we will leave them for the present, and help Killbuck and his five companions to examine the killed and wounded. Of the former, five Indians and two whites lay dead, the latter grandchildren of old Brand, fine lads of fourteen or fifteen, who had fought with great bravery.

Old Brand had received a sore buffet, but a hatful of cold water sprinkled over his face soon restored him.

Silently and with sad hearts, the survivors of the family saw the bodies of the two boys buried on the river-bank, and the spot marked with a pile of loose stones procured from the rocky bed of the creek.

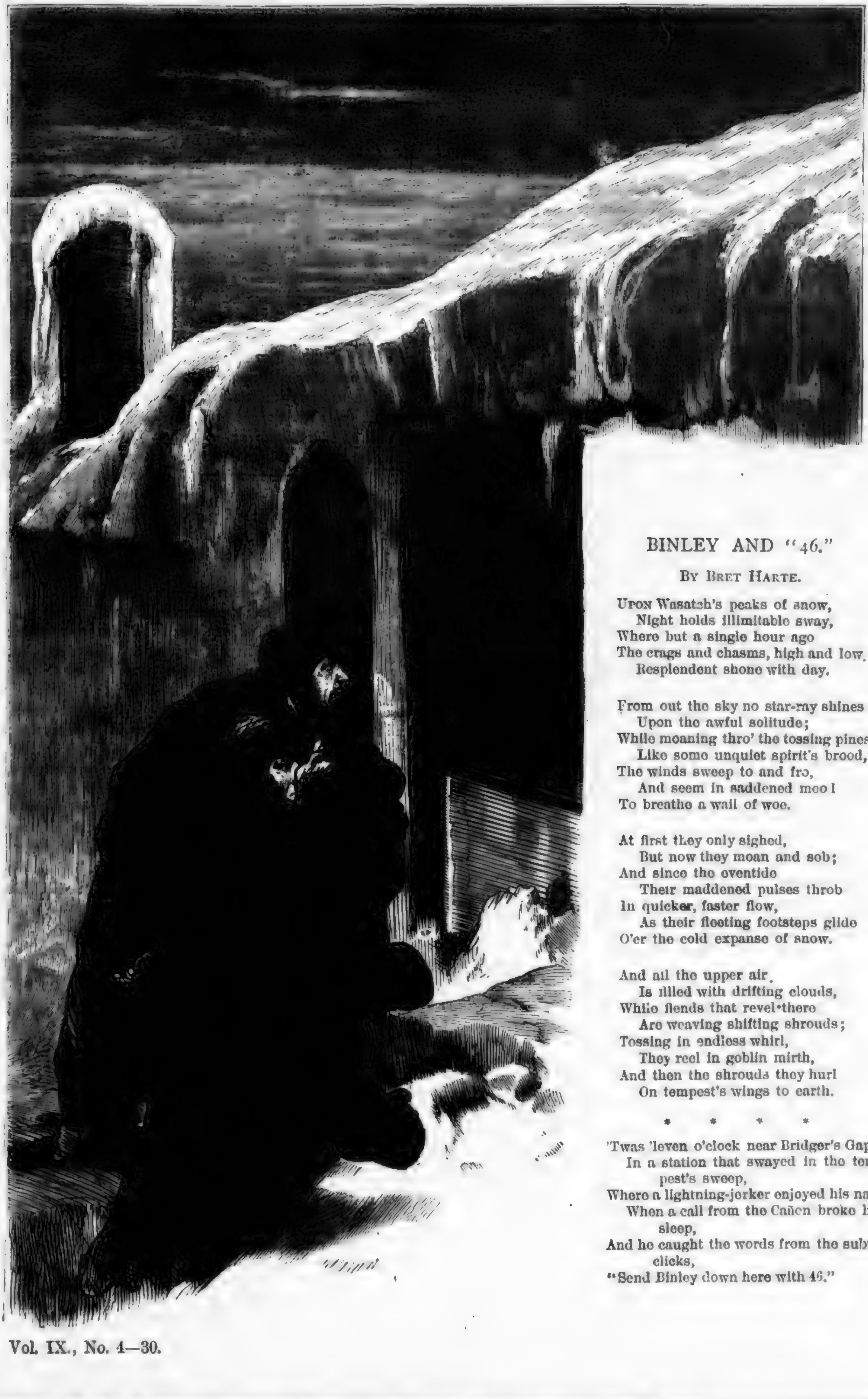
The next day the party continued their course to the Platte. Antoine and the stranger returned to the Arkansas, starting in the night to avoid the Indians; but Killbuck and La Bonte lent the aid of their rifles to the solitary caravan, and, under their experienced guidance, no more Indian perils were encountered.

Mary no longer sat perched up in her father's Conostoga, but rode a quiet mustang by La Bonte's side; and no doubt they found a theme with which to while away the monotonous journey over the dreary plains.

South Fork was passed, and Laramie was reached. The Sweet-water Mountains, which hang over the pass to California, were long since in sight; but when the waters of the North Fork of Platte lay before their horses' feet, and the broad trail was pointed out which led to the great Valley of Columbia and their promised land, the heads of the oxen were turned *down* the stream, where the shallow waters flow on to join the great Missouri, and not *up* toward the mountains.

The teamsters joyfully cracked their whips as the wagons rolled lightly down the Platte; and men, women and children waved their hats and bonnets in the air, and cried out lustily, "Hurrah for home!"

La Bonte and his faithful Mary were married soon afterward. La Bonte gave up his wandering life, and settled in Tennessee.



BINLEY AND "46."

BY BRET HARTE.

UPON Wasatch's peaks of snow,
Night holds illimitable sway,
Where but a single hour ago
The crags and chasms, high and low,
Resplendent shone with day.

From out the sky no star-ray shines
Upon the awful solitude;
While moaning thro' the tossing pines,
Like some unquiet spirit's brood,
The winds sweep to and fro,
And seem in saddened mood
To breathe a wail of woe.

At first they only sighed,
But now they moan and sob;
And since the eventide
Their maddened pulses throb
In quicker, faster flow,
As their fleeting footsteps glide
O'er the cold expanse of snow.

And all the upper air,
Is filled with drifting clouds,
While fiends that revel there
Are weaving shifting shrouds;
Tossing in endless whirl,
They reel in goblin mirth,
And then the shrouds they hurl
On tempest's wings to earth.

* * * *

'Twas 'leven o'clock near Bridger's Gap,
In a station that swayed in the tempest's sweep,
Where a lightning-jerker enjoyed his nap,
When a call from the Cañon broke his sleep,
And he caught the words from the subtle clicks,
"Send Binley down here with 46."

XUM

Soon Binley had mounted his iron steed,
And the fires of the furnace glowed again,
As the ponderous monster devoured its feed,
And rolled from the side-track on to the main.
Out on the night where the snowflakes fell,
Out where the blasts of the tempests roar,
Binley shouted his friend farewell,
As he opened the throttle-valve one notch more.

Then over the winding track he sped,
Where the pathway with chasms and crags was lined;
The glare of his great light gleamed ahead,
And the snow like a bride's vail streamed behind,
And soon the sound of the clanking steel
Was drowned in the echoes from hill to hill;
He felt the engine sway and reel,
But the throttle went one notch further still.

And down the grade like a courser fleet,
Plunging through mountains of drifted snow,
The engine plows through the crusts of sleet,
And hurls a thousand feet below
The ponderous masses that block its way;
Throws them far to the left and right,
Into the black oblivious night,
To reach the Cañons by break of day.

And now old Binley feels the thrill
That the soldier feels when he meets his foe;
He opens the throttle-valve wider still,
And his furnace burns with a fiercer glow,
As the piston flashes in faster stroke;
But firm as a rock stands the engineer,
And in his honest old heart of oak
There beats not the slightest pulse of fear.

But soon the engine is running slower,
Though its pathway lies on a level grade;
And then a tremor comes stealing o'er
Binley's hand on the throttle laid.
There's a slacking-up of the driving-wheel,
While the engine struggles with human will;
Then slowly ceases the clank of steel,
And the panting monster is standing still.

Thicker and faster the drifting snow
Throws round its victim its winding-sheet,
And quenches the glare of the headlight's glow,
As Binley mutters, "I give up beat."

* * * * *

Next morning a snow-plow forced its way
To the spot where the buried engine lay;
They hewed a path through the frozen crust,
And then was the ghastly story told:
There sat Binley beside his trust,
With his hand on the throttle-valve, stiff and cold.

OUR DISASTER.

By Eleanor Grantham.

It began with a Summer boarder. Fan came home from the village one day with a *Herald* in her hand and a look in the black eyes suggestive of mischief.

Bess and I were sitting on the back porch, with a great bowl of June strawberries between us, which we were pulling and talking over in leisure, Summer-day fashion. Bess always reminds me of June and strawberries herself, with her sunny hair, sweet voice and wonderfully tinted face, making one think of everything delicious at a glance.

Presently we heard a great chattering in the girls' room overhead, interspersed with peals of laughter in Fan's clear treble, and certain little taps on the floor, that I know proceed from Belle's *heel* whenever she is mirthfully affected.

Now, Bess and Fan are my lawful nieces and charges, toward whom I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully for the last ten years, and we have lived on together at the Mill House in happiness and content.

Every Summer Belle Ramsay comes up from the city for a month or two. She is their cousin and a favorite with the girls, always in the spirit of Fan's frolics, or ready to join in Bess's sober fun.

The two girls came down the back stairs presently and out into the porch.

"Aunty, let's take the Summer boarder."

That was what Fan said, seating herself leisurely in one of the great porch-chairs. She was getting tired of the long, quiet days, and wanted a sensation.

I had proposed the very same thing myself early in the season—a Summer boarder. We had so much room, and it seemed a pity to shut up the great, pleasant front chamber, when there were so many who needed and would be glad of the rest we could give them in Milton.

But the girls had routed the idea on the spot. A boarder, a nobody knew who, to lounge about all Summer, and spoil things generally! There were the Harts, who took one last Summer—a professor from Boston, who talked about *eons* and transcendentalism and the primitive state of man, till the whole family were bordering on insanity.

So I had given up the idea without another word, closing the front room, with a little sigh for the unknown person that the girls had vetoed out of a Summer rest in the Mill House.

I looked up with an amazed face when Fan said:

"Aunty, let's take the Summer boarder!"

"Why, Fan Lovell, what on earth are you talking about?" Bess asked, with wide eyes. "A boarder! You, that wouldn't hear of such a thing a month ago! I remember you said if aunty did take one you'd board out yourself!"

And Bess dropped her hands in a bewildered way, and waited for Fan to defend herself.

"Oh, it's easily explained. You see, *eons* and transcendentalism have lost their terrors for her since she's heard the Harts are going to try it again this year, and that Sadie Hart's going to marry the professor who nearly drove her mad last Summer. At any rate, there was method in that girl's madness!" and Belle's laugh was so infectious that we all joined.

"But we mightn't be so fortunate, Fan. Ours might be a searcher after buried vestiges of mankind, and wear blue glasses, and carry a dark lantern, and a satchel of bones and skulls, which he would be always leaving in the hall for some of us to stumble over in the dark. *That* would most likely be our luck!" and Bess made up a little mouth and shuddered.

"If you'll give me the ghost of a chance, I'll explain," Fan said, leisurely fanning herself with her ruffled apron. "I didn't want a boarder, and I shouldn't now if there was any life in Milton this Summer; but such a sleepy place as it is! There hasn't been one picnic or excursion this season, and here it's the last of June! The Howards and the Wiltons are off for the mountains to-morrow, and all the rest of the people went last week. So the inmates of the Mill House may settle down for a two months' sleep, or else—take a Summer boarder!"

And Fan emphasized the last four words in a manner that plainly showed the desperation of our condition.

"But where can we find one?" I ventured. "Advertise? It's rather late, isn't it?"

"And—and supposing it shouldn't be nice?" Bess put in, with a dubious look in the eyes.

"*It!*" Belle laughed. "Well, dear me, we'll try to find something a trifle more definite—a he or a she, to say the least—so don't worry. And there isn't any need to advertise," turning to me. "Fan's found the person, and I've written to him."

Well, this was getting a boarder with a rush. I caught my breath and looked at Fan. She was drawing the *Herald* from her pocket, slowly.

Running her finger down the column of "Wants," she at last paused, and read, in a clear voice:

> "'Wanted—In a pleasant mountainous locality, board for a single gentleman during the months of July and August, in a quiet private family, without children. No other boarders. Address V. Gabriel, P. O. Box 1000, N. Y.'

"*That's* the person!" announced Fan, folding up the paper deliberately. "V. Gabriel will be our Summer boarder in less than a week, unless he objects to the particulars in Belle's letter!" and both girls went off into a peal of laughter.

"My goodness! girls, I don't see anything to laugh at in that way," I finally interrupted. "What has Belle written? I sha'n't let you do anything ridiculous. If we decide to take a boarder, it must be settled in a proper fashion."

"Now, aunty, of course we don't mean to do anything ridiculous! It's a splendid letter, and holds out all the desired inducements to Mr. Gabriel, only I can't help smiling to think how—how——" and here she went off again, to my growing consternation.

"Come, come—order!" and Belle waved a sheet of note-paper, and waited to begin her reading. "It's plainly to be seen that V. Gabriel, whoever he may be, is peaceably inclined. A deep student, probably, who is seeking for country retirement. This is the place for him, and here are the inducements:

> "'*Four maiden ladies*, residing near the beautiful village of Milton, have seen the advertisement of Mr. Gabriel, and are able to offer him all the inducements of a pleasant, quiet home, in a mountainous locality, for the two months named. No children, and no other boarders.'

"There! if that doesn't bring rest to the soul of Mr. Gabriel! Four maiden ladies! He'll have delightful visions of ghost-like spinsters stalking about in noiseless slippers, each utterly subdued under the crushing weight of some early affliction. Now, Miss Lovell, state your terms; give him directions for getting here, and then we girls 'll go into training until his arrival."

The girls had evidently taken the whole matter out of my hands, and I hadn't made up my mind whether to be provoked or amused, when Bess gave her opinion with a disgusted little shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, I hope you'll get all the fun out of it you expect, but I am disgusted. I thought Fan wanted a boarder because Milton was so dull this Summer. A nice person you've selected to liven it up—a man that particularly requests quiet. Very likely he'll turn out to be a gay beau of sixty, with a gouty foot, and you two will develop into nurses. Ugh! Maybe he'll be something worse—a desire for seclusion looks bad. V. Gabriel. V. for Villainous, I suppose."

"V. for Vanquished, I guess, when he beholds the four maiden ladies. Mercy! Fan, when he hears you laugh, he'll be a mere skeleton in a week. But you needn't have anything to do with him, Bess—Fan and I consider him our especial property, by right of discovery. 'Our thoughts will be of him by day, and our dreams upon the pillow,'" Belle hummed, in a plaintively tender voice.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of any competition. I assure you. I'm going to vacate the field entirely. Fortunately, you see, I promised to spend two or three weeks with the Fieldings this Summer. I'll get ready and be off before the Villainous puts in an appearance. If he inquires after the *fourth* spinster, you can say she got a chance to get married, and ran away; and if either of you girls get a note, saying: 'Meet me by moonlight at the great elm,' don't flatter yourselves that it's any smitten swain, but come, with full particulars of Mr. V.'s last attack, and prepare to be laughed at. I can tell you, girls, something disastrous 'll come out of your Summer boarder, but I wash my hands of the whole matter. Peace to his ashes," and Bess drew a profound sigh, picked up the forgotten bowl of strawberries, and went in to make a shortcake for tea.

Our Summer boarder was coming to-morrow. He would arrive by the stage that passed through Milton at five o'clock in the afternoon. I stood in the great front room and looked round me after the last touches were completed. He would have a pleasant home—everything he desired, but for those girls, and I felt half provoked at the little burst of laughter wafted up from the porch below, where I knew they were talking over the Villainous and the Vanquished, as they delighted to call him.

Bess was decided; she was going to the Fieldings' to-morrow before the arrival of "the disaster," she informed us.

"It's only across the river, and I'll have lots of fun waiting for reports. 'Bald, gouty and sixty,' or 'desperate-looking,' like the man with a guilty conscience."

What was the matter? The girls came tearing up the stairs and into the room where I stood making my survey.

"Oh, Aunty!—the depot-wagon and *his* baggage!" Fan exclaimed, rushing to the window and looking down the road. "Ladies and gentlemen, the curtain is about to rise on the first act. 'As the baggage is, the man is. Useless each without the other.' Take your seats, and hold a tight rein on your feelings;" and the young lady drew up three chairs, clutching the folds of her dress with a dramatic gesture.

"He sends his luggage on ahead so as not to be disturbed by the confusion of its arrival, after he gets here," said Bess. "He's a man that means *quiet* with a vengeance."

"One good-sized trunk—new, stylish, with 'V. Gabriel' in black letters."

"He's a dandy that wants retirement for a few weeks in order to count up and arrange alphabetically his Winter conquests."

"My goodness! What's that long thing that looks like a coffin?" queried Belle, in a whisper.

"Angelic Gabriel!—'the last trump.' I suppose he's come into the country to practice," laughed Bess. "Maybe it's the skeleton; he'll keep it in the closet opposite your room, girls."

"It's a *fiddle*, as sure as my name's Fan Lovell!" and my discomforted niece put her fingers to her ears and looked miserable.

"There's a smaller box! See! His instruments, likely. Scalping-knife, dissecting-trowel, etc.!" and Bess groaned sympathizingly.

I went down-stairs, and left the girls to their comments. I began to feel a little nervous myself about this Summer boarder. But we would know to-morrow.

* * * * * * *

"Ah, Vincent, allow me to introduce you to Miss Bessie Lovell!" and Rob Fielding paused in his conversation as his friend came out on the lawn after tea. "I've been telling her about your splendid luck to-day; but she does not approve of angling or anglers, so I'll leave you to make your own peace," and Rob walked off in the direction of the croquet-ground.

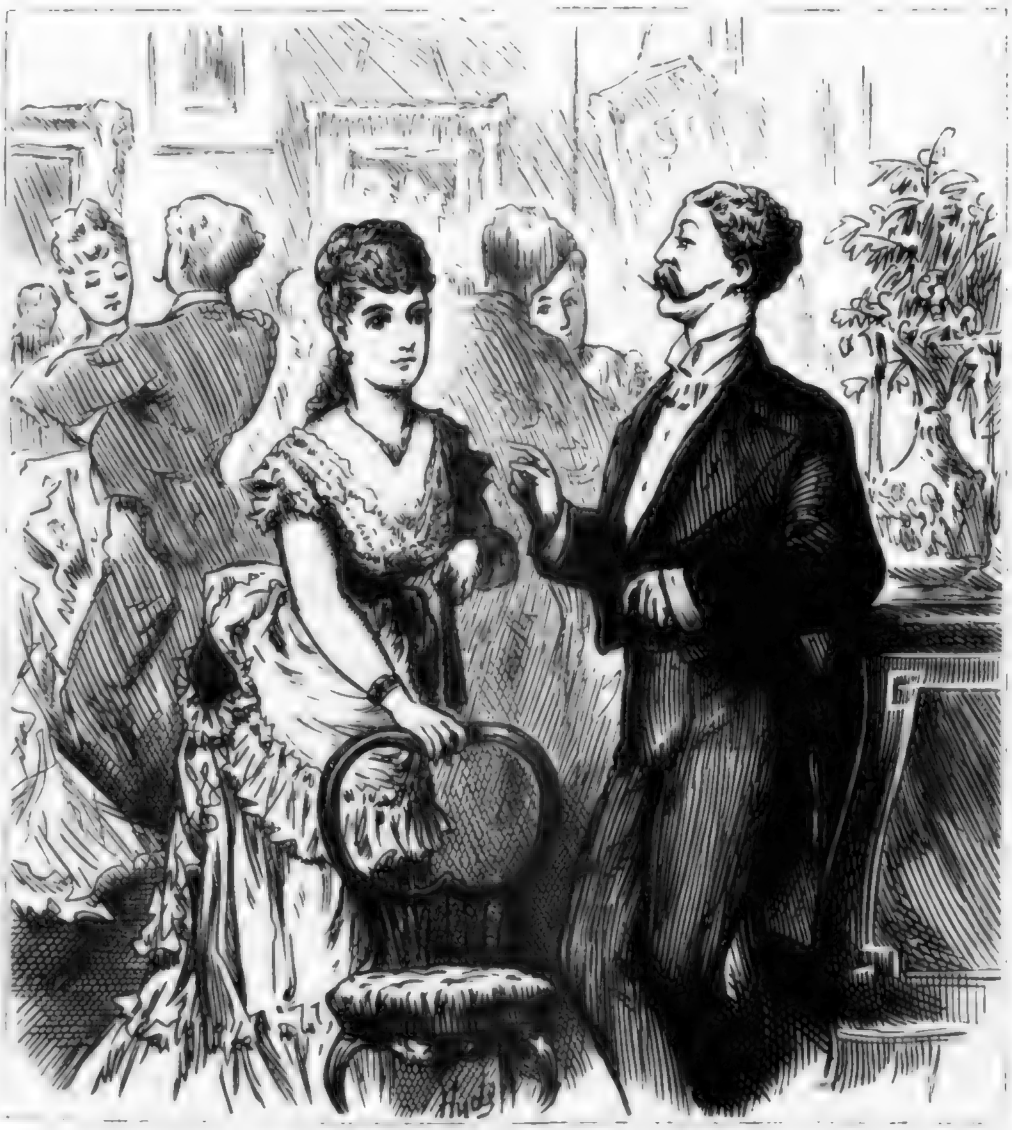
Bessie bowed, and looked up to meet the glance of the dark hazel eyes bent inquiringly upon her.

"Lovell!" he said, musingly. "May I ask if you reside in Milton?"

"Not in the village, but just across the river. I'm on a visit here for two or three weeks, and I'm afraid of being spoiled—at least as far as going back is concerned. Everything is so lovely!" looking about with a little sigh. "But, there! what an impression I am giving you, Mr. Vincent! Of course, everything is pleasant in my own home, too; but," with a laugh, "I left it under peculiar circumstances."

"Ah!" as he stroked his dark mustache with a singular expression. Then, after a pause: "Did I understand Rob to say you didn't approve of angling, Miss Lovell? I'm sorry. I have caught some beauties to-day—brook trout—and I would like you to admire them. These mountain streams are capital fishing, and I don't get a chance to be cruel very often."

"Are you staying here—with Mr. Fielding?" Bess asked, as they strolled across the lawn in the dusk.



VERY THOUGHTFUL.

SWELL (to hostess)—"*No, really, I cannot dance to-night. If I should get heated, and perspire, my mustache would droop like a mechanic's.*"

She hoped his answer would be "Yes." She was beginning to feel interested in this tall, dark stranger, who looked at her now and then with such a queer expression in his eyes.

"I'm staying near here for a time. Rob and I are old friends—college chums. He came up from the city with me yesterday, and we started off early this morning to try our luck. I think I shall like it. Hark! Isn't somebody singing 'The Three Fishers'? It's a favorite of mine. Shall we go in?" And he drew the girl's hand through his arm, and led her up the broad, moon-paved steps.

Bess actually pitied the girls after that. She was having such a splendid time with—with—the Fieldings, and they were at home ministering to the comforts of the horrid boarder. Then she fell into a little dream that lasted till the moon went down behind the great, dark mountains.

The next evening Bess went to the big elm to wait for the girls. Rob Fielding had taken a note over in the morning asking them to come after tea and be laughed at. She stood thinking, with her eyes on the river, when Belle's hearty "Oh, he's splendid!" broke on her reverie. And then such a chattering ensued that the sleepy birds above poked their heads over their nests and wondered what was going on.

"He isn't gouty nor old, and he's as handsome as Apollo!" Fan exclaimed. "He didn't say one word when aunty introduced us at the tea-table as her nieces. But didn't he *look!* Mercy! Belle and I felt as if we'd committed some awful crime! We nearly caught him laughing two or three times—once when I asked aunty if John couldn't put up the swing to-morrow. Fancy old maids flying through the air, except on a broomstick!"

"He must have groaned that night to hear Fan and I talk; but he said he rested well when aunty asked him the next morning. He then took a book and went out, and didn't come back till late in the evening. He must know somebody around here, for a man walked home with him to the gate, and they stood laughing and talking together; then they said good-night, shaking hands like old friends. Say, Bess, you'd better cut short your visit and come home."

"No, thank you; I'm very well satisfied. I shall never look upon him other than as a—*disaster.* But oh, what's the V. for?"

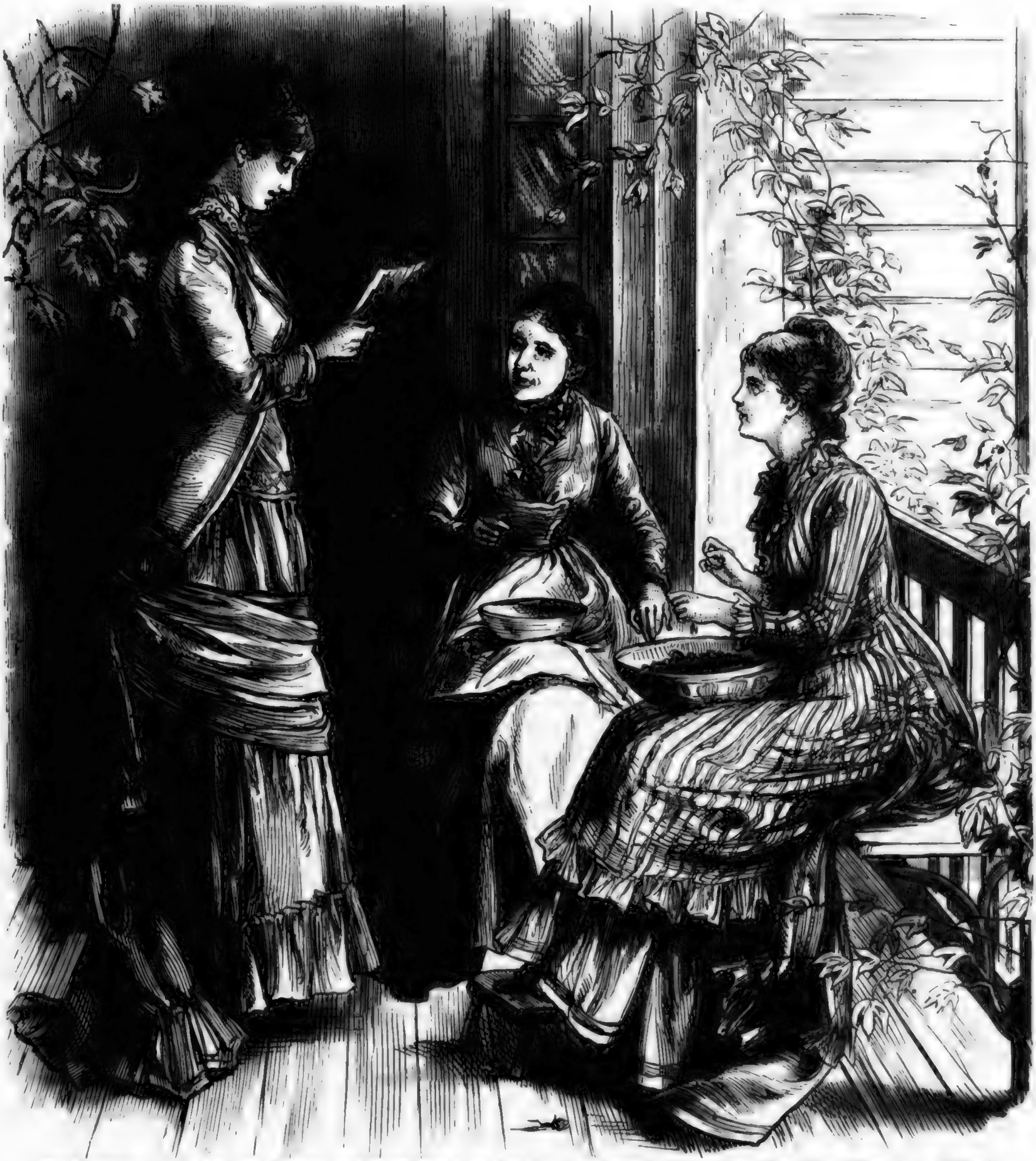
"Haven't found out yet. Not Villainous nor Vanquished."

"Don't be too sure. I suppose he doesn't know the fourth spinster lives just across the river?"

Then they all laughed.

A tall figure in a loose fishing-suit of gray followed the mountain stream down through the woods, and came out into the dark, sweet meadow. He paused a moment, lifting his head for the fresh river breeze, and caught the words and the laughter of the party under the elm. Then he struck over across the fields, whistling softly.

All too quickly the Summer days went by, and it was the last of July. Bessie's heart failed her at the thought of going home. Would she ever be so happy in all the world again? Would Mr. Vincent forget her? Oh, to go home where that horrid boarder was!



OUR DISASTER. —"'WHY, FAN LOVELL, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?' BESS ASKED, WITH WIDE EYES. 'A BOARDER! YOU THAT WOULDN'T HEAR OF SUCH A THING A MONTH AGO.'"— SEE PAGE 466.

"All alone, Miss Bessie? I was looking for you;" and Mr. Vincent came out into the vine-covered balcony where Bessie sat. Then, more softly, "Rob says you are going home to-morrow."

"Yes; I've been here a long time. They need me at home."

"Do you want to go?" he asked, bending to look into the averted face. "Shall you miss them all here very much?"

"Yes. I shall miss you, too, Mr. Vincent. You have been very kind."

"Oh! But, Miss Bessie, I don't think you will miss me," with a peculiar laugh. "They'll take up all your thoughts at home. Haven't you somebody staying there?"

"No," with a surprised look. "Yes, we have, too; but only that—a horrid boarder!" And the cheeks burned hotly.

"A *horrid boarder!* Why, don't you want him there?

XUM

Ah! now I remember you once told me you left home under peculiar circumstances. Was it that?"

"Yes, it was!" with quivering lip. "It spoiled everything. The girls say he's nice, but he's *my disaster!*"

* * * * * * *

"You can't see our boarder to-night, Bess," Fan announced, after tea. "He went away this morning, and said he shouldn't be back till late."

"Oh, I'm not pining!" Bess answered, rather crossly, going out into the porch where the shadows were beginning to deepen.

Somebody was coming up the road, whistling softly. She watched the figure a moment indifferently; then the whole sky flushed the color of a rose. She knew the tall figure and the firm, quick step. Mr. Vincent had *not* forgotten her.

"Well, I declare! If there isn't Mr. Gabriel, after all!" Belle exclaimed, bowing and smiling as the gentleman came through the gate, lifting his hat.

"Mr. *Gabriel!*" with a startled look, and in a faint voice. "You—don't—mean——"

Then she bowed coldly at the introduction, and turned away with flashing eyes and trembling mouth.

"My darling, can you forgive me?" a tender voice pleaded, and a tall head bent over a little figure hidden in the depths of a great chair, drawn quite away to the far end of the porch.

A short sob; then: "Oh, how could you deceive me so, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Vincent Gabriel, little one. I didn't mean to deceive you, but you know when Rob introduced us that night he called me Vincent, and I knew you took it for my last name. Afterward I couldn't bear to tell you. I wanted to hear you say it so always. That was before I was sure you were the fourth spinster. When I knew that for certain I was afraid to tell you, because I knew you could never look upon me other than as a *disaster*," raising the bent face in his hands.

They fixed it somehow between them, for I've got a wedding to prepare for in September, and I've lost one of my girls through *that Summer boarder.*

Ah, yes! He may well laugh at us all about the Villainous and the Vanquished, since he's come off victorious.

NYLGHAU-HUNTING IN CANDEISH, INDIA.

The nylghau, as this animal is generally called, both by natives and residents of India, is known to zoologists as *Antilope picta*, or *Portex tragocamelus.* It is one of the largest of the antelope tribe, and but little inferior in size to the South African eland (*Antilope oreas*), the giant of the class, with which animal the nylghau has some marked resemblances in form, gait and habits.

Owing to their proportionately more powerful limbs heavier build, etc., than most others of the numerous antelope species, as well as owing to their peculiarly cattle-like gait and general appearance, some zoologists distinguish the eland, the gnu, the kamma, the bubalus (*Ant. bubalus*), the addax, the nylghau, etc., very appropriately as "bovine antelopes."

The full-grown nylghau stands between four and five feet in height at the shoulder, its body is from five to six feet in length, and the whole animal weighs from six hundred to one thousand pounds. The male is considerably larger than the female, and furnished with a pair of smooth black horns, about a foot in length, and finely curbed, their sharply-pointed tips verging slightly forward and toward each other.

The female is destitute of horns. The ears of both sexes are long and somewhat pendulant, the eyes large, soft, and brilliantly black, and nose and mouth shaped like those of the bovine race. The neck is slightly arched, similar to that of the horse, and furnished with a short black mane; a tuft of black hair adorns the throat, from a little below the head down to the chest. Between the shoulders sets a low hump of fat, as is the case with the eland and zebu, or Indian ox, only it is much smaller than that of the latter animal, and is covered with shaggy black hair. A black streak runs along the spine to the end of the tail, which resembles an ox-tail, and finishes, like the latter, in a long tuft of hair. The animal's coat of hair is dark gray, mouse or slate-colored, except that part of the throat underneath and nearest to the lower jaw, and the parts between the hind-quarters, both of which are white.

The nylghau does not roam about in large herds, like the eland and most of the other species of antelope, but is seldom seen in numbers exceeding six. It inhabits the densest forests and thickets of India and Persia, where it usually ruminates during daylight in some shady retreat until nightfall, when it ventures on the plains, and usually selects cotton-fields for a pasture-ground, it being very fond of browsing on young cotton-stalks; consequently it does a great deal of damage in the cotton districts, where it abounds. It usually retreats to the forest shortly after sunrise, and lies down there, and does not stir again before sunset, unless startled by the close approach of man or some ferocious animal, when it suddenly starts to its feet and decamps if possible; but if seriously wounded or surrounded, it will stand at bay, and fight obstinately with its horns and feet—nay, even with its teeth—charging like a mad bull, and kicking, biting and snorting like a vicious horse. It has been known to effectually dispose of hunters and ferocious animals when forced to fight for its life.

Like the eland and the gnu, it is not nearly so shy as the smaller species of the antelope, and may sometimes be approached to a distance of less than three hundred yards, even by a hunter in European costume, rifle in hand, on open ground; while the natives of the country, especially the all but naked inhabitants of the cotton regions of India, can approach it within one hundred yards before it makes off, if they do not carry a stick, spear or musket in their hands. If not pursued, it walks off leisurely, but nobly, and with elastic pace, carrying its head high, waving the ears gently to and fro, stopping and turning around from time to time to see whether it is still followed; but if it plainly sees that it is pursued, it stamps once or twice firmly on the ground with one of its forefeet, as sheep do when they see a dog approach them, then it snorts, shakes its ears, and starts off at a swinging trot. After running a few hundred yards, it will stop, turn around and look at its pursuer; if he stills comes on, it will resume its flight, stop again, and so on, until it is out of sight. This swinging trot—the gait of the running ox, camel, giraffe, etc.—is the animal's fastest speed; wherefore it could be easily overtaken, on a short run and fair ground, by a man mounted on a good horse. Having once assumed this gait, however, the nylghau can, if need be, keep it up all day without slacking, and will invariably keep it up until it gets safely under cover in the forest, which is usually not far off, and where it can outdodge any horse or hunter.

Numbers of these animals are annually caught alive by the native peasantry of the districts where they abound, by means of pit-falls—holes dug in the ground, about six feet square by five feet in depth, carefully covered with brushwood, which breaks down into the pit the moment the animal steps upon it.

When caught young, the nylghau is capable of domestication, and easily broken in for the carriage; but when old, it is liable to be vicious.

The flesh of the nylghau is quite palatable, especially that of the young animal, which is very good and savory indeed.

Having now given as accurate a description of this giant antelope as I am able to give, I will relate one of my adventures with the same, while hunting in the cotton districts of Candeish, India.

A few years ago, while living in Bombay, I became accidentally acquainted with Mr. Charles Brooks, a middle-aged Englishman of gigantic stature and unusual physical strength, but a jolly, good-natured fellow withal, an old resident of India, and somewhat famous in that part of the world as an inveterate hunter and crack shot; although the smooth-bored, double-barreled shooting-iron he acquired his fame with was, in reality, but a portion of a gun, six or eight inches of the upper end of both barrels having been blown off, years ago, in consequence of the unusual test he was accustomed to put the poor barrels to, by loading both of them with spherical one-ounce balls, and occasionally firing both barrels off simultaneously.

The accident just mentioned did not much injure the old gun in the estimation of its owner, who possessed no other firearms; on the contrary, he sawed off the splinters of the two barrels, coolly adjusted a new brass head to the remainder, and then impudently declared the decapitated gun handier, better and safer than ever. I used to doubt this cheeky assertion, and, although by no means of a nervous disposition, could never muster pluck enough to stand near him when he recklessly blazed away with it, as I was always afraid that "the old horse-pistol," as we delighted to call that fractional fowling-piece, might fly in splinters about my ears.

But the way big Brooks handled that shooting-iron was simply unique; he could hit anything with it—no matter whether it flew, jumped, ran, swam, crawled, or stood quiet—and to Brooks and his horse-pistol Brooks's friends owed most of their venison all the year round.

It was a matter of common occurrence with him to shoot four, five or six deer in a few hours, and he was able to produce more skins, horns, skulls, paws, claws, tails and teeth of self-slain wild animals than swaggering Gordon Cumming and woolly-horse Barnum could exhibit together.

Plain, modest Brooks invited Major B—— of the —th Engineers, and Captain X—— of the Thirty-third Regiment of Infantry (Duke of Wellington's), then stationed at Bombay—both of which gentlemen he knew—and the author of this article, with whom he got acquainted at a rifle-match on the Bombay Flats (flat-lands), to pay him (Brooks) a visit at his home in Nandgaum, a small village in the cotton district of Candeish, some two hundred miles northwest of Bombay, on the railroad from Bombay to Ahmedabad, with which railroad he was at that time connected in some capacity or other.

A few weeks after Brooks' visit to Bombay, the party invited by him started together for Nandgaum, with the intention of spending several days in hunting with him. We did not find him at home, but were told by "the old woman" that he was out shooting, and would probably be back shortly. Indeed, we had scarcely received this information, when we saw him crossing the railroad-track, with a fine "black buck" (the male of a species of antelope—*Antilope sasin*—of the size of a goat, with long, curved, knotty horns; the buck is black on the back and white on the belly, the doe fawn-colored instead of black), across his athletic shoulders, and carrying his "horse-pistol" like a prayer-book, under his arm.

He welcomed us with a squeeze of the paw that nearly drove the blood from under our finger-nails, and then sent word by the engineer of a passing freight-train to "Dan" to come down by the next train, all ready for a "pop." This "Dan" turned out to be Mr. Daniel Shepherd, Brooks' bosom friend, who, living about ten miles further up the railroad-track, made his appearance as requested; a high square-rigger (gin-bottle) sticking out of his unfathomable coat-pocket, an old-fashioned, but still full-length, double-barreled fowling-piece in one hand, and on the other two long-legged, shockingly lean grayhounds, coupled together by their collars. He was a man over fifty years of age, yet remarkably vigorous and active, considering the twenty years he had already spent under the torrid sun of India, his weakness for a drop of "the stiffener," and for his other solace, the old, rank brier-root pipe, which appeared constantly to suffer from obstinate obstruction of the air-passage.

The old man was duly introduced to us by our host, and soon became quite communicative, but was cruelly confiscated by our hostess to do duty as assistant engineer in the kitchen department. An inexhaustible supply of fresh and savory venison-steaks, and other edibles of the district, were served for supper, and we all "pitched in" right manfully. The remainder of the evening was spent in talking, smoking, and getting our hunting-gear into serviceable shape for next morning.

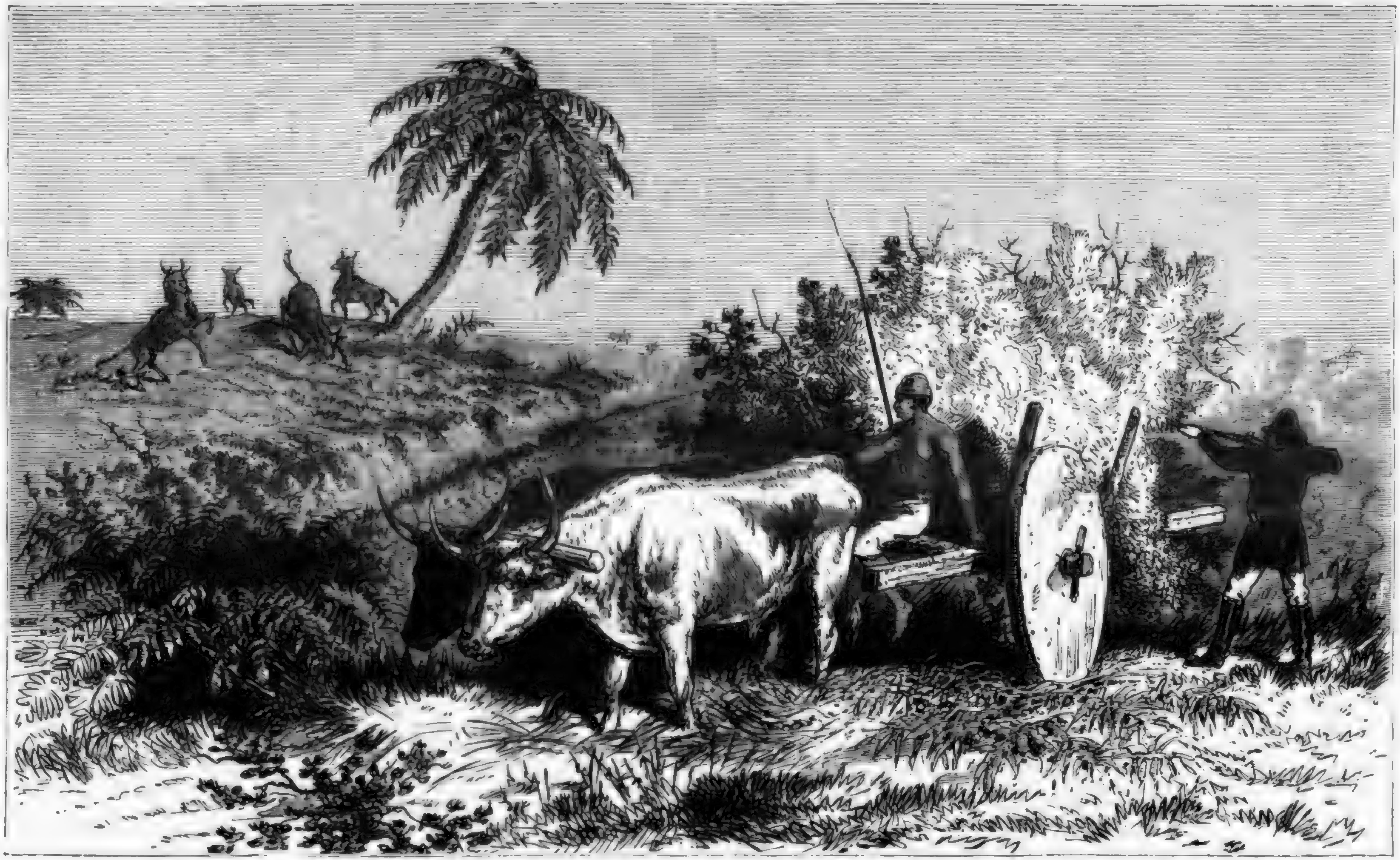
The visitors from Bombay retired early, and took up their quarters for the night at the railroad depot adjoining, where we found, in the waiting-room for first-class passengers, a few lounges, on which we spent the night as comfortably as rattling trains, that rolled past the station every now and then, and clouds of musquitoes, which danced hornpipes on our noses, would permit; while Brooks, Shepherd and "the old woman" sat up, talking politics, zoology and roast venison nearly all night, with Shepherd's square-rigger in the centre of the table, as chairman of the committee.

Nearly two hours before daylight, we suddenly heard the door of the waiting-room—which we had locked to keep out thieves, if there were any in the neighborhood—rattle as violently as if a bear wanted to get admittance. It was only good, honest Brooks, however, whose burly form, in *neglige—vulgo*, night-shirt—came to inform us, in a "basso profundo" voice, that it was time to get up.

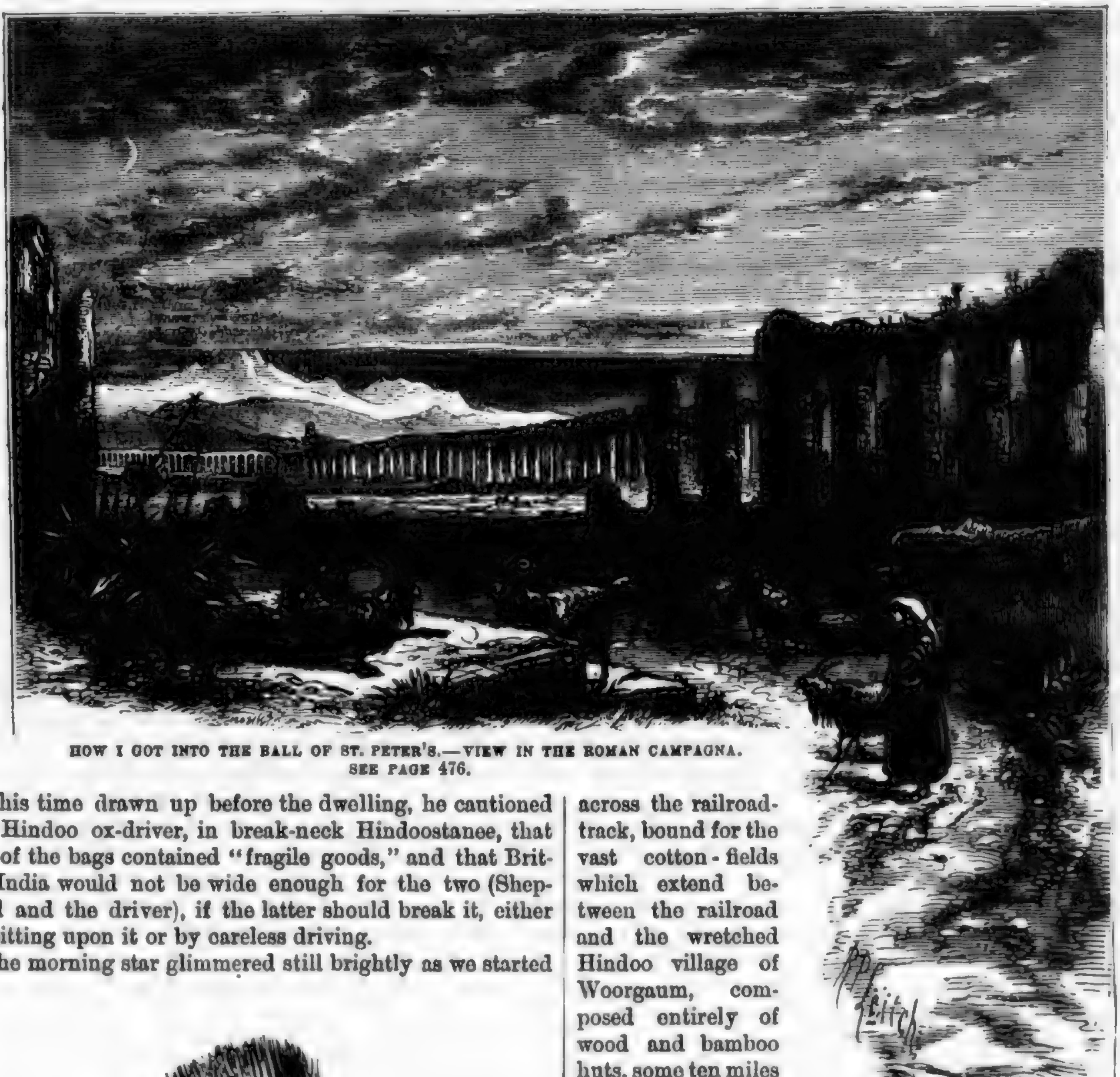
Hurriedly dressing by the dim light of an oily lantern, we repaired to the shanty next door, where Brooks kept house.

There, those of us who could not "go" genuine Holland so early in the morning were served by "the old woman" with what she called a good strong cup of coffee. Strong it was, to be sure; but it tasted much more like turpentine than like Mocha.

A bag of ship's biscuit, a box with salt and pepper, a tin can with cheese, and a few junks of sun-dried venison, fearfully peppered and as hard as a bone, were stowed away in a bag by Brooks, while Shepherd, in consequence of recent liberal libations, looked as if he couldn't tell within a week what time of the day or night it was; nevertheless, he succeeded in wrapping his inseparable square-rigger, like a baby, in another bag, and, placing both on one of the two bullock-carts which had



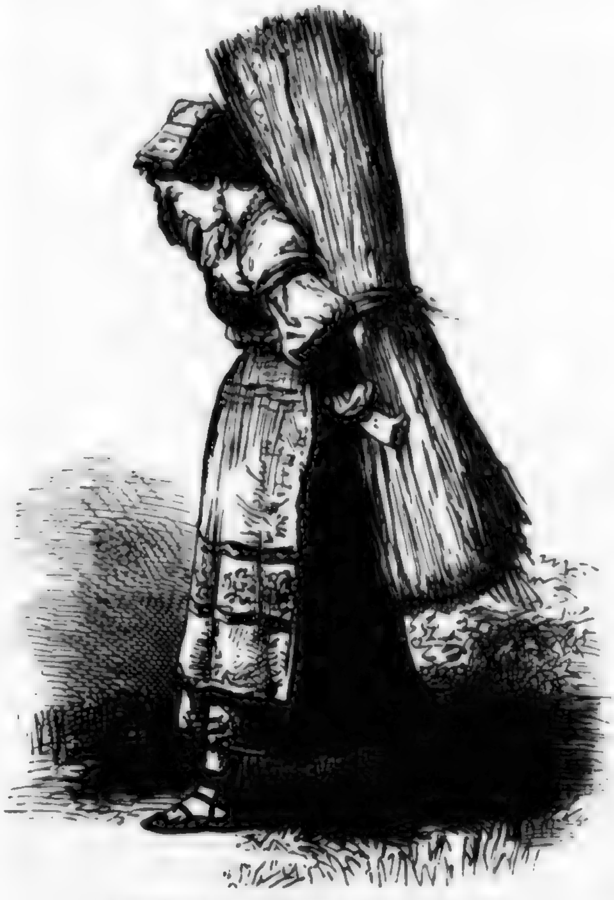
NYLGHAU-HUNTING IN CANDEISH, INDIA. —"BANG! WENT THE LEADEN MESSENGER OF DEATH, THE NOBLE ANIMAL REARED HIGH ON HIS HIND-QUARTERS, STAGGERED AN INSTANT, AND THEN FELL FORWARD UPON HIS KNEES, STRUGGLING HARD TO RISE AGAIN."—SEE PAGE 470.



HOW I GOT INTO THE BALL OF ST. PETER'S.—VIEW IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA. SEE PAGE 476.

by this time drawn up before the dwelling, he cautioned the Hindoo ox-driver, in break-neck Hindoostanee, that one of the bags contained "fragile goods," and that British India would not be wide enough for the two (Shepherd and the driver), if the latter should break it, either by sitting upon it or by careless driving.

The morning star glimmered still brightly as we started across the railroad-track, bound for the vast cotton-fields which extend between the railroad and the wretched Hindoo village of Woorgaum, composed entirely of wood and bamboo huts, some ten miles off the railroad-track, west of Nandgaum, and located on the steep slope of a huge solitary mound, or, rather, low, conical-shaped mountain, which rises above the undulating plain, visible at a distance of nearly ten miles.



A PEASANT GIRL OF THE CAMPAGNA, ROME.

The early morning's air was quite bracing, and imparted a peculiar ashy hue to the tawny skin of our all but naked bullock-cart drivers, who followed with their cumbrous two-wheeled vehicles closely in our wake, partially muffled in their tattered, dark gray woolen blankets.

By the time we had traveled about two miles, the day began to break, the dark firmament gradually changed into a lighter hue, one star after another faded away, the odd-looking, fantastic forms of the prickly-pear bushes on both sides of the track assumed explicable shape and color, and appeared no longer like weird phantoms stretching out their arms, as if endeavoring to prevent our passage. Solitary wild pigeons, perched here and there on the bushes and tree-tops, began to coo lustily, and the screeching shriek of the swallow-tailed green parrot, startled at our approach, was occasionally heard from the crowns of the stunted palm-trees.

After awhile we reached a thicket of brushwood, where we halted, and set to cutting some of it; and Brooks and Shepherd dextrously fastened it on the two bullock-carts in such a manner as to serve us subsequently as "blinds," or "covers"—the usual means employed by antelope hunters in India to get within convenient range of the shy and suspicious game, which, from being so accustomed to the sight of these rural teams, will scarcely deign to notice them until they get within one hundred yards of them, when the leader of the herd considers it about time to keep an eye upon the tottering vehicle. The remainder of the troop browse on, relying entirely on the watchfulness of their leader—usually an old, stately buck. With head erect and ears pricked, he watches every motion of the suspicious-looking ox-team. An indiscreet approach, either in a direct line or otherwise, an unusual motion, the flash of a gun-barrel, the click of the lock, or the slightest exposure from behind the brushwood blind of the hunter's head, arm, leg, rifle, etc., is sufficient to induce the cautious leader to give the challenge—a stamp on the ground with one of his fore-feet. Instantly the heads of all the animals are raised, their keen eyes are riveted upon the vehicle, a slight commotion is perceptible among them. The signal for the general stampede—a faint nasal whistle escaping the nostrils of the leader—is distinctly heard, and off bound the nimble animals, helter-skelter, over the uneven ground; stopping, if not fired upon, a few hundred yards further on, to look back, as if wondering what they really felt so scared about, for there in the hollow still jogs on the bullock-cart, of which they have seen so many pass by in the course of their lives, without in the least interfering with them.

But if fired upon, especially if they see one or more of their number roll over and kick up the dust, or if pursued with grayhounds, they travel over the ground with astonishing rapidity, bounding away on all-fours simultaneously, and apparently scarcely touching the ground at all with their tapering feet. A few minutes more, and they have vanished over hill and dale, and need not be looked for any more that day, as they will take good care to keep out of harm's way during the next day or two.

Grayhounds, of course, run on a fool's errand after a full-grown antelope in dry weather, as they cannot overtake it unless it be badly wounded. In wet weather, however, or when the ground is moist and soft, good hounds often succeed in running them down, as the sharply-pointed little hoofs of the smaller species of antelope sink much deeper in the soft ground, and thereby impede the speed far more than the comparatively soft and broad feet of a hound.

Unless it be for the sole purpose of running down wounded animals, it is, therefore, not only folly, but downright cruelty, to let hounds chase antelopes over dry or stony ground, as the poor brutes will almost invariably return unsuccessful, dejected, and suffering seriously from lameness and bleeding paws. The severe friction of the soles of their feet upon the hot, hard and rough ground over which they have to speed rapidly wears out and lacerates their foot-soles, and thereby renders them incapable of running again until the feet are thoroughly healed. On hard, dry ground, they can seldom run more than three times a day before their feet get sore and painful.

But let me resume the thread of my narrative. The garnishing of the two bullock-carts with brushwood being accomplished, we soon reached a locality where the road divided into two branches—one leading to the left, the other to the right.

Here it was resolved that we, too, should divide into two parties, each to be accompanied by one of the two ox-teams.

Brooks and the two army officers chose the right-hand track, while Shepherd—who had by this time become as sober and rational as a Quaker—and I were to follow the left one. Both parties were to meet again about noon, at the village of Woorgaum, previously referred to.

Wishing each other success, we parted company—our friends offering to bet odds that they would bag more game than we should; a wager promptly taken up by plucky old Shepherd.

We soon lost sight of the other party, but about sunrise we reached the top of a low hill, whence we espied our friends, nearly two miles off on the plain, steadily making toward a troop of black bucks browsing in the cotton-fields.

Having, however, no time to waste in idly looking on, for the sun was already rising, we did not wait for the result, the more so as we simultaneously discovered a troop of black bucks about a mile off, at the bottom of a shallow valley.

We got within about two hundred yards of them, when I wanted to fire—being provided with one of Sharpe's best double-barreled sporting-rifles.

Shepherd, however, who only sported a smooth-bore gun, objected, and naturally desired to get closer, so as also to be able to reach them. Observing, however, a commotion among them, he told me to fire, while he would attend to the hounds.

I did fire, and one of the bucks rolled over and over, but jumped up again in an instant, and bolted after the others, apparently as hale and hearty as ever. Unfortunately, Shepherd had slipped the hounds, which dashed after the buck, although with scarcely a chance of success, as he vanished with the others across the undulating plain. The hounds, too, were soon out of sight, and nearly an hour elapsed before they returned, panting and quite knocked up.

We were not much pleased with this our first exploit; but then there was plenty more game on the plains, and our next attempt might prove more satisfactory. So reasoning, we moved slowly on, until we fell in with another small herd of black bucks, perhaps thirty in number, which browsed as quietly as a flock of sheep.

They were scattered over a perfectly smooth and level field. Everything looked favorable for us, when all of a sudden one of the oxen stupidly stepped into a deep hole, from which he was unable to withdraw his leg—having sunk up to the shoulder into it.

This unusual movement of the ox, accompanied by the abrupt stopping of the cart, was enough to startle the herd, then scarcely one hundred and fifty yards off, and away they bounded, huddled rather closely together.

Shepherd and I peppered into them, and had the satisfaction of seeing one buck knocked over and struggling on the ground, and another of his fugitive companions could be seen lagging considerably behind the herd, in consequence of a shattered hind-leg.

Shepherd again let go the hounds; but, as the first-mentioned buck made strenuous though vain efforts to get away too, the hounds naturally made first for him, and pinned him to the ground until we came up and dispatched him.

By this time, however, the rest of the herd had got nearly a mile away, but their three-legged companion brought up the rear fully three hundred yards behind them. Shepherd, anxious not to let him escape us, left me with the ox-team and the dead buck, and started with the hounds in pursuit of the straggler.

The driver and I pitched the game upon the cart, and followed the old man as fast as we could, but soon found the ground so rough and impracticable that we had to make a wide circuit around the rugged hill, and thus lost Shepherd until we all met again at Woorgaum.

I told the driver to move on, leaving it entirely to him to select the track, while I quietly jogged on under cover of the cart, waiting patiently "for something to turn up."

After a protracted zigzag march, which was slow and tiresome, we descended into a shallow valley, the green fields and bushes at the lower end of which seemed to indicate the presence of water; at the same time I noticed that the bottom of the valley was alive with all kinds of game. I even saw the brilliant lustre of the plumage of several peacocks which proudly stalked about the outskirts of the underwood.

While deliberating in my mind what sort of game I would try to secure when we should get to the bottom of the valley, I accidentally cast my look upon a rather short but stout palm-tree, with a voluminous crown, scarcely two hundred yards off to my left, when, lo! I was astonished to see four large, stately animals, about the size and build of two-year-old colts, standing immovable in the scanty shade of that palm-tree, their large eyes riveted upon me and the bullock-cart.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings I had just at that moment; suffice it to say that I doubted being in my right senses, so much was I taken aback by this unexpected sight. These animals were evidently not horses, for I could plainly see the black horns of the two largest of them; nor were they bullocks, because they stood much higher on their feet, were less heavily built, and carried their beautiful heads like the noblest of stags. What kind of animals could they be, then?

The unicorn on the British coat-of-arms shot through my mind; but that fabulous animal was not likely to give me a private exhibition *in corpore* on the arid flats of Candeish. Here was a puzzle. I turned for an explanation to the Hindoo who piloted the oxen. He, too, saw them, but would probably have kept silent and driven on had I not, half suspecting the character of these, up to then, to me all but unknown animals, uttered interrogatively the word, "Nylghau?" "*Eh!*"—(*Anglice*, Yes)—he replied, dryly; but that single word was enough for me—indeed, all I wanted to know.

Cocking my rifle, I took a good steady aim, from a distance of not over one hundred and fifty yards, at the largest of the four animals, his broad chest, covered with shaggy black hair, offering a capital target. Bang! went the leaden messenger of death. The noble animal reared high on his hind-quarters, staggered an instant, and then fell forward upon his knees, struggling hard to rise again. Afraid that he might succeed in doing so, I gave him the contents of the other barrel. The ball struck him in the head; over and over the animal rolled, and finally fell into a crevasse, or dry watercourse, at the base of the slope upon which the four nylghaus had been standing.

But, strange to say, though I had fired twice, the other buck, or bull, did not stir from his post. He had reared high on his hind-legs at every shot, but seemed to be riveted with them to the ground, either paralyzed with terror, or from sympathy and attachment for his dead companion. The two cows, however, had, immediately after the second report of my rifle, trotted off at a swinging pace, abandoning their two mates to their fate.

I could not help experiencing a slight feeling of remorse at the idea of ruthlessly destroying two of these noble animals; indeed, I thought it scarcely fair for me to practice at these living, almost immovable targets, at so short a range; but the opportunity of bagging two such splendid specimens of the antelope tribe was of too rare occurrence to be neglected, and the desire to make old Shepherd win the wager squelched my scruples of conscience. I therefore hastily proceeded to reload my rifle, when, lo! I discovered that I had lost my ramrod on my zigzag travels around the hill. The disgust with which I viewed my dilemma can easier be imagined than described.

There I stood, face to face with the magnificent nylghau bull, separated from him only by a crevasse scarcely thirty feet wide by about ten feet in depth, yet unable to "settle" him, merely because the confounded ramrod chose to be missing just when most needed; and where to find a substitute for it, in the God-forsaken country, so arid and stony as not even to be capable of producing a straight twig or rod but three feet in length!

Thus I soliloquized, cursed my poor luck, assumed the complexion of an irate turkey, closely scrutinized every twig on the bullock-cart, and the scanty crop of miserable, stunted and knotty brushwood all around me. But it was of no avail; a straight rod was a thing not to be found in the wretched country, and to attack my powerful antagonist with no other weapons than my hunting-knife and the butt-end of my rifle was too preposterous, as I was fully aware that the latter would be shivered to atoms in the contest, and the animal was not worth to me the price of my rifle; besides, I knew, from experiences my stalwart friend Brooks professed to have had with these animals, that they were ugly customers to deal with when made to stand at bay, and I was not over-anxious to be unceremoniously lifted by his sharp horns, and pitched down all in a heap upon my victim in the crevasse.

What was to be done, then, became the question. I told the Hindoo to run back on the track we had left behind us, for half a mile or so, and to try to find my ramrod. He attempted to excuse himself, asserting that the bullocks would not stand still so long. I told him they would, even if I had to knock them dead with my useless gun-barrels. He saw I meant business, and started on his errand.

The oxen did stand, as I thought they would. Waiting a long time for the driver to come back, I thought I might in the meantime look after my nylghau in the crevasse. Marching toward it briskly, my antagonist on the other side of the ditch, probably scared at my flushed complexion and sweet temper, gave a parting snort, kicked up his heels, and made off.

Arrived on the brink of the crevasse, sure enough there lay the dead bull; but to get him out of it without cutting him up, I saw at once was beyond the power of two men.

By-and-by the Hindoo returned, trembling like a leaf, because he came without the ramrod. From him I learned that we were not over two miles from Woorgaum; there I told him to drive as fast as the oxen could travel, and as I felt the pangs of hunger and thirst quite severely by this time, I took passage on board the bullock-cart, and rattled over stick and stone into Woorgaum, where I found all my companions, hale and hearty.

They had bagged quite a number of black bucks and spotted deer, and began to tease me about my luck, when I told them coolly that I had shot a buck which would outweigh all of theirs, if they would but lend me a hand to get it out of the crevasse.

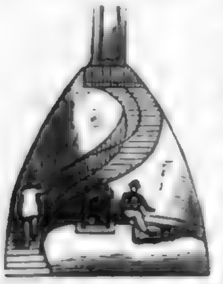
After a hearty lunch had been taken, we all marched to the scene of my strife, where I was unanimously declared the champion of that day's shooting, and Shepherd the winner of the bet.

The nylghau having been declared inextricable in bulk by practical Brooks, it was promptly flayed, cut up, and hoisted out of the crevasse. That evening we brought enough venison home to "the old woman" to feed the population of the village of Nandgaum for over a week.

HOW I GOT INTO THE BALL OF ST. PETER'S.

By Frank Leslie.

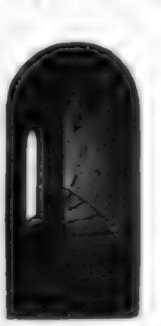
Most persons are aware that the cathedral church of St. Peter's, in Rome, is the grandest edifice for Christian worship in the world; that it is presided over by the Pope himself, who resides in a vast pile adjoining, the Vatican, within which are collected treasures of art of centuries. But as some of my readers may not be familiar with St. Peter's, I will relate a few facts concerning it for their information.


THE HALL LEADING TO THE STAIRWAY.

Three hundred and fifty years were spent in building this structure, extending through the reigns of no less than forty-three Popes. It covers an area of nearly six acres, and it cost fifty millions of dollars. The annual amount expended in keeping it in repair is upward of forty thousand dollars.

It is six hundred and thirteen and a half feet long inside the walls, four hundred and forty-six and a half feet wide, and four hundred and forty-eight feet high from the pavement to the top of the cross. Beneath the pavement is the crypt, so that the actual height from the foundation to the top of the cross is four hundred and eighty feet, making it, by nearly fifty feet, the loftiest dome in the world. The diameter of the dome is one hundred and ninety-five and a half feet, and the height of the façade, or vestibule, from the top of which the Pope gives his benediction on feast-days, is one hundred and forty-eight and a half feet.

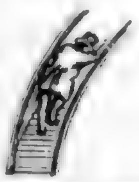
It is a common saying, that "When you go to Rome you should do as the Romans do." Had I limited myself thus, it is quite certain that I never should have found my way into the ball of St. Peter's, as the Romans content themselves with a view of its exterior, and it is left to the sight-seer to gratify his curiosity by mounting to the top of this world-renowned dome. Having seen most of the famous sights in and around Rome, this was the next thing to be "done." In vain I tried to persuade my companions to accompany me; they had "been there," and had no desire to "do it" again. So I determined to go alone.


THE GENTLY INCLINED CIRCULAR PLANE.

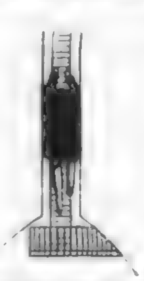
Many years before, I had seen London from the top of St. Paul's—by no means an every-day sight, as the atmosphere is generally so dense with smoke that it is impossible to see even the street beneath from the top of the dome, but on the occasion of my visit a fresh breeze had cleared the atmosphere.

I had been to the top of the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna, up the Campanile at Venice, to the summit of the Rathhaus at Brussels, and—only a little while before—to the ashy lip of Vesuvius. My bump of locality is largely developed, and I like to study a city from an elevation, as I would a map. In this way one gets a better idea of Venice from a half-hour's view of it from the top of the Campanile than could be got from paddling through its narrow canals for months in a gondola.

I sallied from the Hotel de Russie, at the foot of the Pincian Hill, on a warm morning in June, '67. Having provided myself with the necessary order from the director or janitor of St. Peter's, I readily obtained admission to the hall leading to the stairway. The elaborate iron fretwork door, locked and barred, and guarded by an official, is only opened to visitors presenting orders in due form, and then only from eight to twelve o'clock; and no person is allowed to remain after one o'clock.


THE FIRST STONE STAIRWAY.

The first one hundred and eighty-five feet, leading from the floor to the top of the vestibule, has a very easy ascent, being a gently inclined circular plane, without steps, about six feet wide, and floored with brick. From a door at the head of the incline the visitor emerges on the top of the vestibule, which, paved with flags, is four hundred and sixty-eight feet long by fifty feet wide, forming a magnificent promenade.

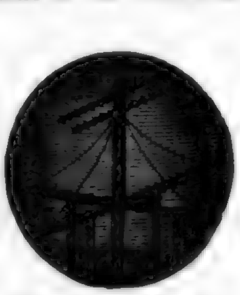

GETTING INTO THE BALL.

Up to this point I could have ridden on horseback, the ascent being so gradual. I began to congratulate myself on the trifling effort required to gain such a magnificent view, but soon found that I had only got over the easiest part of my task. Crossing over the roof of the nave, and entering a small door, I next commenced to climb the drum which sustains the dome.

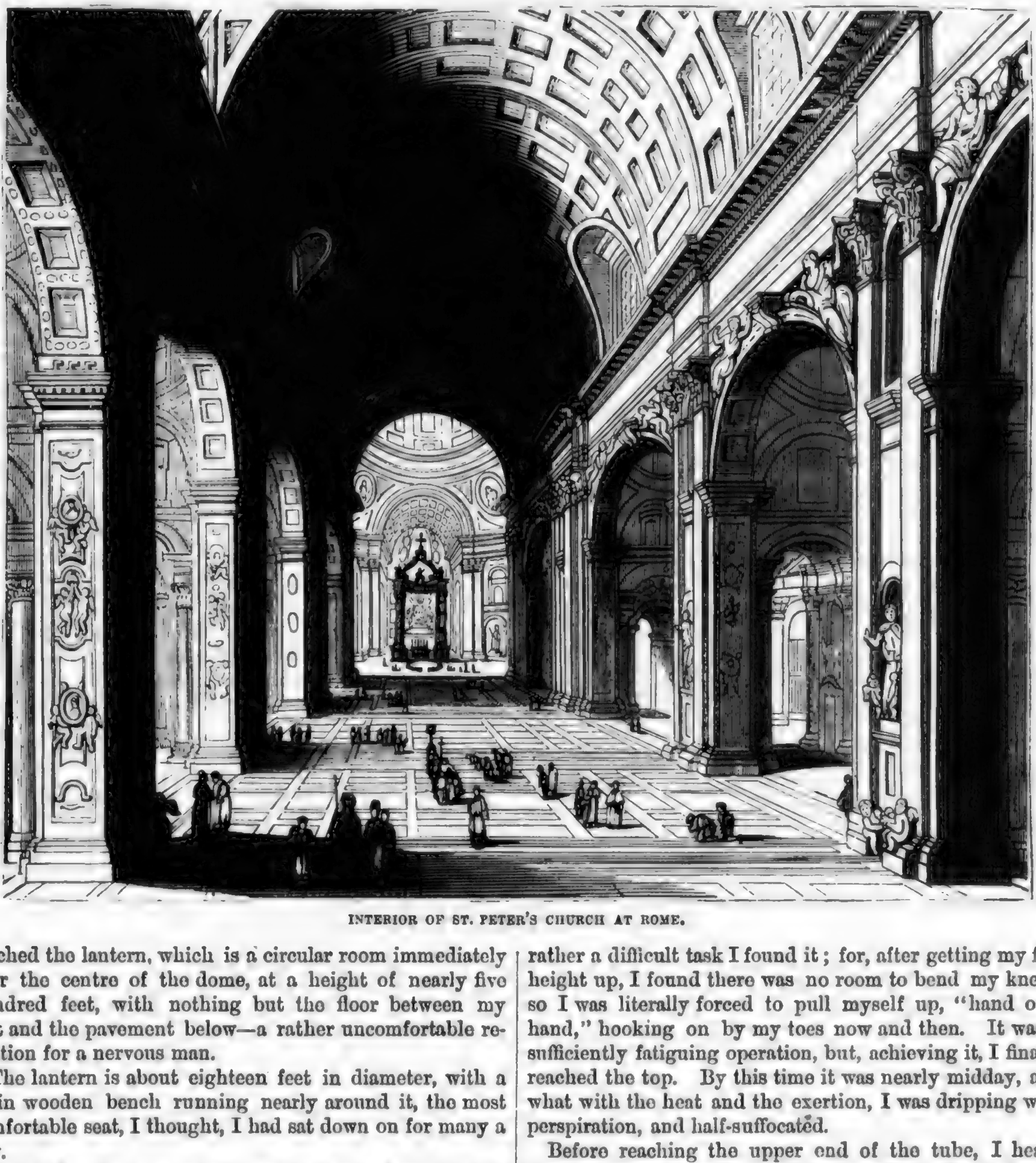
The stone stairway runs around between the outer and inner shells of the drum and dome. It is said that the idea of making it double originated with Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, painter and architect, who died in his eighty-ninth year (1563), on the completion of the drum, and just as the dome was commenced. He declared that he would "raise the Pantheon in the air," but never lived to see his project realized.

Up, up, up what appears to be an interminable circular stairway, with steps well worn by previous sight-seers, between two bare walls. Finally an opening presents itself, leading to the inner gallery, running around the dome high over the tomb of St. Peter. In making the circuit at this dizzy height, I looked down upon the high altar and the people below. It must have been from some such position that the author of "Gulliver's Travels" conceived the idea of the Lilliputians, for what else did human beings look like from this elevation, unless dwarfs, moving to and fro!

Looking up into the top of the dome from this gallery, the frescoes, which from the pavement below appear so elaborately finished, are discovered to be in reality executed in a coarse but vigorous style, intended to produce the proper effect when viewed from a distance.


INTERIOR OF THE BALL.

Leaving the second or higher gallery, I commenced to climb the dome; but this was by no means a pleasant undertaking, it being concave on the inside of the outer wall, and convex on the outside of the inner wall. The higher I ascended, the more I had to incline to the right hand, and on the upper part had to support myself with my hands on the right-hand wall, to prevent myself from falling sideways. Around and around, until, dizzy, by-and-by I came to an opening in the inner wall of the dome, protected by two horizontal iron bars. Looking down from this height, the people seemed almost like ants creeping from place to place. Still ascending, the reclining position became more and more unpleasant, and I was not sorry when I



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

reached the lantern, which is a circular room immediately over the centre of the dome, at a height of nearly five hundred feet, with nothing but the floor between my feet and the pavement below—a rather uncomfortable reflection for a nervous man.

The lantern is about eighteen feet in diameter, with a plain wooden bench running nearly around it, the most comfortable seat, I thought, I had sat down on for many a day.

Here I found many travelers, who, having been into the ball, were enjoying the magnificent sight presented from the windows of this room. They descended, and I climbed up a staircase on the side of the miniature dome, from the top of which rises a perpendicular tube, leading to the ball, twenty-five feet long, and something less than two feet in diameter; against one side of this is securely fastened an iron ladder.

When I saw the small hole I had to go through, leading up into almost total darkness above, I began to question myself whether it would "pay," considering that I could see nothing more when I got there than I had seen in the room just below. But as I had set out to get into the ball, into the ball I would go. Now, I do not consider myself by any means an obese man, but I do admit having my bones comfortably covered with flesh; and it began to dawn upon me that there would not be much room to spare when I got into that tube. Suppose I should squeeze myself up to the top and stick there! Not a pleasant reflection to a man who was expected at a dinner-party that evening. I nevertheless began to climb the ladder, and rather a difficult task I found it; for, after getting my full height up, I found there was no room to bend my knees, so I was literally forced to pull myself up, "hand over hand," hooking on by my toes now and then. It was a sufficiently fatiguing operation, but, achieving it, I finally reached the top. By this time it was nearly midday, and what with the heat and the exertion, I was dripping with perspiration, and half-suffocated.

Before reaching the upper end of the tube, I heard strange sounds above me, and hesitated whether I should not literally "back down." Suppose some one was descending, wearing heavy boots? Or might not some one be waiting up there to give me a rap on the head, rifle my pockets, and be off while I lay insensible? My fears, however, vanished when I got into the ball and found nothing more dangerous than a woman, whose outline I could just make out in the gloom. At first I wondered how she ever got up there, and then I wondered twice as much as to how she was ever going to get down again. I rather suspect that she, too, was wondering how that feat was to be achieved.

She proved to be a young American lady, stopping at our hotel. She had a slight figure, and, as hoopskirts are smaller at the top than at the bottom, I could see that she might very easily squeeze herself up this iron well; but what kind of a figure would she cut in descending? In fact, how was she to get down? To tell the truth, I was more occupied, while recovering breath, with these speculations, than with the interior of the ball I had worked so hard to get into. I found it to be a hollow globe, braced in every direction with iron bars, and capable of holding sixteen persons. The most singular thing about it is the reverberation of sound, which is something astonishing. The lowest tone is magnified into a shout.

It is related that two rural priests were in the ball some years ago, when a heavy thunderstorm came on, and the effect upon their nerves was so great that one died outright from fear, and the other was found insensible, but finally recovered sufficiently to relate his awful experience.

Having ascended the ball and "done it," and found "nothing in it" except the lady and her escort, my curiosity was gratified, and I descended to the room at the foot of the ladder—a comparatively easy task, as I had only to lower myself by my hands from bar to bar. Here I looked over the names of many royal and notable persons inscribed on the walls, and, among others, I noticed that of the Prince of Wales, who went into the ball February 10th, 1859.

While gazing out of the windows on the magnificent view spread before me—here Rome, with its vast stores of art, and monuments speaking of its ancient glory, across the bare Campagna to the blue Mediterranean on the one side and the Apennines on the other—and while completely absorbed in admiration of the scene, I was startled by hearing something drop at my feet. Turning around, I descried a hoopskirt, twisted into its smallest possible compass—a gentle intimation that its wearer was about to follow it. Respectfully, I was just about to open the door to leave the room ; but the young lady came down faster than she had intended or I had supposed possible, in a style of dress, or undress, better imagined than described. I met her several times after this, and she always gave me a peculiarly conscious recognition.

It is from the outer gallery at the top of the dome, and around which one may saunter at leisure, that the finest panorama of Rome and its environs is to be obtained. From here the Tiber appears to be little more than a yellow ribbon, and the carriages, horses and men in the grand court of the temple curiously like the tin toys representing such objects that we give to children. It is only from this gallery that a correct idea of the size of this vast structure is to be had. It is so immense that it can only be comprehended in detail, especially as its position is such that it cannot be taken in at a single view. Every visitor has, no doubt, been disappointed when looking at it for the first time. The façade, although one hundred and eighty feet high, looks relatively low, and, as the dome is placed far back over the intersection of the nave and transept, its lower part cannot be seen at all, either from the street leading to the building or from the great oval court in front. Besides, everything in and about St. Peter's is colossal, and in such perfect harmony as to increase the deception as regards its dimensions.

One of the grandest sights in Rome is the illumination of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday and the festival of St. Peter, when six thousand eight hundred lanterns and iron pans, filled with tallow and turpentine, are lighted as if by magic. This is accomplished by an army of men while the clock is striking the hour of nine.

When on the gallery I had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the dome is lighted—the most difficult part of the illumination, many lives having been lost in the operation. Around the roof of the dome are fixed rows of iron pans at regular intervals from top to bottom, and intermediately between the rows of pans are slight projections of iron serving as steps. The men, with ropes securely fastened around their waists at one end, and attached at the other to the balcony, have each a lighted torch in hand, and commence to descend, at the first stroke of nine, touching the wicks floating in the pans and saturated with turpentine, so as to light on the instant. On such occasions, the gardens on the Pincian Hill, the Square of the Quirinal, and the roofs and balconies of houses commanding a view of the great church are crowded with spectators, who get greatly excited as circle after circle of fire bursts up to meet the glowing rings from below, defining every column, pilaster and doorway of the vast edifice with lines of light.

If the Pope were to send a competent engineer to Washington, he could very easily learn how to light up his church in a single instant and with a flash of lightning. In the National Capitol is a gigantic electrical apparatus, so arranged that both the great halls of Congress, and the vast dome itself, small only by comparison with that of St. Peter's, may be lighted up, all or separately, in the twinkling of an eye, by the single turning of a knob. We make his Holiness a present of the suggestion.

The writer has only to say, in conclusion, that he does not propose to ascend a second time to the Ball of St. Peter's.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.

During the angling season of 1865 I was offered by a friend, who resided in Dublin, in the enjoyment of a large income, the use of a beautiful lodge, situated on the borders of Loch Talt, and in the midst of the most charming scenery in the west of Ireland.

"You are heartily welcome, my dear fellow," said the good-natured baronet. "I can't possibly go there this season, and I am only too glad to let you enjoy it. You must not expect much. Dan Mooney, my factotum, will give you mountain mutton, whisky pure from the still, snug rooms and the best of fishing."

It was impossible, even had it been my inclination, to refuse an offer so frankly made.

Before a week elapsed I had reached the West, and was seated, a solitary passenger, on the mail-car which, I was informed, would pass nearest to my destination.

"Pray, where is Loch Talt?" I inquired of the driver, who had just asked permission to give a "lift" to a weird-looking little old man, whom he called "Tim the Gossoon."

"Loch Talt, your honor? Why, there" (pointing with his whip), "at the other side of the black mountain, you see. But what does your honor want with Loch Talt?"

"I'm going there, my man—going to Sir William Courtney's lodge to fish."

"Thin may I ax your honor if ye've brought anything with you?"

"Yes, of course—rods, flies ; don't you see them?"

"Ah, but, your honor, thim's not what I mane ; onything to ate and drink?" whispered Phil.

"Of course not—the servant expects me," I replied, half amused and half vexed.

"Oh, thin, begorra, yer honor, ye can't go there at all, at all. Shure, it's starvation ye're going to. Tim, avich," turning around to the Gossoon, "here's a gintleman going to Loch Talt, an' bringing nauthing with him. What do ye think of that?"

"Oh, may the Holy Vargin stand betwane me and Loch Talt!" ejaculated this specimen of humanity, screwing his wizened features into a most comical shape. "It's joking he is, Phil."

"Ye'd better tell Father Tom——"

At this moment a short-coated lassie, without shoes or stockings, but with such a merry pair of dark eyes, came tripping down a lane, and asked for "letters for his riverence."

"Yes, ye little darlint. Jist run up and ax Father Tom to come down—he's wanting immediate—and I'll have the letters in a brace of shakes," replies Phil, in a coaxing voice, then diving into a bag that lay in the well of the car.

After a few minutes' delay a tall, portly gentleman made his appearance, his face beaming with humor and good-nature, and, saluting me, asked if he could be of any service. Phil anticipated my reply, b saying:

"It was myself that sent for your riverence, bekase his honor here is going to Loch Talt."

"To Sir William Courtney's, I suppose?" inquired the priest. "What then?"

"Just this, your riverence: his honor's brought nauthing with him but his own four bones and thim sticks," pointing contemptuously to my fishing paraphernalia. "It's purty tough ating thim'll be when the hunger gets nigh him, I'm thinking."

"Going to Loch Talt, and without any preparation!" cried the priest, becoming suddenly quite excited. "This can never be. Phil, off with the traps and rowl them up to the cottage lively." Then turning to me, "The fact of it is, you must make yourself as comfortable as you can in my little abode for the present, and to-morrow we'll talk about Loch Talt. But Phil is quite right, it would never do to send you on without first making certain how matters stand there."

With some apologies for thus intruding on the kind priest's hospitality, which were good-humoredly silenced, I soon found myself comfortably ensconced in a snug cottage, enjoying a joint of small, sweet mountain mutton, and a dish of delicious speckled trout, which had just been taken from a stream close by.

"It's mighty quare of Sir William," said Father Tom, half soliloquizing. "It's at his old tricks he is. However, here you are snug and welcome to-night, and to-morrow I'll see about it."

On the following day I found that Father Tom had started early, and was not to come back till the afternoon, but had made arrangements for my getting a good day's fishing; on his return he seemed to look more brightly on matters.

"I have been inquiring," said he, "and find there is really some preparation made for you, at least Dan Mooney is said to be flitting about as if something was up, so I think you may venture, and I'll start you early, as it's an ugly way from this. By-the-way, don't forget this: there's a gay little fellow up in those diggin's, one Bracy, who—heaven preserve her!—has brought his English wife to see the scenery; make him out, any way, for he is a decent creature, and it may save you from going mad for want of somebody to speak to."

Early on a splendid Autumn evening, as we wound round the black mountain, which seemed to frown defiance at all intruders, I once more inquired, "Where was Loch Talt?"

"Right forninst your honor," said my Jehu, pointing to a dark, dreary-looking lake, out of which, even at that early hour, circled a thick white vapor that brought forcibly to my mind the pestilential camping-ground in Bulgaria.

"But where's the lodge?" I inquired, uncomfortably.

"Bedad, we'll soon see that, your honor, as we round the pint, there—there it is!"

And there it was, in all truth—a one-storied hovel, badly whitewashed, the thatched roof heavy with green mildew, the once glazed windows partly stuffed with straw, the door rattling on its loosened hinges. My heart sank within me as I gazed on it, and were it not for very shame's sake I should once more have taken refuge with Father Tom.

"Hollo, Dan! you spalpeen, where are ye hiding? It's not the gauger; it's a raal gintleman from furrin parts cum to amuse himself," shouted the car-boy, laying a comical emphasis on the last words.

The spirit that was evoked by this summons startled me more than the lodge had done. A tall figure came swinging round the corner and stood bolt upright beside the car. It had a head, no doubt, for it bobbed, and a face, for it grinned; but that head only resembled a tangled mop of carroty color. The limbs from the knees up to the waist could boast a pair of old hunting-breeches that had, no doubt, seen many a hard day's sport, and were cleverly fastened round the wearer's loins with a wisp of hay; but the legs were quite innocent of stockings, and the feet only half-shod with broken shoes.

"This is Dan Mooney, yer honor; he has no English, but it's all one, for he knows what you say. Dan's not such an innocent as he looks."

On entering the lodge, I found that it consisted of two rooms and a potato-closet—one serving as kitchen and sleeping-apartment for Dan, his wife, and a group of children. In the other stood my bed, a four-poster—let it have its due—but evidently gone in the pins, the boards underneath having been apparently removed to give soft standing-ground for its poor feet. Matters did not look cheery, but I determined to see it out, and tried some colloquial proceedings with Dan, who appeared much affected when he found that I had brought some groceries, as well as some bread and part of a ham, that the good priest had stowed away in our car.

With these, assisted by an old cock, slain by Mrs. Dan, and some good potatoes, I satisfied my hunger, and managed to sleep, notwithstanding the immediate vicinity of the entire Mooney family.

On the following morning I was able to take my bearings, and ascertain my position in all its sober reality. I was the inhabitant of a wretched cabin in the most remote part of Ireland, situated on a dreary bog, surrounded by a dark, gloomy lake, from which emanated at night a pestilential vapor. I was mated with a wild being not more civilized than a wild Indian; and had but scant provisions to eke out the potatoes, the sole produce of the place.

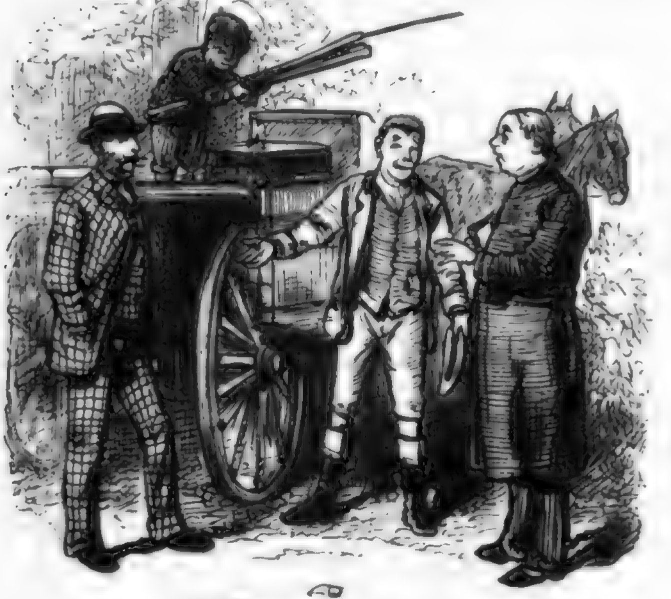
I had spent six days in this retreat, had become familiar with the speckled trout that sported in myriads beneath the surface of Loch Talt, knew every nook and corner of the surrounding bog, and had even managed to become acquainted with a little of Dan's emphatic language.

On one occasion I let fall some of my fishing-gear into a portion of the loch where the water was particularly clear, and could distinguish it resting on a shelving bank. I motioned to Dan to dive for it, but he shook his head negatively.

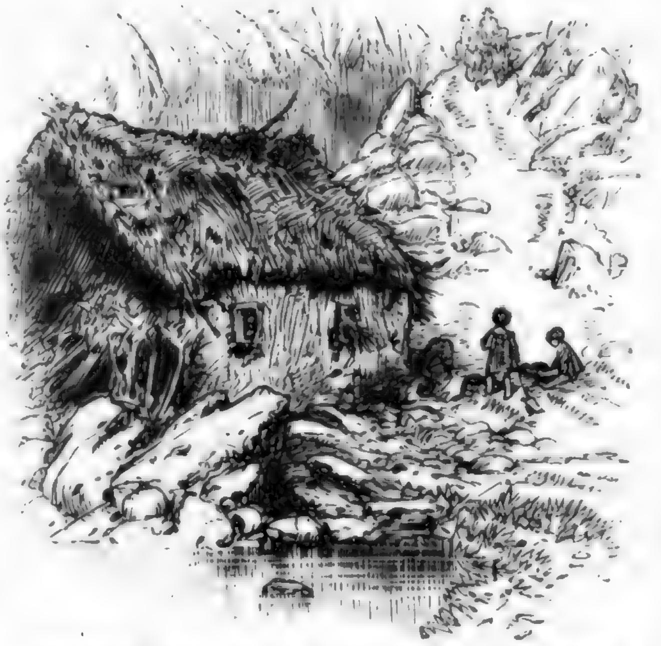
"Oh, but I must get it," I said, preparing to strip for a plunge.

"Oh, the wampus! the wampus!" cried Dan, in evident terror, explaining to me that no one ever bathed there and lived.

I persevered, however, but failed in reaching what I sought for, and, it is but fair to add, experienced a curious sensation, caused probably by the sudden and intense coldness of the water a few feet below the surface, such as I had never felt before, and which was sufficiently startling to cause me to leave my property to the wampus, or—could it be?—to some of Dan's numerous progeny.



A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"'JUST THIS, YOUR RIVERENCE: HIS HONOR'S BROUGHT NOTHING WITH HIM BUT HIS OWN FOUR BONES AND THIM STICKS.'"—SEE PAGE 478.



A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"AND THERE IT WAS, IN ALL TRUTH—A ONE-STORIED HOVEL, BADLY WHITEWASHED, THE THATCHED ROOF HEAVY WITH MILDEW."

A week had now passed. My honor was perfectly satisfied. I had done Loch Talt; and the eternal silence—rarely broken save by the clicking of my rod-reel, or a grunt of satisfaction from Dan when I landed a thumper—began to tell upon my nerves, and show that I must soon decide between departure or insanity.

But relief was at hand, from a quarter I little thought of. As I was returning at midday from what I mentally determined should be my farewell visit to the loch, I met Dan in a great state of excitement. He pointed to the lodge, too big with the importance of his news to be able to explain himself. I entered hastily, and certainly was not prepared for the vision, nor the greeting. There stood a lady, *bien chaussée et bien gantée*, whose faultless toilet might have been designed by Worth.

Advancing toward me with both hands extended, she expostulated:

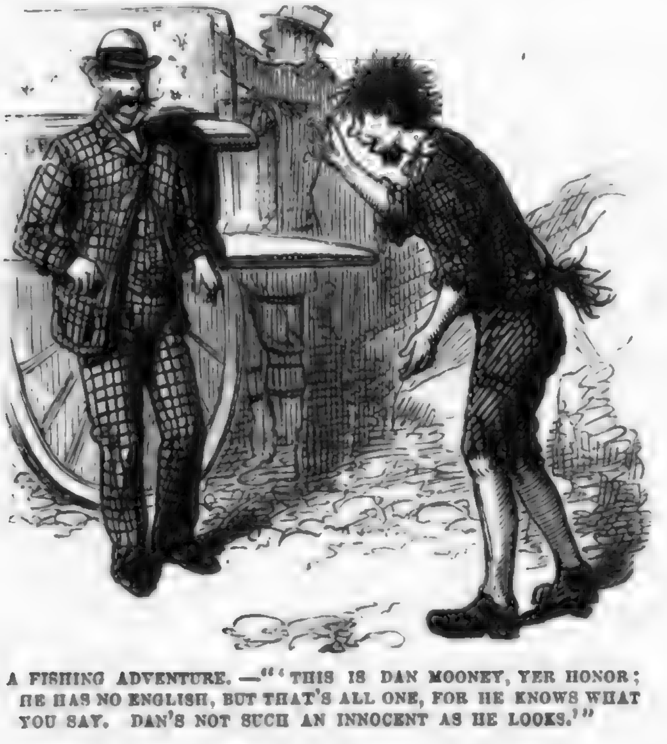
"Oh, Mr. Percy, how could you think of coming here? That odious Sir William! Through some mistake, we only heard from Father Tom last night that you were here; and only to think of your having passed a week in 'Starvation Point'!"

And who were these? "That decent chap Bracy, and his English wife, who were in those diggin's!" Father Tom would have said; but who seemed to me to have been specially designed to hasten to the rescue of the victims of Sir William's hospitality.

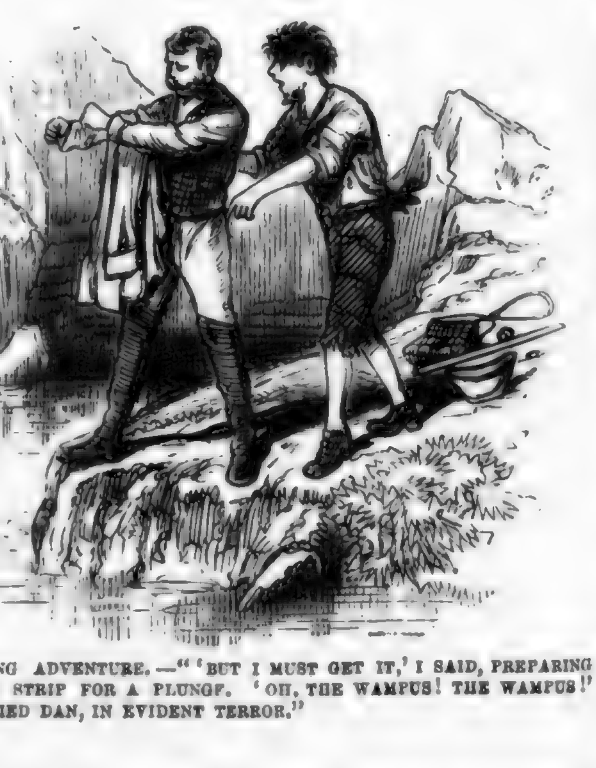
In a short time I found myself in a charming cottage, surrounded by as much comfort as could be expected in a mountain home, and treated as an honored guest.

Some months afterward, when the recollection of my adventure had become weakened in my mind, I narrated to Sir William what had occurred.

"Dear me!" he blandly replied, "you don't say so? Then what can have become of poor McDougall, whom I persuaded to follow you, and who left for that purpose about a week after you did? How disappointed he will be at not meeting with you!"



A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"'THIS IS DAN MOONEY, YER HONOR; HE HAS NO ENGLISH, BUT THAT'S ALL ONE, FOR HE KNOWS WHAT YOU SAY. DAN'S NOT SUCH AN INNOCENT AS HE LOOKS.'"



A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"'BUT I MUST GET IT,' I SAID, PREPARING TO STRIP FOR A PLUNGE. 'OH, THE WAMPUS! THE WAMPUS!' CRIED DAN, IN EVIDENT TERROR."

THE PRICE OF A PAIR OF EARS.

"STAFFRAVANTI, we shall want a carriage to take us to Abilene to-day; so, like a good fellow, furbish up something a little more decent than that ramshackle old bathing-machine you swindled us into taking yesterday; and if you have nothing sounder than the three ponies to draw it, perhaps you will not mind harnessing your red cow for a leader."

Stephen Staffravanti, landlord of the Hotel of the Ambassadors at Phylæ, looked at his guest with an expression of wounded dignity upon his ugly brown countenance.

"A bathing-machine, excellency? The carriage you used yesterday once belonged to a great English milord, who died at Athens; and my ponies are known from here to Marathon."

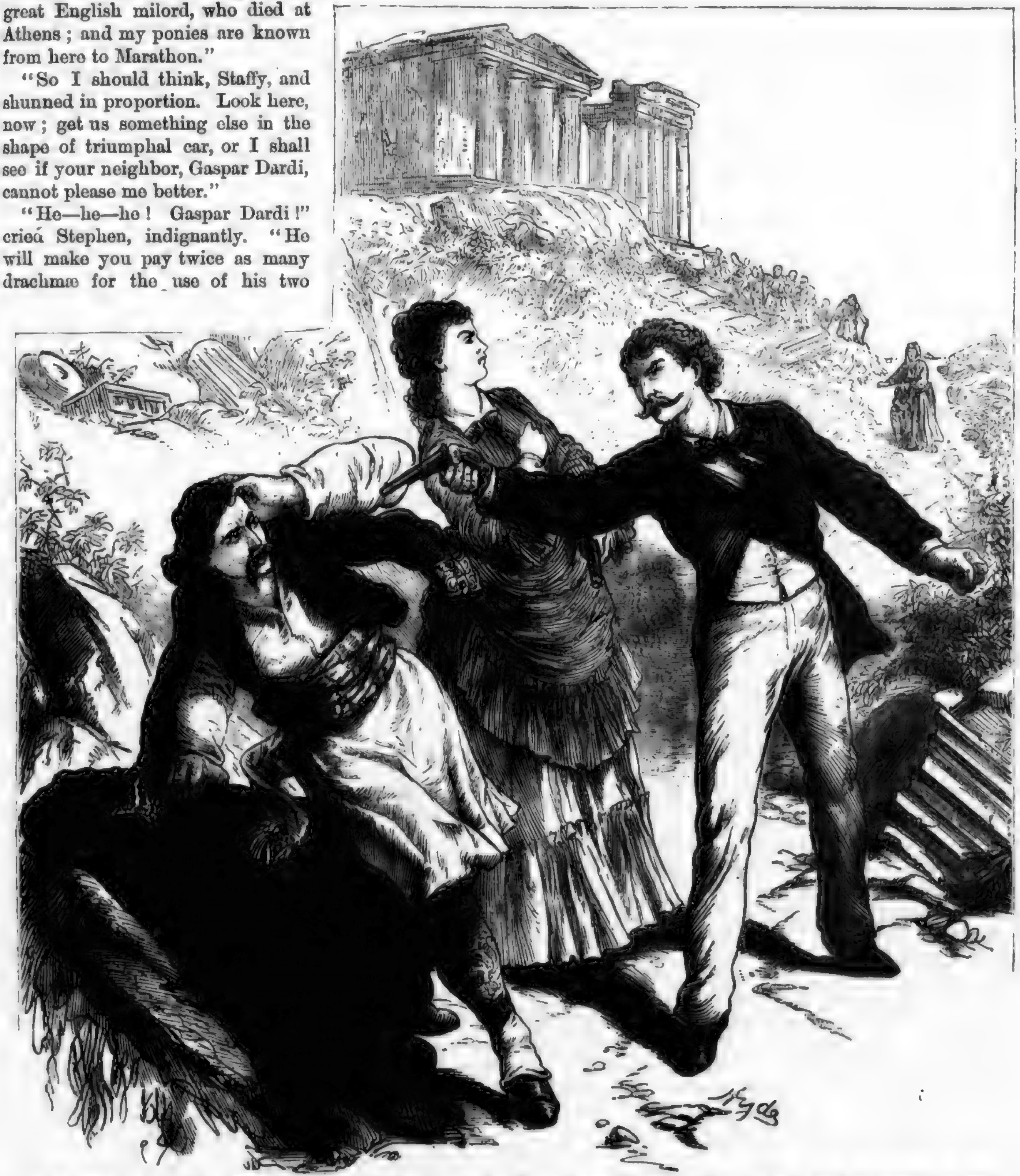
"So I should think, Staffy, and shunned in proportion. Look here, now; get us something else in the shape of triumphal car, or I shall see if your neighbor, Gaspar Dardi, cannot please me better."

"He—he—he! Gaspar Dardi!" cried Stephen, indignantly. "He will make you pay twice as many drachmæ for the use of his two worn-out old 'garrons'; and the gray is as blind as Dimitri the beggarman, and a great deal lamer, for when Dimitri chooses to let them down, *he* has two very good legs, the old cheat! Ah! excellent gentleman, you will gain nothing by going to Gaspar Dardi, the big rogue!"

"He must be a good Greek, then, Staffy," said the guest, dryly.

"A Greek? No, sir; he is a contemptible Corfiote, and voted against the independence of the islands just because those greedy English used to spend their money at his vulgar chocolate-house. I hate the John Bulls; they think we Greeks only exist through their condescension. Ah, excellency, America is the country for me!"

"When you happen to be speaking to an American,



THE PRICE OF A PAIR OF EARS.—"BERTIE MAYNARD PUSHED THE GREEK BEFORE HIM AT A QUICK PACE, WITH THE MUZZLE OF THE PISTOL HE HELD PRESSED AGAINST THE BACK OF HIS SKULL."

eh, Staffy? But do not let us wander from our subject. What about the carriage?"

"The carriage?" Staffravanti wriggled himself close to the guest, and looked as insinuatingly as nature permitted him. "Oh, sir, I will have my comfortable carriage cleaned and smartened up, and the ponies are so fresh they will whisk you to Pyropolis before that impostor Dardi would be able to bring his worthless beasts down from his farm."

"Look here, Staffravanti," said the other, rather sharply, "if the Americans are so much to your taste, you probably know that soft solder does not go much further with them than with other people. When breakfast is finished, I want to see a decent trap at the door, or else you may favor me with our bill. There, I do not want more words about the matter."

"But, excellency, I——"

"The trap or the bill, Staffy," interrupted the guest, walking along the veranda toward his apartment.

"But, excellent—most excellent sir, I ask you——"

"The trap, Staffy—*or the bill!*" And the uncompromising guest passed through the glass door, leaving the landlord with hands beseechingly outstretched, but which he put to another use the next moment by scratching his head.

Bertie Maynard—so was Staffravanti's guest known in "the street"—was "doing" Greece. Ever since he had held G—— stock, he had declared he would spend six months in Europe out of the year that saw that stock quoted at a certain figure. The "bulls" granted his aspiration by tossing it up, one day, a great deal higher than the figure he was waiting for.

In a week he cleared a fortune; in three more he was crossing the Atlantic, conscientiously bent upon fulfilling the pledge he had entered into.

At Rome, happening to meet an American family at the house of a mutual acquaintance, he contrived to fall in love with one of its members, a very charming and willful young lady, bent upon visiting the Parthenon; and, as her father steadily objected to go to Greece, she married Herbert Maynard at the expiration of a two months' courtship, upon the express condition of a honeymoon in the Morea.

"Well, Bertie, what does the landlord say?" asked Mrs. Maynard, looking up from her occupation of peeling a peach as her husband entered.

"Bathing-machine and ponies, Georgia."

"Then fetch me a large pumpkin and a fairy's wand, Bertie, for go in that rumbling old Noah's Ark I will *not.*"

"I told Staffravanti that he must find us some other conveyance or send up his bill; so let us breakfast, and see what will turn up, Georgia."

The honey was undeniable.

Stephen vowed that it came straight from Hymettus; and the Syracusan wine, the peaches and mulberries, were above complaint. As for made dishes, Greece cannot cook; but when the honeymoon is in its second lustre, bread and fruit and kisses are a tolerable diet.

They lingered over the meal—newly married people always do—and exchanged superfluous adjectives, in which occupation they were interrupted by the breathless advent of Staffravanti, who, remembering his indiscretion, confounded himself in apologies for omitting to knock.

"But, my honored gentleman and lady!"—Stephen Staffravanti charged for his epithets in the bill—"I was impatient to tell you that your commands are fulfilled. The Honorable Deputy Sclabulos is at Athens, and his coachman has lent me his master's new carriage; so, excellencies, you will go to Abilene, and while you are enjoying yourselves, I will prepare a banquet—a real banquet—against your return. There will be a fricasseed chicken, flavored with vine-leaves. Ah!"—Stephen kissed the tips of his fingers to express the deliciousness of the promised dish—"and you shall have snails, stewed with chives; an omelet, with cream-sauce; and, perhaps, madame would like a delicate pig's foot, stewed in honey and tomatoes? No?" Mrs. Maynard made a wry face. "Well, then, we will leave out the pig's foot; and, let me see——"

"We place ourselves in your hands, Staffy," interrupted Bertie Maynard. "Put some lunch into the carriage, and let it be ready as soon as possible, or we shall lose the cool of the morning."

Beautiful Greece! country with a great past and a little present—with a grand dead renown, and a shaky living reputation—since the days when Parthenope poised her spear on the Acropolis, what a change has stalked over the land!

Tempe has it flowers, and soft, balmy, creeping air, much as when Leonidas gave patriotism a Greek name at Thermopylæ; and *there* is the satire of history legible in the work of Time, which toppled down the Parthenon and left the cradle of Grecian degradation fresh and blooming.

Yet can one write *beautiful Greece*, and thank the one-time mistress of the Mediterranean for sitting in the dust, the peepshow of the nations.

The road to Abilene from Phylæ wound in a continuous ascent through mountain villages—if the term mountain be not too ambitious a designation for a range of moderately high hills—to Pyropolis.

Very charming was the sunny scenery, in spite of the slovenly neglect visible everywhere, and the almost barbarous absence of all the appliances of nineteenth century ingenuity and skill to the cultivation of the generous soil and the architecture of the habitations.

Grape and tomato-vines cast a mantle of grace even over sordid hovels; and the iron-shod beam, drawn by a decrepit cow, which did duty for a plow, was redeemed from absolute contempt by the classical air and picturesque dress of the husbandman.

"If we had all this out in Maryland, Georgia, we should make a different use of it, eh?" said Bertie Maynard, practically.

"Umph! More dollars and less romance, Bertie," replied Mrs. Maynard, whose matrimonial convictions were yet on the honeymoon side of dollars. "Fancy hearing the rattle of cotton-gins instead of that drowsy humming of the bees, and seeing a lot of negroes hoeing tobacco in the place of those Greek women and children idling in the sun! Leave Greece where it is, Bertie—we should spoil it."

Arrived at Pyropolis, it became necessary to accomplish the remaining distance to Abilene on foot—a mere track, climbing upward through craggy eminences, overrun with dog-roses and blue campanules, affording no accommodation for Deputy Sclabulos's Paris-built britzska.

Looking back as they walked, white Corinth flashed reflected sunlight to them from its blue setting of Corinthian Sea, where the wide-winged *speronares* laden with fruit and fish, glided like boats in a picture—if picture-boats could glide.

The villas on the Isthmus glanced out whitely from their bowers of greenery, and on the far horizon Athos reared up, purple-clad and light-crowned, while beyond and around all, *Oceanus circumvagus* spread its azure cestus—its girdle of sapphire.

"Do you draw, Bertie?" asked Mrs. Maynard, after silently gazing at the glorious panorama.

"Oh, yes, Georgia—checks!"

"Ah! More generous than talented," murmured Georgia, a little spitefully. "I can understand why New York could not produce a Phidias, nor Greece a —— ——."

She named a well-known American millionaire.

"Now, don't be too hard upon Uncle Sam, Georgia—there's a dear girl. I dare say we are shockingly practical, but we make very good roads, build comfortable houses, and cook respectable dinners. Greece is a very beautiful country 'to *live* out of,' and, take my word for it, the people that grinds out ——s from its raw material is, take it all in all, more of a people than that which only produces Phidiases."

Mrs. Maynard passed her arm through that of her husband, perhaps half conscious that the *caro sposo's* feathers were slightly ruffled, and Bertie shaded her carefully under his umbrella.

In this way they sauntered higher and higher on their road to the elevated plateau on which Abilene nestles in its ramparts of hill-tops.

Two things militate considerably against the satisfaction derivable from a tour in the mountainous districts of Greece.

One of these consists in the precariousness that attends upon a tourist's search for a medium of locomotion; the other, in the high degree of perfection to which the Hellenes have brought the science of brigandage.

The first of these Bertie Maynard had grappled with; the second grappled with *him* very unexpectedly, at a turn in the path that diverged through a rocky gorge, where he found himself surrounded by a band of unpleasantly theatrical-looking individuals, in variously embroidered velvet jackets, white "capotes," cloth skull-caps, and displaying a villainous assortment of lethal weapons.

Mrs. Maynard shrank close to her husband, who shut up his umbrella with a snap, and stared rather disconcertedly at the intruders.

One of the number, a marvelously handsome man, with long, pendant mustaches, features and warm olive complexion that a pretty woman might envy, and the form and carriage of a demi-god, advanced, as a sovereign moves in his audience-chamber, to within a couple of paces of our Benedict, whom he scrutinized briefly, transferring his notice to Mrs. Maynard.

The look of admiration that came into his very expressive eyes was not at all devoid of deference and a haughty sort of courtesy. He bowed with ceremonious politeness to her, then, confronting Bertie Maynard, said, shortly:

"I am Phalerus Spartakè. You are welcome to my kingdom; for *I* reign here, and"—he smiled with easy self-possession—"I raise taxes, not from my subjects, as other kings do, but *for* my subjects, as other kings do not. You are rich, excellency, and this beautiful lady is your newly-married bride. What I require of you, you will never miss in your great continent, of which golden California is but a province. I respect the Americans. You shall ransom yourself and your bride for *five hundred thousand drachmæ.*"

"King" Spartakè delivered himself of this speech with calm deliberation, in intelligible, if not fluent, English.

Bertie Maynard, who had never taken his eyes from the "king's" face, recovered his presence of mind long before the latter had finished, and spoke a few words to soothe his wife's alarm, after which he again looked at the model monarch with perfect *aplomb.*

"So *you* are the famous Spartakè, are you? I wish I had your head in Athens, my friend; for, of course, you know it is equivalent to a draft for five thousand dollars there."

"I was in Athens yesterday, but no one claimed the five thousand dollars," observed the Greek, proudly.

"*I* will, if I ever chance to meet you there," said Bertie, with a laugh. "Well, and now what do you want? I have come with my wife to see Abilene. Your respect for my country should induce you to suffer us to pass unmolested; but, if that be asking too much of your disinterestedness, I have, I think, about a thousand francs in my pocket, and our trinkets may be worth as much more. At all events, I will redeem them at their full value, and 'ask no questions,' as we say across the Atlantic."

Spartakè contemplated the speaker steadily.

"Few strangers *laugh* in the presence of Phalerus Spartakè," said he, meaningly. "They nearly all tremble and weep."

"I guess you do not see many Americans, then, Master Spartakè. Look here! As this lady happens to be with me, for her sake I take matters quietly; but, accept my word for it, if I were alone, and you tried to blackmail me, I would do what your blessed Government does not seem able to do—that is, stick your head up over the gate to the jail at Athens."

The cruelly sinister gleam that shot from the brigand's eyes quite robbed them of their beauty.

"But, as the lady is with you, excellency, you will pay me the ransom of five hundred thousand drachmæ, eh?"

"I will see you dead first!" was Bertie's energetic reply.

Spartakè smiled.

"Madame"—he addressed Mrs. Maynard—"you love your husband, and prefer him *with* his ears, I am sure. Use your influence to persuade him to procure five hundred thousand drachmæ—*that* is the price of them."

* * * * * * *

The next morning's sunshine made sad enough light in poor Bertie Maynard's eyes, and his aching head and throbbing temples needed an easier pillow than the rocky ground on which he lay pinioned and helpless—worst of all, alone.

Where was his wife? How the self-put and reiterated question tortured him!

It was not without a desperate struggle that the brigands had succeeded in securing him. Mrs. Maynard's screams while she was in the grasp of the ruffians had lent him the strength of furious frenzy, and only by a stunning blow, from the effects of which his head yet felt dizzy and unsettled, was he finally reduced to impotency.

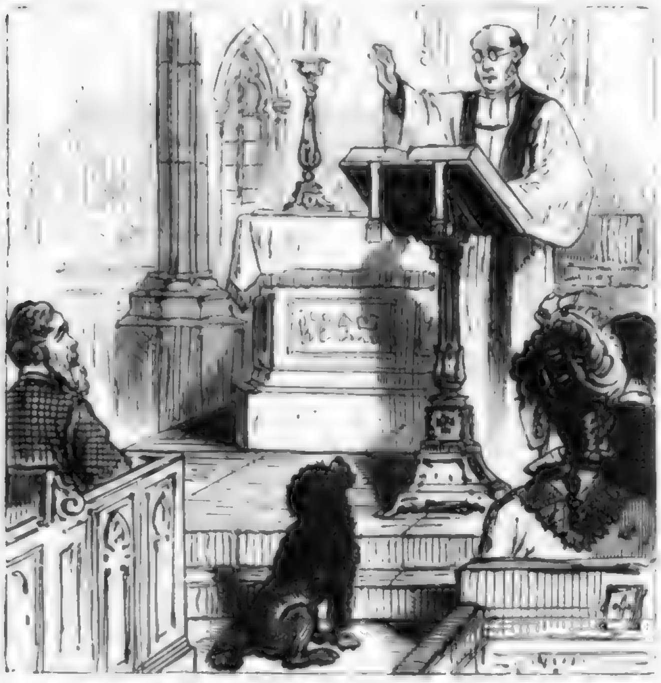
Upon recovering his senses, he found himself in darkness, bound, and alone.

At first his imagination was assailed by horrible mind-pictures. All the newspaper reports of brigand outrage which he had read crowded into his mind with wonderful faithfulness of detail.

His fancy portrayed Georgia, his gentle, tenderly nurtured bride, in the power of the lawless, ruthless outlaws, to whom her youth and social rank would be but so many incentives to outrage; and then, grinding his teeth in a terrible paroxysm of agony, he wrenched at the ligatures around his wrists and elbows, until the numbed muscles refused further exertion.

He shouted her name, so that his tired voice grew husky, hoping to draw from her some intimation of her whereabouts, but no answering voice reached him; and, finally, mental and physical exhaustion compelled him to a stupefied quiescence, in which his naturally discriminating and analytical mind recovered its clearness.

He discerned, from the fact of his preservation, that Spartakè had not relinquished the expectation of wringing from him the enormous ransom he demanded as the



SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.—"GYPSY WOULD TAKE HER PLACE AT THE FOOT OF THE PULPIT-STAIRS, WHERE SHE WOULD REMAIN UNTIL THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE."—SEE PAGE 494.

price of freedom for himself and his wife; and argued shrewdly that the latter was safe from wrong so long as the Greek did not regard its acquisition as hopeless.

A hundred thousand dollars! It might take some time to procure that sum, but still he was good for it; and it occurred to him that Spartakè might consent to allow Mrs. Maynard to go to Athens to confer with his bankers there respecting the advance.

"If Georgia were once out of their power," thought he, "they would not find *me* so easy to deal with as they think."

Well, daylight came at length, and then Bertie Maynard perceived that his place of detention was a sort of apartment formed by the fallen blocks of masonry and pillars of the ruins for which Abilene was celebrated.

Through the chinks and interstices the light streamed, enabling him to note that there were evidences of habitual occupation about the place. A heap of charred wood denoted where a fire had been, and the plinth of a fallen column that supported a marble bas-relief, lying prone across it was blackened with smoke. Several well-pressed litters of cut heather, such as covered the mountains, showed that it was used as a sleeping-place; and lastly, a black, greasy-looking set of bagpipes hung from a projecting fragment of stone almost directly above his face.

Day had not long dawned when Bertie's meditations were disturbed by the appearance of one of the brigands, who bent over him to see if he was awake, for, though the partial light was sufficient to enable the prisoner to distinguish objects clearly, the interior was rather obscure to one entering it from the outside.

The rascal grinned rather good-temperedly when he caught Bertie's eye, and addressed him in his *patois* of modern Greek, which the latter could make nothing intelligible of.

Anxious, however, for an interview with the chief, he nodded encouragingly to his interlocutor, and said, interrogatively: "Phalerus Spartakè—Spartakè?"

The brigand returned the nod intelligently, and waved his hand in the direction of the entrance to the recess.

Bertie ransacked his brains for the small and moldy remains of his Greek lexicon yet lingering in his memory, and, with desperate emphasis, exclaimed: "Gune mou?"

The Greek laughed outright, and then poured forth a torrent of what was gibberish to our American, in the midst of which Spartakè himself entered, accompanied by several of his band.

Looking steadily at his captive, the chief folded his arms, and, in his musically pitched voice, addressed him thus:

"Excellency, behold the fate of those who have the ambition to adorn the jail of Athens with the head of Phalerus Spartakè."

Bertie Maynard would have willingly sacrificed half the demanded ransom at that moment just to feel his arms free and his finger on the trigger of the loaded revolver he had so stupidly, as he reflected, left in the table-drawer of his room at Staffravanti's hotel.

"I will find a messenger to bear a letter for you to your friends, if you please," continued the chief, "so that they may procure you the money I demand."

The American gazed unwinkingly at him, rapidly revolving chances in his own mind.

"Well, what do you say?" resumed Spartakè.

"No one but my wife would have influence enough to procure such a sum," answered Bertie, sulkily. "I am a stranger in Athens. Let her go to my bankers, Lizardi and Company; she can get about half of it there. I have no more on this side the Atlantic."

The Greek smiled cynically.

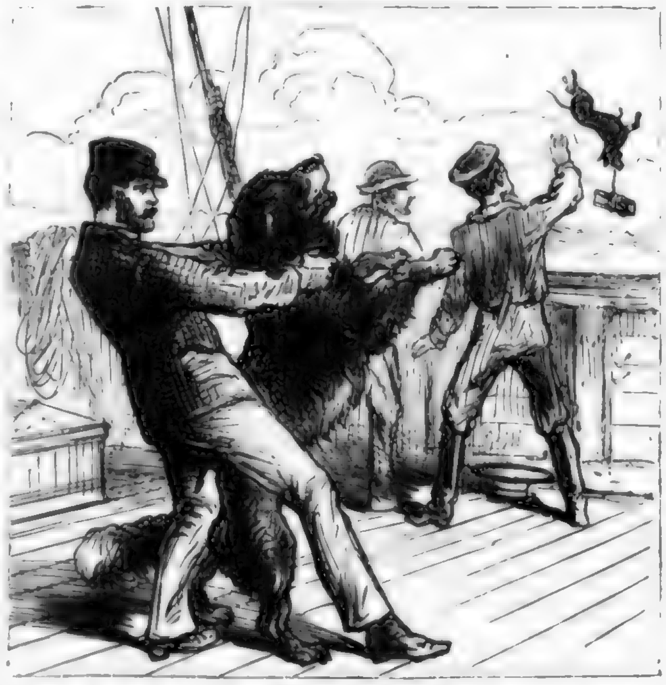
"I often hear that," said he, quietly. "Englishmen, Germans, Russians, Frenchmen—all tell me they have only half what I demand *in Athens*; but they all manage to procure the whole before we part—all, that is, who return home. Shall I show you the result of obstinacy in my kingdom?"

Bertie Maynard glared at him, but did not speak.

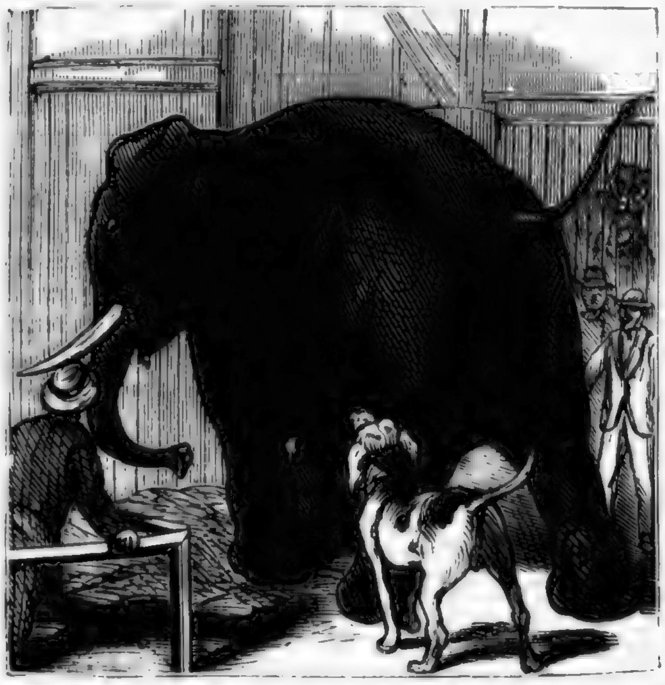
Spartakè addressed a few words to one of his "subjects," who left the retreat blithely.

"I will relieve you from your bonds, sir, relying on your common sense not to compel me to replace them," observed the chief to Bertie, while the brigand was performing his errand; "but bear well in mind you will never be out of range of twenty loaded muskets, and it is easier to rid the body of cords than of bullets."

Obeying the directions of the speaker, two of the band



SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.—"WHEN THE BODY OF THE TERRIER WAS THROWN OVERBOARD, IT WAS WITH DIFFICULTY THAT BRUNO WAS PREVENTED FROM FOLLOWING IT."



SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.—"TURK, AT ONCE COMPREHENDING THE SITUATION, FLEW AT THE ELEPHANT AND DROVE HIM BACK INTO HIS CORNER."—SEE PAGE 494.

released Bertie Maynard's limbs, but these were so cramped and stiff, that our American felt there was no "fight" in them.

A pause of several minutes ensued, during which Spartakè stood apart from his followers, his right hand resting upon the stock of one of the long silver-mounted pistols thrust through his Albanian waist-sash.

Presently his messenger re-entered, leading by a cord a little, elderly man in civilian dress, whose head was half concealed by a dirty bandage.

Spartakè glanced at the new-comer, and from him to Bertie.

"This is Petri Papastavrodabulos. The great corn warehouses at the Piræus belong to him, and he has a whole fleet of ships at sea. He and his daughter have been my guests for ten days. I require the same ransom from him that I demand from you, but his gold is so precious to him that he will not write me an order upon his agents for the money. Yesterday, however, I sent in two drafts, which, perhaps, will be honored; if not, his head will go neatly packed in vine-leaves, and his daughter —she is a nice young thing—will become the wife of Constans, my aid-de-camp, yonder—him with the bruised eye, that he owes to your fist, by-the-by—until he gets tired of her, when some of the others will espouse her. And now you shall see whence I obtained the two drafts I am waiting payment of."

At a direction spoken in his own language, the brigand who held the corn-merchant jerked off the bandage from his head.

The unhappy man shrieked, and endeavored to raise his bound hands to his face. Blood was trickling freely from the gray fringe of hair at his temples, and the linen round his throat was soaked with it.

His face presented a bare, unsightly appearance; for, with undisguised horror, Bertie Maynard realized that—the ears were gone!

The despairing glance that the tortured man directed furtively at his fellow-captive, without raising his bowed-down, pallid face from where it was sunk upon his chest, was unutterably miserable; and, for the first time, Bertie Maynard grasped the reality in all its ugliness, that the bloodthirsty and unsparing cruelty, the ruthless lust, the murderous savagery of these Greek brigands were not sensational exaggerations, but undiluted actualities—not figures of speech used to wring from the terror of their captives the ransom demanded, but positive measures unhesitatingly used to extort them.

With the promptitude of the race he sprang from, the American braced himself to confront the peril.

"Where is my wife?" said he, sternly, looking the chief full in the face.

"She is well cared for by mine," answered Spartakè, briefly.

"Yours! You are married?" A feeling of relief crept over Bertie Maynard's brain, and he added: "Let me confer with my wife, and I will arrange to procure you the ransom."

The Greek stared hard at his prisoner, as if trying to read his real intentions.

"Be it so. You shall accompany me to my *palace*"—he emphasized the last word. "So that you be reasonable, you will not find it inhospitable."

Again addressing the merchant's jailors in his native dialect, the latter led away poor Petri, and then the chief motioned to the American to precede him out of the ruined apartment.

Mrs. Maynard was sitting under the shelter of a hut constructed simply of leafy boughs, weeping bitterly, while a very beautiful young Greek woman was doing her best to soothe her grief and allay her alarm.

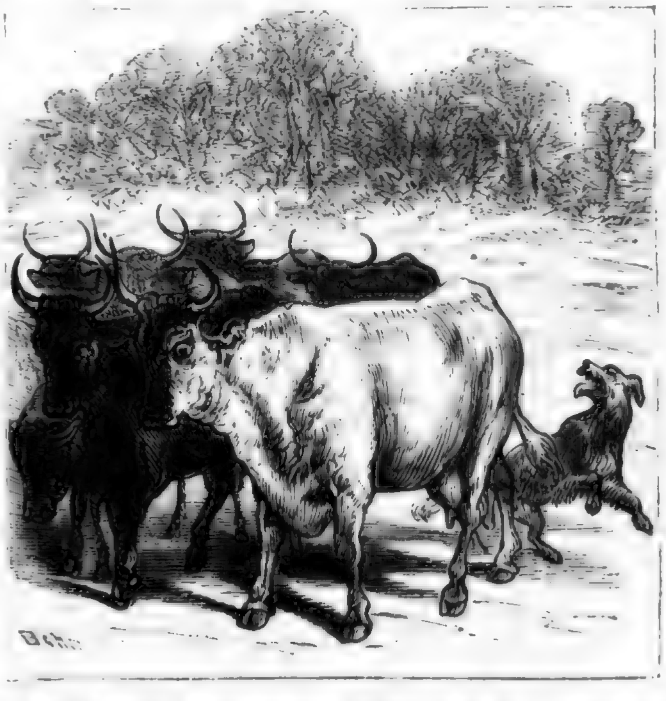
A child about two years of age was rolling, with all the *insouciance* to grief happily natural to childhood, in the warm sunshine at the entrance.

At the sight of Bertie, Mrs. Maynard sprang past her hostess and would-be consoler, to dart, fleet-footed as a deer, with outstretched arms, nor stop till they were clasped around his neck and her sobbing bosom pressed to his.

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie, take me away from here—take me away from here!" she gasped; and Bertie smoothed her disarranged hair, and whispered softly words of comfort that he did not exactly feel himself.

Spartakè peremptorily refused to allow Mrs. Maynard to proceed to Athens to negotiate the advance of the ransom.

He signified that he regarded her as the best moiety of



SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.—"THEY CAME AT A LIVELY GAIT TOWARD THE BARNYARD, FRED IN THEIR REAR, CAPERING, BARKING, AND MAKING ALL THE FUSS POSSIBLE."

his security, and declined to be convinced by Bertie's assurance that a mere written order from him would be ineffectual to procure the money.

Meanwhile, he permitted unreserved communication between his two prisoners, and our American utilized it to prime his wife with the best advice his own foresight could devise in view of the various contingencies that might arise.

The spot on which the chief had erected his "palace" was singularly well calculated to defy surprise.

It was a woody knoll, jutting out from the plain of Abilene, of which four-fifths of the circumference terminated abruptly in a sheer drop of sixty or seventy feet to the ragged ravines through which wound the tortuous path to Pyropolis; the other fifth debouched upon the head of that path just where it opened upon the plain.

From this knoll a perfectly unobstructed view was obtained of the surrounding country, the road to Phylæ being easily distinguishable, running like a white band through the green landscape.

One glance satisfied Bertie Maynard that escape was not a promising expedient, for the only practicable outlet to Spartakè's position was cordoned by watchful sentinels, while before the ruined temple, in which he himself had been incarcerated, a sprawling group of bandits kept an unrelaxed vigil.

Throughout the morning Mrs. Maynard sat closely pressed to her husband's side, her hands clasped in his, while Spartakè, concealing his impatience, if he felt any, played and romped with his child for all the world as though he were the most lamb-like of parents, and Queen Calysthe—for so the "king" called his consort—lounged on the grass amongst the purple clover, knitting, and looking soft and handsome, with her magnificent dark hair pinned up with great silver skewers.

Bertie eyed the brigand with an unfriendly aspect. There was suppressed wrath enough in his coldly stern look and the expression of his tightly compressed lips to satisfy any physiognomist that, with their relative situations reversed, the Greek would be "booked for something unpleasant."

When noon arrived, the chief led his child to the mother, and spoke to her in Greek; whereupon the latter arose, glanced at our couple, and retired to the hut. Spartakè advanced, and addressed Mr. Maynard:

"Excellency, my wife is preparing refreshment for you; be gracious enough to enter the hut and partake of it."

"Do not let him separate me from you, Bertie!" cried the poor girl, trembling, and clinging more closely than ever to her husband.

"They shall *not!*" answered he, resolutely; and then added, "This lady requires no refreshment, and I shall not suffer her out of my sight."

"*Shall* not?" reiterated the Greek, with deliberate emphasis. "Excellency, those are words that need to be backed up with *power* to give them significance. Let that pass, however; the lady can remain if she wishes. Are you prepared to write the letter to your friends in Athens?"

"Yes, as I have told you, provided my wife is to be the bearer of it. By that means only can my letter be effectual to obtain the money."

Spartakè s eyes glittered disagreeably.

"Your wife will remain here," said he. "Your letter shall go by other hands; should it fail, you know I have a resource. Remember Petri Papastavrodabulos."

A burning reply rose to Bertie Maynard's lips, but he checked it for his wife's sake.

"Will you write the letter, if I provide the materials? It must leave *in half an hour*," resumed the Greek, slowly.

"If my wife is allowed to take it, it may leave in a quarter; otherwise I will write nothing."

Spartakè gazed steadily in Bertie's eyes for a moment or two before he spoke.

"You think I am not in earnest with *you*—that I shall hesitate to deal with an American as I have with a Greek, eh? You are young, prosperous"—he glanced at Mrs. Maynard, meaningly, and added—"happy. Which is the greater sacrifice, the ransom I demand out of your opulence, or—life? Do not trust to your country's renown. America is far off; you are *here*." He waved his hand imperiously. "Phalerus Spartakè knows no nationalities."

Had the Greek realized how sorely beset his hearer was by the desire to clutch him by the throat, he would probably have removed it to a safer distance.

Bertie was right: the brigand had not captured many Americans.

"That is very good buncombe," he said, shortly, "if you know what that means; but to *me*, Phalerus Spartakè is a vulgar bushwhacker, whose time will come to dance upon nothing, with a hempen cravat round his throat. And now, respecting this money, I can pay you about half what you so modestly ask by sending a letter by any messenger you may please; but, understand me well, I shall require good security that, having received the money, you do not deal treacherously with me. If half the sum will not satisfy your greed, then my wife must carry my letter to Athens, and if you talk for a month you will not change matters."

If Spartakè had not grasped the *full* meaning of this address, he understood enough to fire his vindictiveness, and the spiteful flash of his black eyes quivered alternately on Bertie's and his wife's countenances.

"You think you can insult me with impunity because you are an American, eh? Aggelos Kurion! you shall see! Ho, Spiridion! Constans! bring cords and bind this man!"

Recollecting himself, he repeated the order in his own language.

As a lion bounds upon its prey, or a constrictor leaps upon a deer, so did Bertie Maynard hurl himself upon the Greek, and crushing his slender form in his muscular grasp, hurled him prostrate. Wrenching the weapons from his sash with one quick hand, he dragged the astounded brigand by the neck-band with the other, crying loudly to Mrs. Maynard to follow, and did not pause until he held the nearly throttled Spartakè at the very verge of the cliffs.

"Keep back!" he shouted furiously to the brigands, who came clustering up the knoll; and, endued with a giant's strength in the desperate frenzy of his wrath, he lifted the shuddering Greek in his arms, and held him poised, as if about to launch him into the abyss.

Mrs. Maynard crouched at his feet, terror-stricken, but a wailing shriek proceeded from the Greek woman, who tottered, blanched with horror, from the hut.

The brigands paused; grouped in a bewildered throng, they gazed at the perplexing situation, handling their long muskets, but sensible of the impossibility of using them against Bertie without insuring the destruction of their chief.

"Order your men to retire, and leave the path to Pyropolis clear, Phalerus Spartakè, or by the God who made us, these rocks below us will be your road to hell!"

"Mercy, mercy, excellency! and I will set you free!" gasped the writhing Greek.

"Order your men to fall back, I tell you!"

Bertie's voice deepened in menacing meaning, and he turned more directly toward the cliffs.

Spartakè called huskily to his followers; more and more shrilly he repeated his command as he felt his powerlessness in the nervous grasp of the American.

Bertie watched to see, from the result, the meaning of the chief's instructions to his band, and, observing them slowly retire toward the ruins, suffered the chief to drop to the ground, still clutching him tightly, however, and then catching up one of the long pistols which he had disarmed him of previously, but been compelled to relinquish to use his hands, he pressed its muzzle to the brigand's head, and in that attitude, with flaming eyes and panting chest, stood over his captive captor.

"Up with you, Georgia!" he cried—"away with you to Pyropolis! Never fear; none of these scoundrels will dare touch you now. Phalerus Spartakè, if one of your ruffians moves hand or foot to molest this lady until I see her enter the village yonder, the bullet in this pistol will go into your brain!"

The livid countenance of the prostrate Greek betokened the depths of his fear, while his eyes were riveted, as if in a terrible fascination, upon his adversary's.

"She may go!" he murmured, in a husky, rustling whisper—"she may go!"

"It may be better for you to tell your scoundrels as much, Spartakè."

With his thumb, Bertie cocked the pistol, and the brigand started violently at the click.

"Let me get up, excellency, and I will do all you wish. Am I not in your power? Let me get up."

"Wait," was Bertie's brief admonition; and then, pinning down his prisoner with one knee, he unfastened the silk scarf the chief wore, and with it pinioned his wrists as securely as he could.

An uproar arose amongst the "king's" subjects as they perceived the indignity their monarch was subjected to, and the handsome Calysthe, wringing her hands like Niobe, advanced, with imploring gestures and words, equally wasted upon Bertie, as if to join her lord.

"Bertie, Bertie! the woman is coming!" cried Mrs. Maynard, into whom her husband's desperate resolution had instilled an energy, born of their common peril, doubtless, but also of her desire to second his efforts.

"Tell her to keep back," said the latter, snatching up the pistol once more, and affording Spartakè a clear view down its barrel.

The brigand complied, addressing a long speech to his weeping wife, who wrung her hands, but retired to confer with the members of the band.

These last gesticulated wildly, flourishing their hands and tossing their long hair; while Spartakè watched them with painful intentness.

"Let me get up and speak to them, excellency. They will obey *me*."

Bertie dragged him to his feet, grasping him firmly, and covering him all the while with the pistol.

"Speak from here!" said he, sternly; "and remember, at the first evidence of treachery, I pull the trigger. Now speak."

For a couple of minutes the Greek addressed his followers, the latter listening moodily, and conferring together in the intervals.

Finally the one named by Spartakè, Constans, shouted out a reply, whereupon, turning to Bertie, the chief spoke in a low, anxious tone.

"Sir, you are free to go, you and your lady. I did but jest when I threatened your life. I would not harm an American. I will accompany you quietly to the foot of the pass—further it would be dangerous for *me* to go; *there* you will release me, will you not?"

"Come, then!" replied Bertie, grimly; "and once more remember, at the first symptom of treachery—if any of your men advance but five yards toward us—if I but suspect an intention to intercept us, as I hope for salvation, you will die that moment!"

"I understand you, excellency," answered the chief, faintly.

"Go first, Georgia, but keep close to us," said our American, casting one searching glance at the disconcerted brigands, who were lingeringly withdrawing from the entrance of the pass; "and carry that other pistol for me, if you will—there it lies on the ground."

Albeit not addicted to handling firearms, Mrs. Maynard bravely possessed herself of the weapon.

"Let me walk by your side, Bertie; I prefer it to going in front," she said, with a nervous look at the white-capoted rascals below them.

"On the other side, then; and keep Spartakè's body between you and those thieves, in case they should fire," answered Bertie.

"They will not fire, excellency; you need have no fear," interrupted Spartakè, in his downcast tone.

"Fear is a thing Americans do not cultivate, Phalerus Spartakè," retorted Bertie. "I guess you will pay more heed to nationalities next time you prosecute your profession. Walk on, if you please, and—remember!"

Heedless of the wailings of Spartakè's wife, who, clasping her child, poured out sobbing entreaties—regardless of the uplifted voices of the picturesque gang of malefactors, Bertie Maynard pushed the Greek before him at a quick pace with the muzzle of the pistol he held pressed against the back of his skull.

Keeping close to his side, Mrs. Maynard, with her heart throbbing in her throat, as it seemed to her, pressed on, with back-turned eyes, and in this order the space intervening between them and the rocky path down the defile was traversed.

Bertie could scarcely restrain a shout as his foot fairly planted itself on the gritty soil of the track.

"Press on, Georgia, my brave girl!" he cried, exultingly, and with a dig of the pistol-barrel in Spartakè's neck.

"Ah, excellency!" remonstrated the latter, mildly, and continued: "Did I not pledge my word you should not be molested, and have I not kept my pledge?"

"Yes, Spartakè; a bullet with a few drams of powder behind it is a great enforcer of pledges. Move on, if you please, briskly; we can talk when we are lower down."

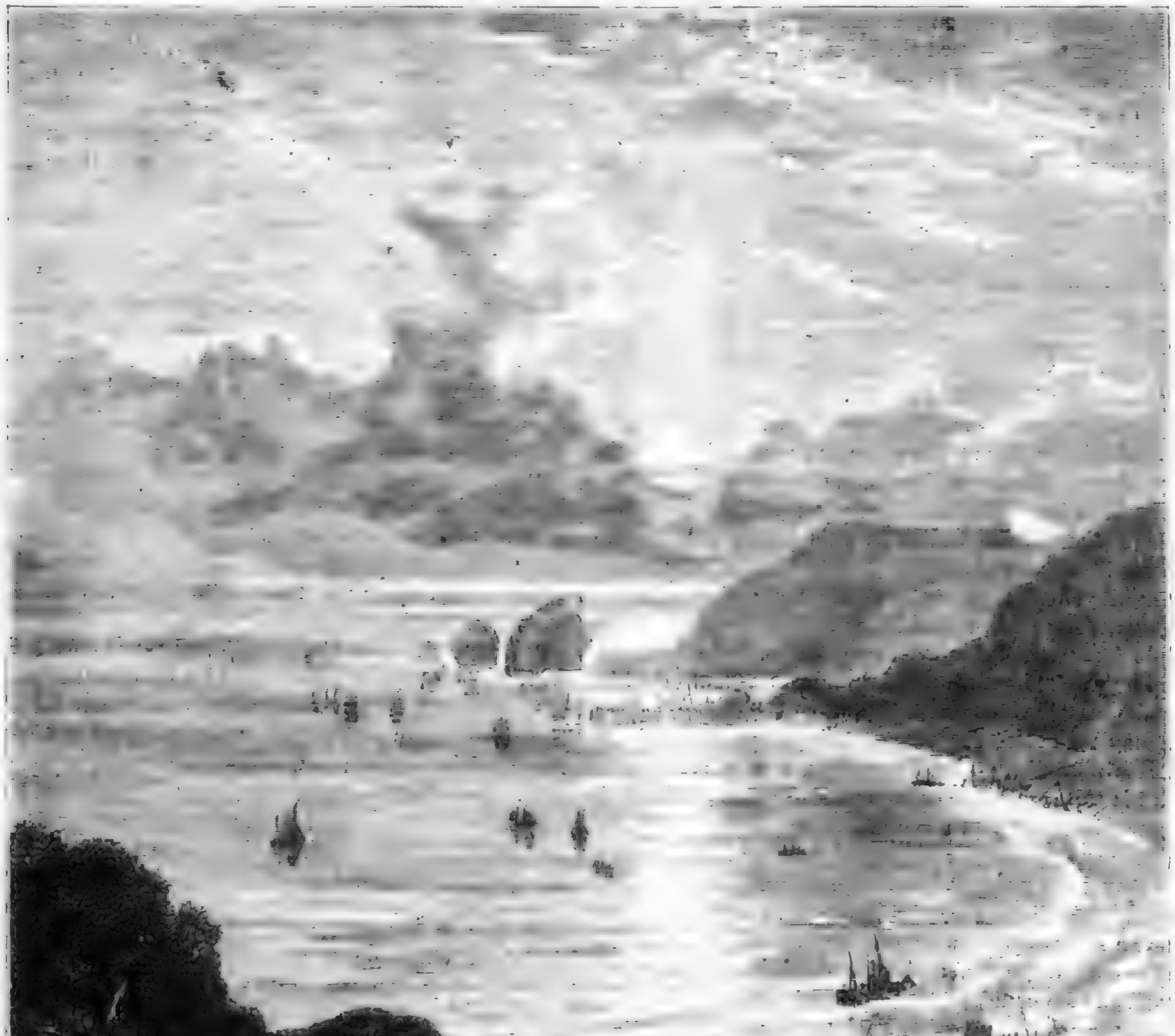
Presently the bell of the chapel at Pyropolis made its tolling heard, and then the Greek held back.

"*You* are safe now, excellency, and *I* am unarmed; you can fearlessly release me now. You may even leave my hands tied, but suffer me to return to my wife and child. Madame, *you* will pity them, and plead for their husband and father?"

"No, she will not, Spartakè, you bloodthirsty miscreant; and if she did, I would tell her of that wretched Petri Whatever-his-name-is, and his shorn ears. On with you, sir; we shall not part just yet."

Spartakè's eyes began to glitter. He stubbornly resisted the impulse of Bertie's arm to force him along.

"You would deliver me to the Syndic at Pyropolis," he muttered, doggedly. Then suddenly resuming the whining tone, added: "Ah, sir! do not persecute him whom by your courage and strength you have conquered."



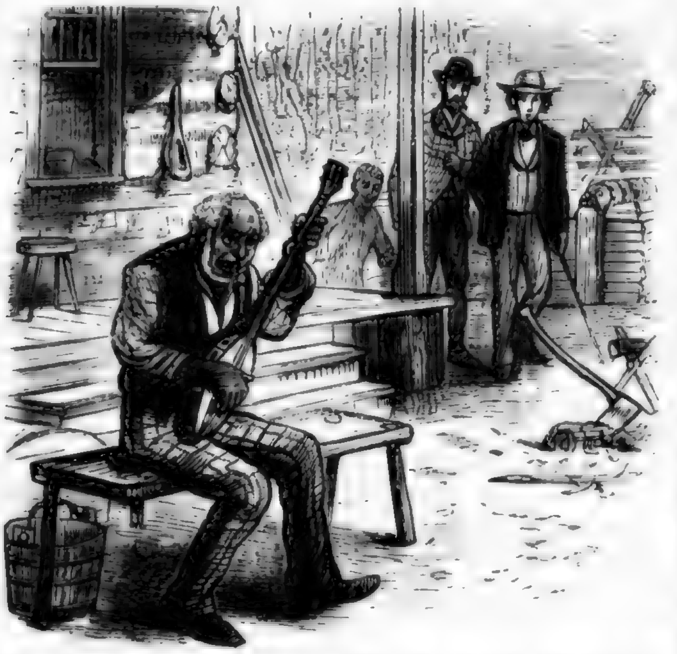
SUNSETTING AT REST BAY.

"Move on!" was Bertie's short and sharp rejoinder.

For a few steps Spartakè complied; then, with a sudden wrench, burst his hands free, and with snake-like agility ducked beneath his captor's outstretched arm, leaving his neck-bands in Bertie's grasp.

Before the latter could recover from his surprise, the brigand, by one vigorous push, to which rage and vindictiveness lent strength, sent our American scuffling over the slippery rocks along which the path wound.

The fall was not great nor absolutely abrupt; but



OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"THERE WAS THE CABIN, WITH PETER HIMSELF BALANCED ON A BENCH, AND RAPIDLY PRODUCING THE LOUD TUM-TUM, TWANG-TWANG, TUMPTY-TWANG WHICH IS SUCH SWEET MUSIC IN THAT DELICIOUS NIGHT-AIR."

Bertie parted with various patches of skin before he could control his movements sufficiently to look up, and then, from where he kneeled, some three or four yards below the terrified face of Mrs. Maynard which peered down at him, he observed Phalerus Spartakè springing goat-like up the blocks of the ascent.

A small puff of white smoke swirled upward; a sharp report echoed and re-echoed amongst the crags; a shower of stones and little fragments of rock rattled down as if detached by the concussion, and, on the sloping terrace of white-bleached crag twenty yards or so up the path, the brigand's white-clothed figure was seen, swaying, tottering.

Vainly the slippery feet endeavored to advance. Backward, backward yet, with hands clutching at empty air, the nobly formed Greek staggered helplessly, while deeper and deeper in color grew the crimson stain that was spreading over the breast of the white capote.

With a crash he fell, nerveless and inert, rolling from steep to steep, until a projecting rock staid the body, and then a faint cry escaped with a choking stream of blood from his lips.

Ah! if the widow and the orphan on the plain of Abilene heard that cry, would *their* tears have outweighed in the balance the exceedingly great satisfaction with which other widows and orphans, and still others who were tongueless and earless and impoverished, thanks to Phalerus Spartakè, might have welcomed, had they heard it, the dying groans of the King of Abilene?

* * * * * * *

"Well, Georgia," said Bertie Maynard, as he and his wife stood on the steamer's deck that was taking them to Brindisi, "you are more reconciled to leaving beautiful Greece, are you not? U. S. may suit US better, after all, in spite of its rattling cotton-gins and black tobacco hands, eh?" and he looked slyly into her pretty face.

"Yes; I am well pleased to feel our ears safe, Bertie, dear," and she clasped her husband's arm—that strong right arm that had established so good a claim to the title of protector—appreciatively.

"I guess so," quoth her spouse, dryly; "and content to live in a country where they do not fetch quite so high a price as half a million of drachmæ."

OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.

I AM from England, and, as I am on my way to the cotton States again, I will tell you of a visit to a Georgia plantation in the year 1868. It was upon that long slope to the seaboard, where the upland oaks begin to give place to the long-leaved yellow pine. The date was Autumn, and the time was evening, and a delicious coolness followed the sunset.

I was sitting on the broad upper step of the piazza, looking at a bank of gay clouds—one of those combinations of brilliant color and clear, pictorial outline only possible in such dry atmospheres as America has, and such as England has not.

Charlie, a Southern youth all through, lay sprawled on a large rug on the piazza-floor, and talked at intervals.

"How do you like niggers?" he asked.

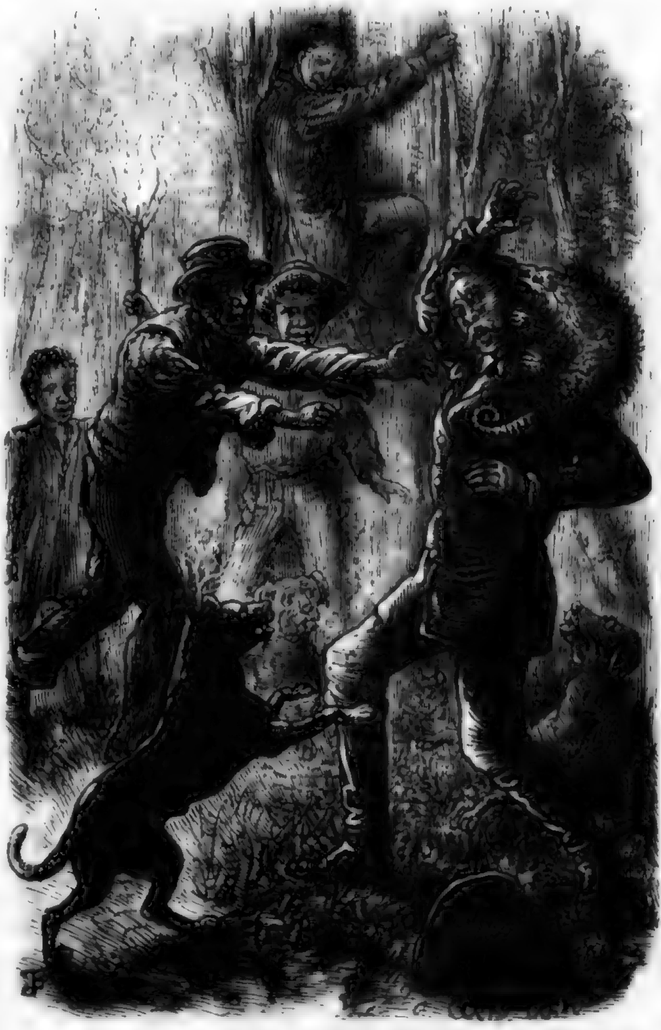
I was inclined to respond, "Boiled!" as Charles Lamb did about the babies, but contented myself with a non-committal "So, so."

"Punks is some, ain't he?" continued my friend.

My mental fingers counted over the sizes and shades of negrohood introduced to my notice since arrival, and I assented to the fact that Punks, a little boy, was "some"-thing. I did not know what was implied, and am not sure that Charlie did.

The questioner now turned informant. He said:

"I promised him that if he would help drive the mules at the cotton-gin, I would take him to a show. So I took him to a circus and animal-show last week. He has tried to do all that he saw done since he came home, but didn't



OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"WITH THE INSTINCT TO HOLD ON, IT TOOK MY HEAD IN THE EMBRACE OF TEETH, CLAWS AND TAIL."

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like the elephant. He had his cake of ginger-bread in his hand, and told his mother on his return that the 'critter tuck it away from him with his tail.'"

The story was so like a very old Irish one, of a "baste aitin' hay wid his tail," that my effort at a smile was a very poor success.

Charlie laughed for both of us, and continued:

"I told him once that to milk a frog, and put the cream on his face, would turn him white; and ever since he turns over every toad or pond-frog he can find, looking for the female giving milk that will cause the Ethiopian to change his skin."

I did laugh now, as my mind's eye saw the colored innocent at his quest; and Charlie, pleased at my appreciation, asked:

"Did you ever go 'possum-hunting?"

Feeling sure of the identity of the animal, in the land where the negroes leave off the "po" from the "tato," and the "mo" from the "lasses," I answered:

"No; but I would like to."

"Be still a minute," said Charlie.

I was quiet, and caught the tinkle of a banjo from the direction of the "quarter." This was a single cabin, built of pine-poles, put up pen-fashion.

"Uncle Peter's at home," said he. "He's good at 'coons and 'possums, and will go in a minute if we ask him."

I knew by this time that old negroes in the South, when not called "mammy" or "daddy," as loved nurses of the children, are always "uncle" or "aunt"; and I guessed "'coon" to be the abbreviation for the sly animal with ring-stripes on the tail.

Upon the hint of Charlie I arose, and we went around the "big house," as the white dwellings with brick chimneys, all outside, are called by the negroes.

Through the yard, destitute of grass and deep in Autumn leaves—through the collection of pigs squealing for corn—over the fence of the turnip-patch—and there was the cabin, with Peter himself balanced on a bench, of which a leg was absent, and rapidly producing the loud tum-tum, twang-twang, tumpty-twang which is such sweet music in that delicious night-air.

The negro songs, such as the Christy and other minstrels have made so familiar, are utterly beyond the composition or comprehension of the true negro, and the loud melodies, sung by such sweet, strong voices, all through the night, when the Indian corn is "shucked," or husked, often consist of disjointed words, conveying little more sense to singer or hearer than bird-notes.

Uncle Pete was a great poet for his race, and the words he sang were these, so far as I can remember the verses, often repeated, and having no beginning nor end.

"Up de hill,
An' down de holler;
Cotch dat 'possum
For a dollar.
Ki, ki, roast me dat;
Jolly good for de 'possum fat!

Skin him, cook him,
Cotch anoder;
Maybe cotch
Dat 'possum's brudder.
Ku, ku, de 'possum stew,
Th' ain't no 'possum here for you.

Hunk o' corn-bread,
Sweet potater,
An' hot meat
Upon de plate-er.
Ki, ki, good for you,
Dat 'are 'possum good for true!"

Seeing no end to this lyric devotion to the favorite god of the negro stomach, we appeared around the corner of the cabin, and Peter at once ceased, and handed us seats—a huge gourd and an old trunk—out into the moonlight, with the air of a prince.

We explained the purpose of our visit, and the old man showed his teeth and his delight at once, as he said:

"Yes, young marsters—jest as soon as you gets your supper over in the big house. I's cotched a powerful sight of 'possums in my young days. People can't allers stay peart and lively." And he added, briskly: "I'm growin' ole—ain't limber like I used to was. I ain't complainin' 'bout it, though; de Lord's will be done. Yer yaller rascal, ain't yer got no raisin', a-cuttin' up shines like dat afore gemmen? I'll break yer neck for yer!"

This sudden change from deep piety to parental reproof to little Punks, who was making desperate efforts to balance on head and hands, his one brief garment revealing so much of black that I had to understand the "yaller" point in the rebuke as a metaphorical way of saying he was the mother's child, not taking folly from his father.

The effect was to end the performance in a somersault, so sudden as to suggest the fear of a slap, and Punks departed with the usual open countenance of his race. An excruciatingly bad Southern pun is to the effect that the mouth of a negro is like an overseer's wages, in that it is from "year to year."

As we returned to the house for thick boots and tea, we passed Sam and Punks, the two younger boys of Peter, engaged in splitting "light-'ud" off an old stump. The yellow pine is full of crude turpentine, which will not burn in the green timber, and therefore there are no forest-fires, save unimportant ones of leaves, in the South.

In half an hour we were ready and off, Charlie "blowing up the dogs," as he expressed the unearthly noise he made on a huge ox-horn, and to which the clamor of a score of hounds, lean as the last kine of Egypt, responded.

Peter had a bag over his shoulder; Sam, a very dark object of thirteen years, carried an ax; Punks had his arms full of the slender splinters of pine, and gave each of us half-a-dozen.

One of the bunches, thrust among the smoldering brands under a soap-kettle, burst into a yellow blaze with black smoke, and was passed from hand to hand, until each of us was armed with fire.

I at once distinguished myself by holding mine in such a way that the melted pitch dropped on my bare hand; but I avoided the loud "Ya! ya!" of happy negro sympathy, by repressing the howl of pain just at my lips.

A planter, used to field supervision, scorns to use a road or path, and as our way was across a fifty-acre field, with the blooms, coarse leaves, and pods bursting with seed and lint, of the waist-high cotton-plants, covering it all, I could not see the ridges cast up to the plants, and therefore enjoyed the most prolonged stumble of a brief life.

Beyond this was an old field, as high in broom-sedge as the other had been in cotton, and when, in zeal for opossums, I deflected from the line of march, I found myself up to the eyes in blackberry briers, from which I escaped with bleeding face, and some of my broadcloth left as banners on the outer wall.

This seemed so common an incident that I was not even laughed at, and, wondering when the opossum would come into the story, I tried a leading question on Uncle Peter.

"The less 'possums the more huntin'," was his perfectly explicit and consoling rejoinder.

The moon was now high in heaven, and as we neared the verge of the tall pines mingled with oaks, the dogs broke away in full cry on a trail. It was explained to me that some venturesome thing, known to them under the inclusive name of "varmint," had, in all likelihood, been met on its way to a hen-roost; and soon the full cry of all the dogs at one spot proclaimed that 'possum or 'coon had been "treed." Probably the former, as the chase was so brief.

Peter, a conductor of red and black genii under the torch-flame, led the way to the place.

The tree was a slender pine sapling, and we could see the animal as a dark ball just at the top. A vigorous shake of the tree by Peter and Charlie, who were making more racket than the dogs, dislodged it so far as the hold of its feet was concerned, but its body only flew out to the length of the strong tail, curled in a death-grip, and the feet caught again in the rebound.

"Ax him to come down, Sam," said Charlie, and the boy, in blissful ignorance of the awful pun, began with the ax.

But few strokes were needed, and as the pine-top crashed down, I was aware of a general *mêlée*—dogs, little negroes, Charlie, Peter, pine-boughs—out of which at last a black arm held aloft a little dead opossum.

I took the little warm, soft roll of gray fur, with its exaggerated rat-tail, and it seemed so out of proportion to the great array and fuss, that I felt sorry and ashamed. However, I called to mind certain fields I had seen, of scarlet coats, horses and dogs, in the noble sport of fox-hunting, and felt consoled.

Charlie explained to me that the fat of the opossum, like that of the black bear, can be eaten to any extent without offending the stomach; and, conscious that mine was already offended by the wild-animal smell and the hot blood, I gave Peter the treasure for his bag.

As our course now lay through the woods, Punks volunteered to conduct me; and, in an evil moment, I assented.

As his shirt had probably been washed that week, he was tolerably visible by torch and moonlight, even in the tall timber; and, with head erect, and the memory that Nimrod was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," I stalked on. Punks was in sight, and had not paused.

Suddenly I saw a streak of fire that was not a torch, was jerked flat on my back, and was aware that my nose had parted with a portion of its skin. A serpent-like thing waved solemnly above me.

Punks was not quite so tall as I, and hence the huge grape-vine had caught me just in the face, with the above results.

I was aware that the yellow, smoky flame only made darkness visible, nothing else; but I had believed in Punks.

Charlie gave me his hand to rise, and tried to convince me that the horrible distortion of his face was a sneeze, not a laugh. I did not argue the point, even when Punks admiringly remarked:

"Your nose is 'most flat as mine!"

Charlie tried to take the edge off this "unkindest cut" by telling me of a pair of monkeys that had been given to his sister Della, and that Punks took their little wrinkled faces and lack of all forehead, with the color, as a burlesque on his own unlovely childhood.

He would look at them for hours, and say:

"I isn't wrinkled nor bald-headed, if I *is* black. Never you mind; dad'll get a hoe in yo' hands next Summer, an' I'll lick you when I ketch you in de cotton-patch!"

Charlie also said that it never was quite clear how a dish of corn and arsenic, placed in the barn for rats, came to be put in the porch near the monkeys, but that Punks was strongly suspected of fratricide.

The boy had listened with a knowing look, and to make his better acquaintance, I asked:

"Won't you go and live with me?"

"Whar you live?" he asked, in a business-like tone.

"On the other side of the ocean," I said.

"What's that?" he continued.

"The biggest pond in the world," I responded.

"Any she-bullfrogs in it that gives milk?" he asked, with the Darwinian struggle toward the higher race.

I compromised on a whale story, which, doubtless, gave me the reputation of the prince of liars in that family of color for ever, and Charlie came to the rescue with the question to Punks:

"What's the meanest thing in the world?"

"A nigger," said Punks, decidedly.

"And what are you?" I asked.

"I'm Mr. Punks Peter," he said, with all of the ambition of the newly freed race to have family names.

Sam looked at him in utter scorn, even to the extent of trying to turn up a very flat nose, and said:

"If white's good, you ain't got much about you but your shirt-tail."

"I will be white," said Punks, with a grand faith, which, let us hope, in the light of the end of this article, has been realized.

We tramped on through the vast shadows and the rare patches of wondrous moonlight, and I was now enough used to torchlight to see that the mixed trunks of straight pines and giant oaks were often climbed by monster grape-vines, and these, trailing in mid-air, seemed a forest of boa-constrictors, needing little aid from the imagination and the wind to seem alive and in motion. My nose still reminded me that one of them had met me in the way.

We were through this great body of trees without more game, and I began to think that all of the relatives of the murdered opossum were warned, and had fled from our victorious way.

It makes me tired now to think of the "over the hills and far away" of that night-walk.

We passed negro cabins, invariably avoiding the tree-shade so needful and so accessible in the warm land, but perched in the hottest and most grassless spot of the plantation, by the free choice of the inhabitants; passed farm-houses, avoiding the lovely groves almost as much as did the negro quarters, and with stables and pig-pens always opposite the front door; passed the gin-houses on stilts, and the wooden sevens, with lever-arms for horse-power, dark giants in the moonlight, and with the precious bales just from the gin and the press revealing the use of the stilt-style for shed purposes.

We soon came to what had been the bed of a stream, now turned to a swamp by fallen timber and the vegetation, alive and dead, hindering the flow. We were in haste to cross, for a rush of dogs, and the now distant barking, told at last of another opossum.

Peter and Charlie hastily found two long poles of dead pine, and threw them in, so as to connect to a log labyrinth across the place. The water was perhaps green by day, but black and very dangerous-looking by firelight.

Old Peter and Charlie trod as lightly as they could, easing their weight by grasping the muscadine-vines overhead; and I, following the example, got safely across with them, surprised at my own luck.

Sam was nearly over, but, trusting his whole weight to the treacherous dead poles, when Punks, excited by the dogs' proclamation of a treed animal, sprang from a stump full to the middle of the poles.

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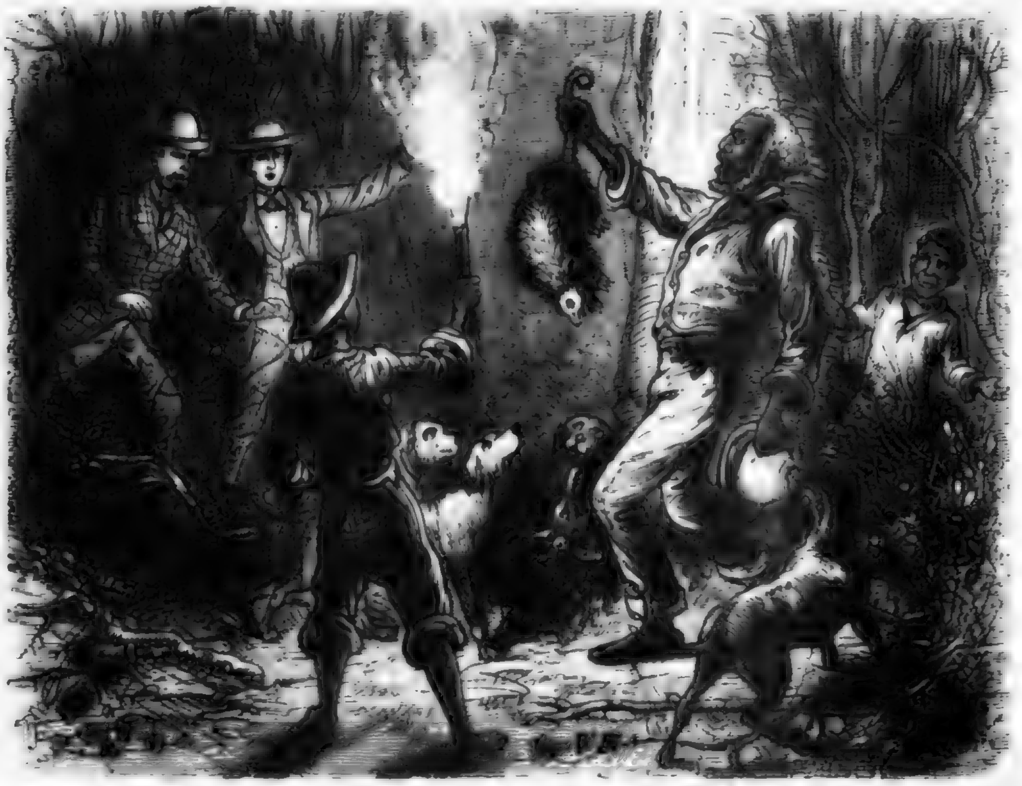


OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"I WAS AWARE OF A GENERAL MÊLÉE—DOGS, LITTLE NEGROES, PINE-BOUGHS—OUT OF WHICH AT LAST A BLACK ARM HELD ALOFT A LITTLE DEAD OPOSSUM."

A snap of dry wood, a loud splash, and Sam had escaped as by the skin of his teeth; while poor little Punks, his shirt shirt floating around him like a dirty water-lily, and mouth just enough above the water to enable him to spit violently, revealed to me the full negro capacity for showing the whites of the eyes.

I was looking in alarm for some vine to throw him, lest he never should escape from the bottomless mud; but Sam understood the situation better than I did, and screamed out, "Water-snake, moccasin!" in great seeming terror.

Instantly, with half-swim, half-leaps in the slime, Punks was out, crawling shivering to a log, a small, dark statue, as his shirt clung dripping to him; while Sam complacently remarked:

"Say snake to a little nigger, and he'll come or die."

We all laughed except the hero and his father, who was not pleased at the awkwardness of his black lamb.

"You triflin' nigger, you!" he said; "go fallin' round like dat! Does I set yer any such 'sample?"

Here Punks opened his mouth for that howl which is the cry of a grieved negro child, but I saved my ears a torture by holding up the small American five-cent coin, which is of nickel, and looks like silver.

Money has magic power to heal wounds in honor more sensitive than that of Punks, and, with a sudden revenge, he said to Sam:

"I'm gwine to get 'lasses candy wid dat, and shan't give you a bite."

Just then a great hound, wet all over, sprang to my bosom, leaving my shirt little more dry than that of the child, gave a lick on my face and a short bark, which said, "Hurry!" and was off again to the tree where the others kept the "varmint."

Uncle Peter heard again the only music sweeter to him than the banjo, and, with a loud cry of "Golly, they treed him, sure!" was off in the hunt with the dog.

We all followed, and found that this little animal had "treed" in a large oak not to be shaken, and a night's work to cut down. But to leave a 'possum was a violation of the Southern code, and, after a short consultation and a few chops, which showed the tree to be very hard, Charlie volunteered to go up and get him. As this was a matter of some risk, we all consented.

With coat off, he was half to the lowest bough at one strong leap, and then, with knees and hands, he wormed his way to the branches.

Among them, he climbed with the ease of a sailor up the ropes, and was soon lost in the great cloud of the yet lingering leaves.

Suddenly a shout, "Here he is!" and another, "Here he comes!" and it was my usual luck to be just under where it was shaken from its hold. I looked up as it came down, and, of course, received it on my injured nose and got the hair in my open mouth. The opossum was frightened, and so was I—not the less so when, with the instinct to hold on, it took my head in the embrace of teeth, claws and tail. Uncle Peter instantly jerked it off, and the dogs killed it; but I was aware that other skin than its own followed its removal.

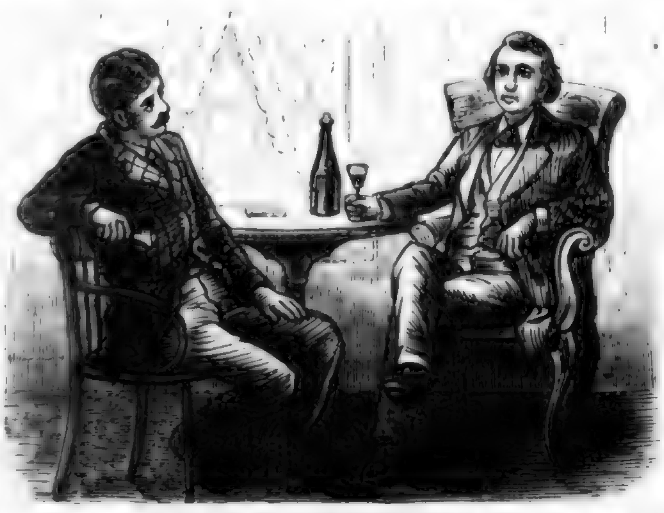
I was not sorry this time to see it in the bag, and when Charlie came down, more slowly than it did, we resumed the march.

I was enjoying the opossum-hunt. Charlie, in mercy to me, left the swamp, and, while it was late at night, I could not honestly say I was sleepy. I fancied that I knew how eels feel when being skinned, and the cool night-air aided the conviction.

In spite of my boots, I had somewhat barked my shins, and this, with the prolonged leg-work, began to tell. Punks, dried to a mummy in mud and shirt, was fresh as a rose.

We had almost completed a great circle through half-a-dozen plantations, none less than five hundred acres in extent, and the nearest way home was to complete the circle.

This led us down the stream from the swamp, now flowing rapidly among rocks and fallen timber, and bor-



OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"CHARLIE BROUGHT OUT SOME MUSCADINE WINE, SAYING, APOLOGETICALLY, 'FATHER DON'T LET ME SMOKE..SO I CAN'T HAVE CIGARS.'"

dered by a great canebrake. This is a kind of slender bamboo, from ten to thirty feet high, the slender leaves and sprouts ever green, and food for cattle in the mild Winters.

Hogs and cows had made the only paths through it, and as we proceeded, Indian file, I had the consolation to hear, more than see, that the strong green briers running all over the cane-roots and wet soil caught the naked legs of Sam and Punks, and at last extorted cries of pain from those irrepressible youths.

I was saved from the sin of openly triumphing in my boots by failing to lift them high enough to escape the grasp of the same vines, and pitching forward with a loud thump, which must have been severe for the ground.

It was for me.

"Seems like de white man loves to hurt heself," said the sympathizing Punks.

Escaped from the cane and the stream, we had just passed a belt of second-growth pine, with a few dead peach-trees, where a clearing had once been, and entered another broom's-edge and brier-field on the home way.

The dogs were behind, smelling in all possible and impossible places, and suddenly they gave mouth, and in ten minutes were leaping and yelping among the trees we had left.

"Nudder 'possum," said our oracle.

And, as we turned, he made an X in the sand and spit in it, the two boys doing the same.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"For cunger," said Sam. "Bad luck to turn back."

Protected by this potent spell, we did turn back, and bagged the third opossum. I kept out of the way.

Resuming our tramp, Charlie said:

"The big gully is on the way home."

"What is that?" I asked.

He answered:

"There is no freeze to hold dirt solid all Winter here as North, and the next rain starts washes. If these are not filled with pine-tops, they wash deeper every year, and make gullies. The red soil is as much sand as clay, and goes with a looseness."

I looked knowing, and a few hundred yards brought us to the persimmon thicket, in the midst of which yawned the gully. It would have held the "big house," chimneys and all, and a Southern mansion is no baby. Large persimmon and sassafras-trees had been undermined and fallen into it; others were half-buried with old land-slides, and cracks in the soil, with leaning trees, told how the Winter rains would widen the chasm.

One large bank had partly slid down without falling, and a clump of small trees yet stood erect upon the island made by this incomplete land-slide.

THE TUG OF WAR.

The dogs now came up, sniffed rapidly, and at once leaped with loud yelps over the red-earth strait about this island. They had detected a fourth opossum at a banquet of the only fruit which will tempt it away from a poultry-yard, and we now saw it rapidly seeking a way of escape. Finding us on the land side, it instantly "played 'possum" —that is, became a dark ball without seeming life.

To cut the tree would throw it into the gully, and Uncle Peter cut a long pole and knocked it down, while Sam leaped to the island to save the tender flesh from the dogs. It fell, still as a ball, pretending to be dead, and Sam picked it up by the back of the neck, to avoid a sudden revival and teeth, at the same time backing to get away from the leaping hounds.

The edge of the island was soft, and he suddenly disappeared into the darkness, leaving only a yell in the air. Two dogs shared his fate.

I was alarmed, but Charlie said:

"No danger. It's all soft dirt down there."

We found a slope and went cautiously down, with elevated torches, but were met by Sam and the crest-fallen dogs, only a little scratched, not hurt.

He had held to the opossum all of the time.

Punks met him with the fullest grin he was capable of, and his capacity that way was great, saying:

"Hi! we're even now, you nigger!"

But, penitent at the sight of a little blood on his brother's scratched face, added:

"I'll give you some 'lasses candy."

Uncle Peter, a profound reader of the stars and of cock-crowing, said:

"It's two o'clock to-morrer morning;" and, guessing his meaning, we were soon at home.

I had some smoke in my eyes, and much more dried with the blood on my face. I was glad that beautiful Della was gone to bed.

Charlie had no idea that any one was tired, bruised or sleepy, and brought out some muscadine wine, saying, apologetically:

"Father don't let me smoke, so I can't have cigars."

The mild wine was more to my taste.

He added, as I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes:

"Lots of fun in 'possum-hunting, and we'll go every night of this full moon if you say so, and I tell you——"

He says that I was asleep.

It is possible.

* * * * * * *

Thousands of miles of water are between me and that land, and I have a letter from Charlie.

He writes:

> "Don't you remember Uncle Peter?"

Venerable man! thou must cast that shadow from thy brow before I forget thee!

Charlie proceeds:

> "He no longer beats the banjo-strings, and no 'possum hides from his torch. But he ain't dead—it's Punks."

Do I realize it? That inheritor of Peter's wool and miniature copy of his blackness! Ah! the rough case has a tender heart, after all.

Charlie concludes:

> "He sent for me, and said, 'I'm sorry I killed de monkeys.' Thus he made his peace with earth. His last words were, 'I'm gwine to be white.'"

God grant it!

"Again I'll see that far-off land,
Where I stumbled o'er the chunks;
And hope to drop a pitying tear
On the grave of little Punks."

SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

One of the most comical specimens of the canine race that I ever knew was a little French poodle that attained celebrity as a church-going dog. Gypsy belonged to a physician whose family were pretty regular in their attendance at church; but whether any of the rest of the family were there or not, Gypsy was always on hand both at morning and afternoon service, and it is but just to the memory of that exemplary doggie to state that she always conducted herself with the utmost propriety, maintaining at all times a gravity of deportment befitting the place and the occasion.

Sometimes, however, Gypsy manifested a desire for a change of preachers, when she would start off on a dog-trot for a neighboring village three miles distant, crossing two long covered bridges on her way, and proceeding directly to the only church in the place, would march up the centre aisle and take her place at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, where she would remain in an attitude of rapt attention until the conclusion of the service. Then she would make her way home again without taking the least notice of anybody about the edifice.

The congregation soon came to know this devout dog so well that her appearance ceased to cause any surprise, and no one thought of interfering with her movements.

Gypsy was firm in her denominational principles, and was never known to attend any church except where the strictest orthodox doctrines were inculcated. I have never been able to form any theory which would satisfactorily account for Gypsy's proceedings, but the facts in the case are precisely as I have related them.

I once knew a dog that committed suicide from remorse. He was a fine Newfoundland, belonging to a cousin who sailed a ship between Boston and Liverpool. On one of his voyages my cousin bought in England a diminutive terrier, intending it as a present for his wife. The little terrier and Bruno soon became great friends, and it was rare fun to see the two playing about the deck. The terrier, like the most of his breed, was a saucy little fellow, and frequently used to try the patience of his huge playfellow to the utmost by his impudent liberties.

One day Bruno was luxuriating over a splendid bone, when the terrier came up and snatched it away from him. Bruno soon recovered the dainty viand, and, with a warning growl, settled himself again to the enjoyment of his repast. But the little terrier was determined to torment him, and kept dancing about, barking, and making occasional snatches at the bone.

At last Bruno lost all patience, and, probably intending merely to give the little fellow a lesson that would teach him to be more respectful in the future, took him up and gave him a hearty shaking. But the good-natured Newfoundland had no idea of the delicate formation of his little companion's frame, for his huge jaws dislocated the terrier's spine, killing him instantly.

When Bruno saw what he had done, he manifested the most violent grief. He whined and moaned over the body, then ran distractedly about the deck, returning again and again to the inanimate form, which he licked and caressed with every evidence of sincere affection.

When the body of the terrier was thrown overboard, it was with great difficulty that Bruno was prevented from following it, and he at once fell into a state of intense melancholy, refusing all food, and taking no notice of any one. Even his master, of whom he had been very fond, was unable to obtain any sign of recognition, and so he lay brooding over his misfortune and refusing to be comforted, until he literally starved himself to death.

Nearly every elephant-keeper has a dog that stays with the elephant night and day, and superintends matters when the keeper is absent. An elephant soon becomes accustomed to the presence of such a dog, and eventually recognizes him as a sort of deputy-keeper. There was a large brindle mastiff, called Turk, that traveled for many years with the celebrated elephant Bolivar, and exercised wonderful control over that huge beast.

In the Fall of 1849, Van Amburgh's menagerie came to New York, and went into Winter quarters in a building in the Bowery (where the German theatre now stands), which was fitted up for the purpose. The second night after the arrival of the animals Bolivar got loose. His keeper had gone home, and no one knew where he lived. The managers were sent for, but no one dared approach the beast, as it would have been certain death for any one except his keeper to attempt to chain him.

It was feared that he might attack the cages and let the animals loose, and everybody was in a state of great perplexity and terror, when Turk came walking leisurely in from the stables in the rear, where he had been taking a comfortable snooze, and, at once comprehending the situation, flew at the elephant and drove him back into his corner. Then, squatting composedly down on his haunches, he sat there all the night long, keeping Bolivar in his place until the keeper came the following morning and relieved him from his guard.

Turk was a dog that fully realized the responsibilities of his position. At night, after the building was closed, it was his uniform practice to make a tour of observation all over the premises, stopping in front of each cage, and examining the occupants with the utmost attention, and then proceeding to the next one when he was satisfied that all was right.

After going the round of the cages, he would take a walk through the stables, where there were a lot of ponies, and then, having conscientiously fulfilled his duties, he would find an inviting pile of straw, and curl himself up for a night of peaceful slumbers. But if, during the night, any unusual noise was heard, either in the stables or from any of the cages, Turk was always on the spot as soon as the watchman, to investigate the matter, and to offer his assistance if it should be necessary.

One of the most intelligent dogs that I ever knew was a shepherd-dog which belonged to my brother, who was a farmer in Ohio. I firmly believe that Fred was possessed of good reasoning faculties. He was an affectionate creature, and I have seen many a woman who has been called handsome who never showed so much expression in her countenance as Fred often exhibited when excited.

Fred was a sociable dog, and he and myself soon became great friends. He was a handy dog to have about the house. When my brother wanted his cattle driven up at sunset, all he had to do was to call Fred and tell him what was wanted, when away he would go at locomotive speed, and no matter how much scattered the cattle were, whether in pasture or woods, but a short time would elapse before you would see the whole herd, without one missing, coming at a lively gait toward the barnyard, with Fred in their rear, capering, barking, and making all the fuss possible over his charge, of which he seemed proud enough.

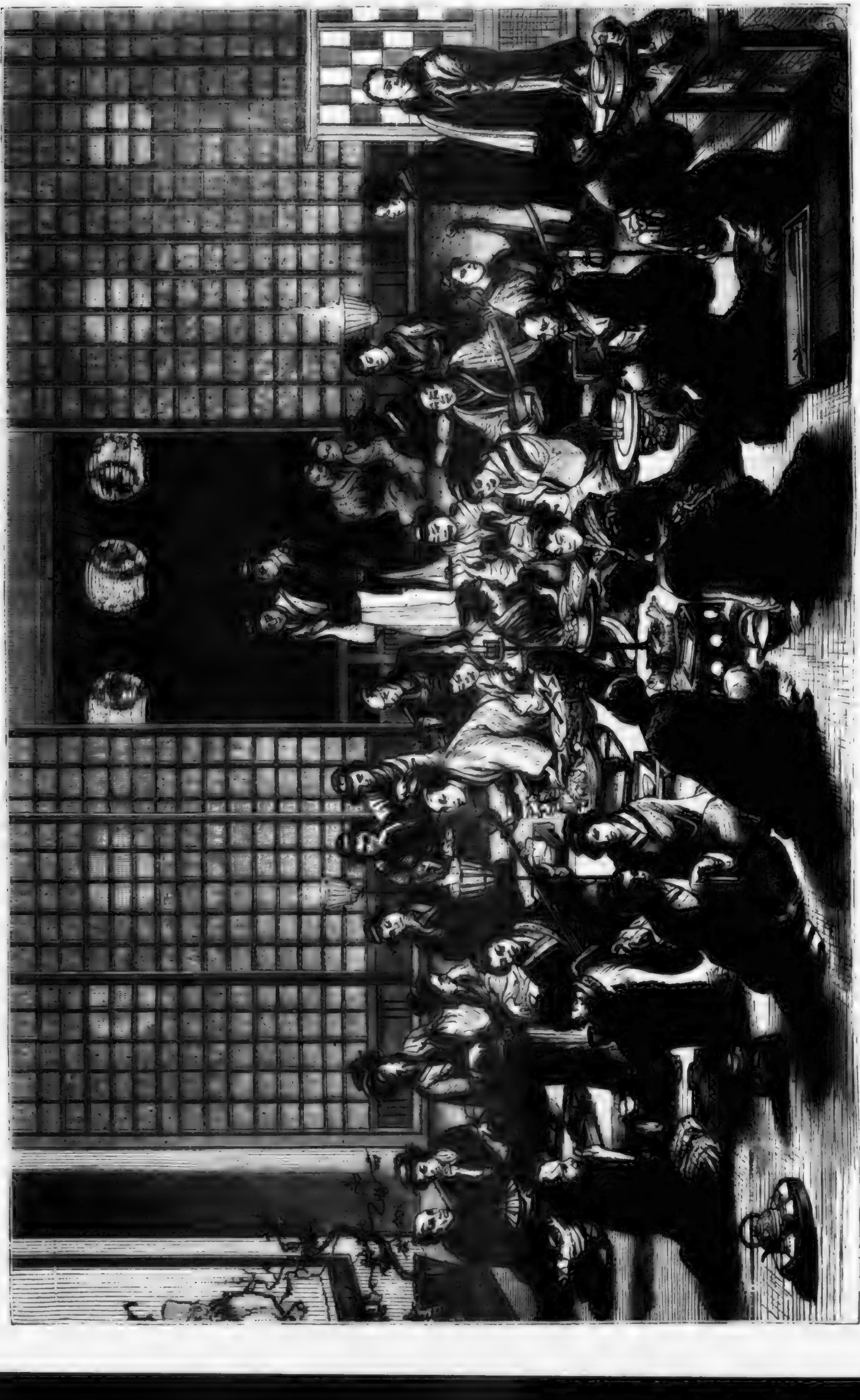
But Fred had one great misery, which embittered his peaceful life. This misery was in the shape of a big yellow dog belonging to a neighbor who lived half a mile from my brother's house. The first time that I became aware of Fred's feelings on this subject, I was driving from the farm to the village, having to pass the house referred to above. Fred was with me, scampering about in all directions in high glee, chasing imaginary squirrels, taking wide circuits through the fields, bounding over fences, and conducting himself in the liveliest manner possible, when, as we neared the house, his spirits suddenly drooped, and, with his tail between his legs, he slunk under the wagon a most unmistakably dejected and utterly demoralized dog.

The cause of this sudden change was soon apparent, as the big yellow brute that Fred so dreaded came tearing into the road, his coarse hair bristling with rage, and his whole appearance indicative of unbridled ferocity. But Fred was safe from his attacks beneath the wagon, and he never emerged from his place of security until we had left the pugnacious brute far behind, when he recovered his spirits, and became as frolicsome as ever. This performance was repeated whenever we passed the place which harbored the yellow dog.

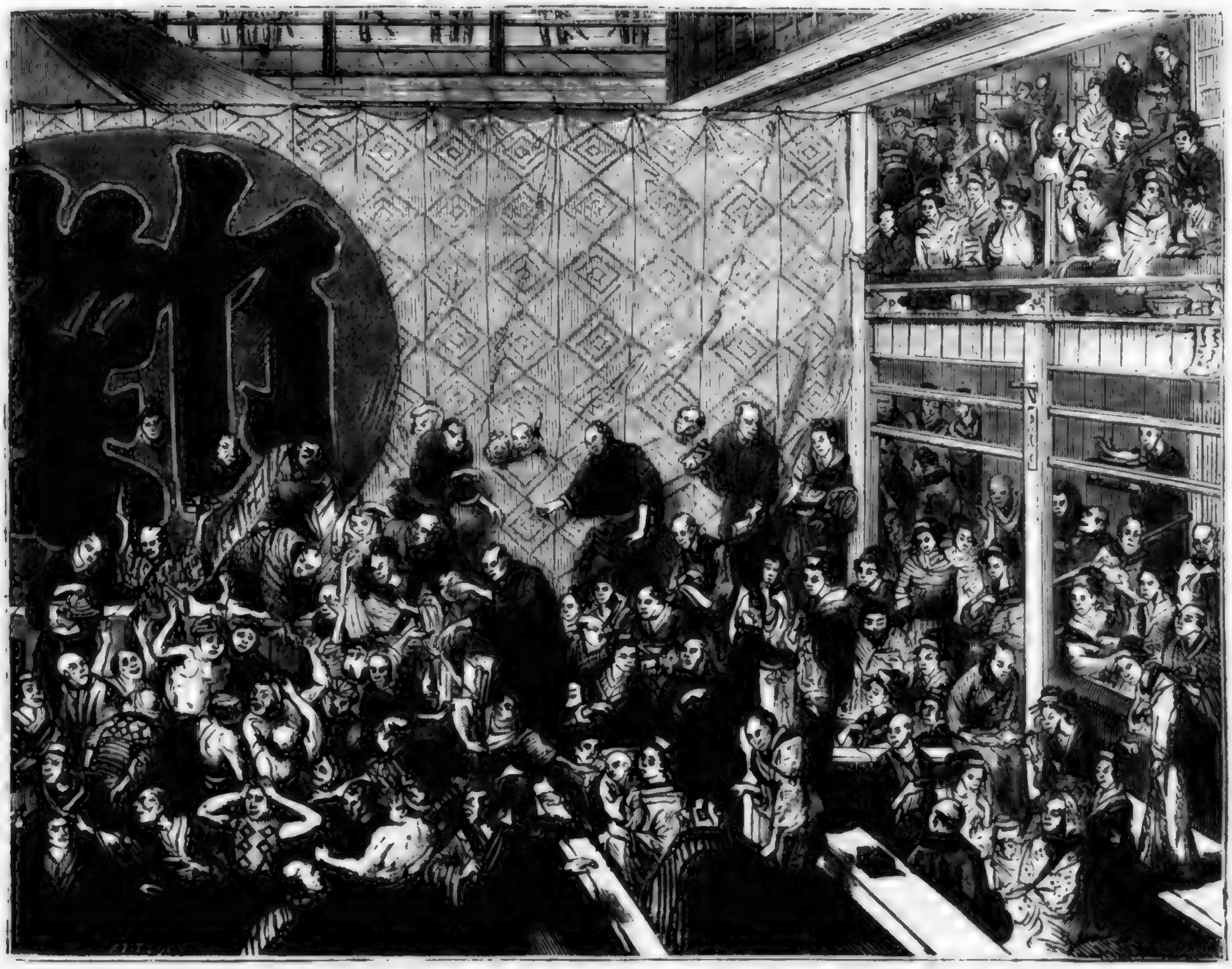
One day I was at home, reading in the sitting-room, which opened upon the garden, when I heard Fred scratching at the door. I rose and opened it, when, instead of entering, Fred started off toward the front yard, giving two or three sharp barks as he went, and looking coaxingly at me. Finding that he was not disposed to come in, I shut the door and reseated myself; but I had scarcely taken up my book before the dog was again scratching for admission. Again I opened the door, and again Fred made off in precisely the same manner as at first. Still again the same manœuvres were repeated, when it struck me that there was something Fred wished me to see, and I followed him. And, sure enough, there was. As I turned the corner of the house, there stood Fred's dire enemy on our own premises. Fred gave one look, to be sure that I was backing him, and then flew at the intruder with all the fury imaginable; and, to show that his confidence was not misplaced, I came to his aid with a big club, so that in very short order the ugly brute saw fit to make a precipitate retreat, followed at a safe distance by Fred, who stood barking defiantly at him a long time after he was out of reach. I never saw a dog so proud as Fred was at this achievement. Long after his enemy had disappeared he would rush to the gate and bark after him, though he was half a mile away, and then he would strut around the yard with an air of importance which showed that he considered he had accomplished a big thing in the way of whipping out his disagreeable neighbor. But the next time we passed the house where the yellow dog was kept, Fred became as cautious and humble as ever, taking good care not to leave the protecting cover of the wagon until he was safely past.

Now, here was evidently an exercise of reasoning faculties on the part of this dog. He knew that the yellow dog had no business on our premises. He knew that the yellow dog would make short work of him if he attacked him alone; but he evidently reasoned that if he could enlist my aid in the matter, we could, between us, get rid of the ugly customer. So he came and called me out, and then, when he was confident that I would stand by him, flew at the overgrown brute with complete audacity, though, alone, nothing could have induced him to put himself within reach of the animal.

My pretty dog, Topsy, endeavors every morning to steal my breakfast, and so far Topsy is an immoral dog. She succeeds but rarely, for we know her ways; but she is always ashamed of her base endeavor, and is never, when watching for an opportunity to steal, the lively, sprightly, confident dog she is at other times. As a matter of fact, animals are very much improved by good training, so that cats and dogs that begin life in dishonesty become, at last, trustworthy and good.



HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.—THE RESTAURANT AT THE THEATRE.



BEFORE THE CURTAIN OF A JAPANESE THEATRE.

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.

THE SHIBA-I (THEATRE).

By Edward Greey.

"How shall we pass the evening?" I inquired of my friend, Namikawa Taro, as we squatted on the matted floor of a Japanese restaurant and watched the passers-by on Saruwaka Street.

"Is there anything worth seeing at the Shiba-i of Saruwaka Kanzaburo?" inquired Taro of our comely waitress.

"Yes, truly, your excellency," she smilingly replied, "Everybody goes there, and they say the dancing is superb, the comedy most amusing, and the tragedy—oh, beautiful! Go, by all manner of means, for, in addition to what I have described, you will witness the astounding acts of the Takahashi family—the acrobats—who perform in the costume of Tengus, with noses a floor-mat in length."

She referred to a measure known all over Japan, where the rooms are covered with mats, six by three feet.

I had seen the Tengus depicted in books and heard them described by story-tellers, but never having beheld them on the stage, voted to go; so bidding the girl bring our bill, we procured our foot-coverings, quitted the place, and strolled down the street toward the temple of the drama.

As we progressed, Taro discoursed learnedly upon theatrical matters, and informed me that the word *Shiba-i* (theatre) literally meant "turf places," from the circumstance of the first dramatic entertainment having been given on the grass. He said:

"In the reign of Emperor Heijo (A.D. 805) the earth sank close by a pond, called Sarŭsawa, or Monkey's Swamp, at Nara, in the Province of Yamato. From this hole issued mephitic smoke which produced a sickness resembling cholera. The people came from far and near and burnt firewood around the place, after which they assembled upon a grass-plot, in front of the temple Kopikuji, and danced the *Sambaso,* which is still given as a prelude to theatrical performances. By these means the bad vapor was dispelled and the drama orginated.

"Three centuries later, during the reign of the Emperor Toba, (A.D. 1108) a woman named Iso no Zenji invented a dance, which she performed dressed in the gorgeous costume of a court noble; this was called *Otoko mai* (man's dance). She is, by us, regarded as the mother of the drama.

"In A.D. 1624 a man named Saruwaka Kanzaburo (the elder Booth of Japan) opened the first theatre in Yedo. The place of entertainment we are about to visit is, like this street, named in his honor."

After walking several blocks, we arrived at a building the front of which was marked with pictures, drapery, signs and mats, giving it a very gay appearance. This was the theatre. On each side of the main entrance, which was on a level with the street, were narrow platforms, occupied by the principal characters who were to appear in the entertainment, and who, costumed in their ordinary attire, were familiarly addressing the spectators.

"Hai!" exclaimed one, in a deep, tragic voice. "You are about to behold the greatest performance ever given in Tokio! It is something to be thus favored."

"The sun will soon be under its coverlet of clouds," said a second actor, whom we afterward saw costumed as a woman. "If you wish to be charmed for a brief time, come in and witness my performance of Sujeme."

"Oh, we've had that honor!" satirically observed a man in the crowd, rolling his eyes in a comical fashion, as only a Japanese can. "You are very lovely, when you are dressed up, Bunsuke!"

"You good people!" cried another actor, who was squatting upon his heels on the left of the entrance and slowly opening and closing his fan, "I will show you how the foreign ladies use the *uchiwa*" (folding fan, which is seldom carried by Japanese women). "See—they open it just as a duck does its wing—with a flirt, not gently and gracefully."

Having thus attracted attention, he proceeded to amuse the crowd by burlesquing the awkward manner in which many of our countrywomen handle the instrument, his antics creating the greatest merriment.

Some of the artists joked, others sang, and one tall, grave-looking tragedian related a ghost-story; thus gradually collecting a dense assembly that soon blocked the narrow street.

"Are these people all going to see the show?" I asked.

"No," said Taro, who, on account of the din, was obliged to speak at the top of his voice; "only a few of them will enter. That *samurai*, with his hand to his ear, won't be one of the audience, nor will his friends there"—indicating a couple of shaven-pated, two-sworded gentlemen, who were eying me curiously. "If they visit the theatre, it will be in disguise. No nobleman is supposed to be present at such performances."

"And those ladies, with the beautiful headdresses?" I inquired.

"They will probably go, if they find any one to take them. You may see them later on, like birds, near the sky."

He meant they would probably occupy boxes in the gallery.

While we were watching and conversing, a man came out of the building and proceeded to light the enormous lanterns suspended from the eaves above the heads of the gesticulating actors.

He was provided with a long bamboo, on the end of which was a tiny crook; he also carried a small roll of lighted paper that glowed like a live coal. Raising the rod aloft, he unhooked one of the lanterns, lowered it, and slid the transparent cover up the bamboo rods by which it had been hung and which terminate in the circular piece of wood forming its pedestal and candle-holder.

At that moment, one of the comedians, in illustrating a joke, moved back his elbow and burnt himself with the lighting apparatus, whereupon he began to vigorously scold the attendant.

The man regarded him ruefully, glanced at the fiery roll of paper, and said:

"Why do you not abuse the god of fire? I'm only his servant."

This reply made the actor laugh, and, after playfully rubbing the man's shaven pate, as the Japanese do a child to pet it, he bowed and retired, leaving the fellow to continue his work, which he did, as follows:

The roll of burning paper did not give out a flame; however, he soon produced one by blowing quickly upon it. Having lighted the fat red candle already stuck on the spike of the pedestal, he slid down the oiled-paper globe, and, hitching the lantern on the crook of his bamboo, raised it aloft, then proceeded to light the other four.

Above the eaves, beneath which these illuminated globes were suspended, were large colored pictures representing various tragic and comic episodes in well-known plays; and projecting over the road was a papier-maché group depicting a couple of contortionists, one of whom held aloft a mask such as is used by acrobats between the acts in illustrating the gambols and antics of a tiger.

As I stood in the crowd, I saw boy peddlers rushing hither and thither with fruit and cakes, actors' wives carrying teapots and refreshment-boxes to and fro, as though going and coming from the stage-door, and a mixture of persons of all ages and both sexes, some being well-clad and others very lightly costumed.

Everybody appeared good-tempered and polite, and, though I must to a certain extent have been an object of curiosity, I did not hear a rude word from an adult or receive the slightest insult.

Some of the small boys stared and referred to me as "*tojin vaka*" (foreign lunatic); but they were quickly silenced, their parents loudly remarking, as a salve for my wounded feelings:

"*Tojin sama, ro.*" (Foreign lord, my boy.)

After enjoying the sight, we observed a number of families enter the building. These, my friend informed me, were tradesmen and artisans of the better sort, who are the chief supporters of the drama, and who subscribe a yearly sum that entitles them to a certain space on the floor of the theatre. They are, in fact, holders of season tickets.

Having paid the fee for admission—less than half a dollar each—Taro and myself mounted the stairs to the right, and, putting off our foot-coverings, for which we received checks, were conducted along a mat-walled passage to a box in the second tier.

This was considered the most aristocratic portion of the house, though I always preferred the floor, which is divided into spaces for eight or twelve persons, between the divisions being plank walks for the actors, who, during the performances, sometimes move about the building, in order to exhibit their gorgeous dresses or to thank a patron for some gift.

The stage was raised about three feet from the floor, and the scenery—or, rather, setting—was placed at the back, as also were the musicians and chorus.

These were dressed in *samurai* (noble's) costume, and, as we took our seats, were singing and playing with great vigor.

On the right and left of the stage were two tiers of private boxes—those on the right being screened with curtains of split bamboo, indicating they were occupied by gentry, who desired to remain *incog.*

Around three sides of the interior of the building, which was twice as long as it was wide, extended two tiers of galleries, divided into boxes by wooden bars.

These divisions were soon packed with men and women of the middle classes, and, being lighted from above with large globular paper lanterns, presented quite an animated appearance.

It was also very interesting to watch the actions of the audience in the body of the house.

Every now and again some one would come in and glance round, as though looking for a friend in one of the compartments.

Presently the person whose party they were to join would notice them, rise, and cry "Hai!" just as the boys do in our own country. The newcomer would give a nod of recognition, smile, and advance along the plank, then squat and drop into the space, where he would be received with jubilant greetings by his acquaintances.

Every now and again a gorgeously decorated lady would come in, and attract general attention by her little airs, of which the audience would quietly make fun.

The plank walks terminating in the sides of the stage were four times the width of those between the floor-compartments, they being constructed partly for the benefit of the actors and partly as a means of general exit.

At regular distances, lighted candles in tall sticks were placed along the broad walks and across the front of the stage, thus fairly, yet not brilliantly, illuminating the latter.

The audience, both on the floor and in the boxes, were indulging in eating and drinking, and the air was blue with the smoke from hundreds of tiny-bowled brass pipes.

Taro informed me that many of the people had brought their suppers with them, and that, during the season, some regularly took their evening meal in the theatre, remarking:

"Those who do not provide their own food have it fetched in by waitresses connected with the establishment. By-the-way, when you feel tired, we will visit the restaurant belonging to the house. I think the scene will amuse you."

Among the audience were many celebrated authors and dramatists, some of whom recognized my companion and returned his graceful salutation.

I also noticed much telegraphing and signaling between friends, in addition to which, hilarious persons in the floor-compartments would rise and shout to their acquaintances in the boxes:

"Ah, ha! So you have come, *sama!* Well, I wish you good health."

I can perfectly understand how that sort of thing would weary a foreigner who could not comprehend the language. To me it was exceedingly amusing.

There were no programmes, every one being supposed to know the stories of the plays, or to have posted himself from the big bill in the frame outside.

When the music ceased, the audience settled down, folding fans were opened and used by the men and round ones withdrawn from the bosoms of the ladies' dresses, and soon a dead silence obtained in the house.

In a short time the musicians began to play alone, without singing on the part of the chorus, and in marched the actors, dressed in gay costumes. Before each walked a servant, carrying a lighted candle fastened to a long handle.

They paraded round the broad plank walk, stopping every now and then to salute some friend or patron, when the candle-bearers would raise or lower their sticks, in order to show off the points of their masters' dresses.

The comedians were evidently popular favorites, for the audience cheered them, uttering a cry that sounded like our hurrah. The actors returned to the stage and danced the *Sambaso*, after which they played a comedy called "The Lucky Tortoise."

The characters were performed by men and boys, who made up with artistic skill. In representing females, they imitated the latter's voices and gestures most excellently.

The story of the play was broad, and some of the lines were calculated to bring a blush on the face of a foreign lady, although the libretto was not much worse than that of opera bouffe.

The Japanese dames listened attentively, and, as their features were well coated with pearl-powder and paint, did not exhibit any feeling of embarrassment. I must state, however, they did not join in the noisy applause so liberally bestowed upon the hits by their husbands and male friends.

A Japanese woman is naturally gentle, shy, and refined, and cares more for the tender pathos of tragedy than for the doubtful wit of their comedies. After all, the use of pearl-powder has its advantages.

The boy who represented the tortoise was an exceedingly good pantomimist, his by-play being a study.

He was made up so well that at first I thought it was a genuine tortoise crawling across the stage, and, had he not disillusioned me by speaking, I should have remained in ignorance to this day.

An old woman, *Yaegiri*, has a dream, which she garrulously relates to a number of persons, some of whom advise her one way, and others to the contrary. In her perplexity, she goes to a shrine to pray, when a tortoise crawls out of a hole and bids her follow him to a mountain. Her friends gather round and make very comical remarks, in spite of which she goes with the reptile, which, after trying her faith in a variety of ways, digs in a hillside and unearths a jar containing gold coin.

At the conclusion of the comedy, the moral of which appeared to be "Mind your own business," the chief actors strutted round the plank walk and received the applause of their admirers. Some of the latter handed them notes, which they read aloud, thus advertising both themselves and their patrons.

While these persons were promenading, the orchestra renewed its music, and, in a few moments more, the stage was occupied by acrobats, dressed as *Tengus*.

The *Tengu* is, in Japan, what a bogy is with us. They are usually represented as having enormously elongated noses, and are armed with two swords and wear wings of various colors.

Pictures of these *oni* (imps) are to be found in almost every book intended to amuse children, and the latter appear to consider the *Tengu* rather a good sort of goblin.

As the strangely costumed men entered, an attendant brought a whitened screen upon the stage, and opened it; then, bowing, retired.

The performers were Takahashi Mosuke and his four sons—Kameshichi, Torazo, Atsuyoko and Yazu-uki—all famous in their line of business.

They advanced to the front of the stage, knelt, protruded their long artificial noses over the heads of the spectators and bowed.

As their beaks inclined into the squatting crowd, a woman in the gallery gave a scream.

This caused great amusement and considerable joking between the acrobats and the audience.

"Hai!" exclaimed one of the latter, "You're a beautiful family!"

"That is our chief recommendation, my lord!" merrily replied Takahashi. "We *Tengus* subsist upon (gain our rice and fish by) our noses!"

As he made this response he signaled his sons to rise.

The boys did as they were commanded, and presently stood facing us in a line.

They looked very comical in their loose pantaloons, bright-colored wings, shock wigs and wooden masks; each carried a fan and wore two swords.

Takahashi waited until silence was obtained, then said: "You are now about to behold the most wonderful feats ever exhibited in Tokio. We are not common men, but are descendants from the *Tengus*."

XUM

"When did you take to wearing wooden noses?" demanded a man among the audience. "Your ancestors did not use masks!"

"This is not wood!" slyly answered Takahashi, indicating his artificial nasal organ. "Go to! you are an ignoramus!"

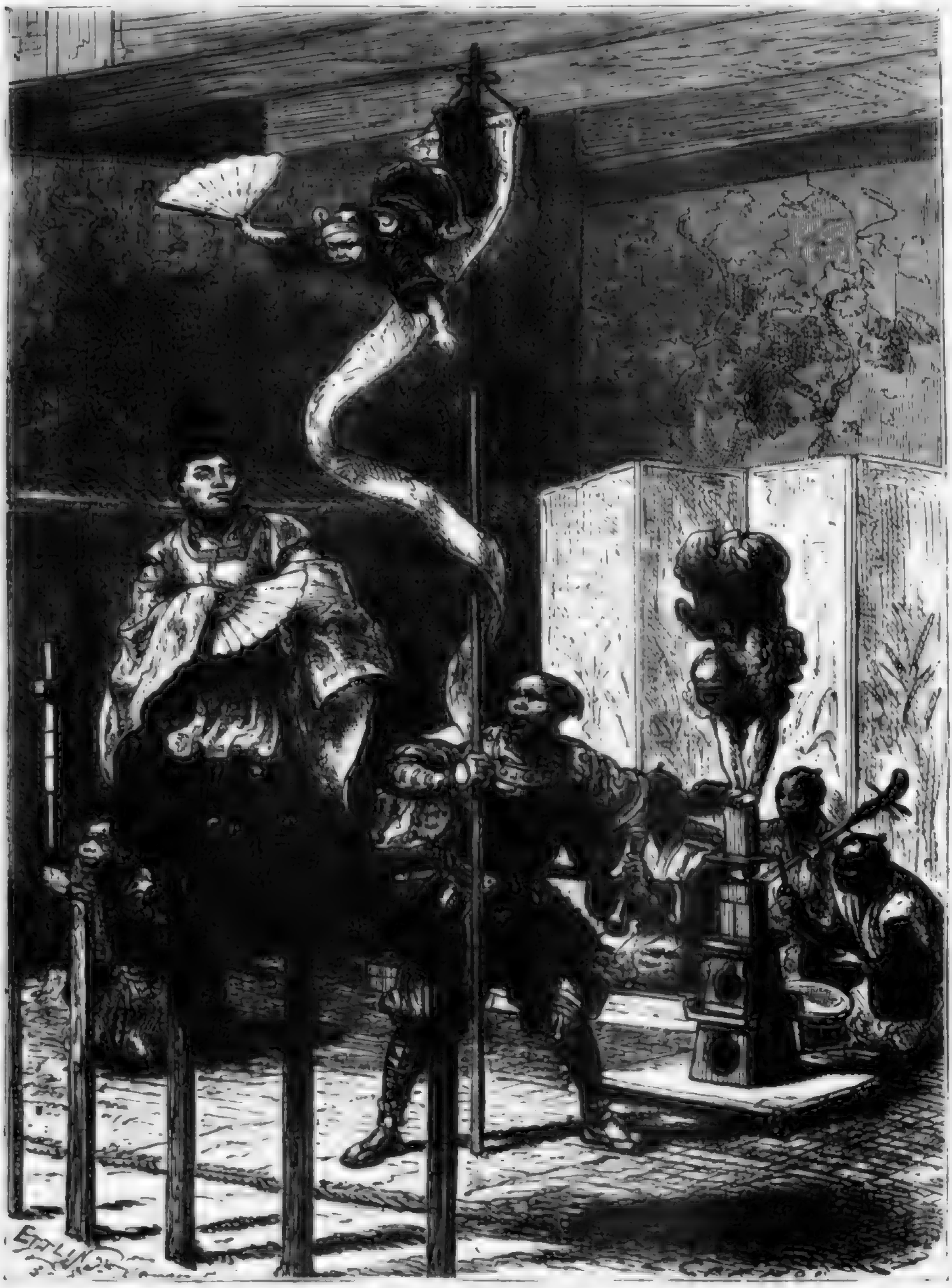
This sally, which involved a pun upon the word "wood," brought down the house; the women joining heartily in the applause.

As the sound died away, two servants, dressed in ordinary costume, entered the stage, bearing a paper umbrella, some rings, and a number of balls, covered with various colored silken threads, such as have of late been largely imported, as toys, by us.

These men were the confederates of the acrobats, in addition to which they led the applause, and by shouts and gesticulations encouraged the performers and attracted the attention of the audience.

"Haio! haio!" they yelled—"haa—i—o!"

The Takahashis now began their entertainment, all getting to work at once.



AN ACROBATIC PERFORMANCE.

Takahashi Mosuke, who wore a mask with a proboscis quite five feet long, laid himself down upon the stage, and, by a dexterous movement, aided Torazo to mount his nose, upon which the young man coolly proceeded to balance himself.

The paper umbrella was then handed to Torazo, who opened the article and set it daintily on the point of his short nose, after which he amused himself by keeping five of the balls in the air; using his fan, as a battledore, to toss back the silk-covered globes. Glancing from him to Kameshichi, the elder son, we beheld the latter kneeling upon the stage, balancing a brass ring on the eighteen-inch nose of his mask, and, as he did so, sending ball after ball revolving through the circle.

This performer, like his father, used a feather fan to direct the course of the falling spheres; knocking them sharply across his left knee and dropping them neatly on his right, ready for him to pick up again.

A prolonged "*Haa—io!*" on the part of the servants attracted my attention to Takahashi, whom I found had tucked a bamboo pillow under his body and was elevating his feet.

Little Yazu-uki advanced to him, and, seating himself on the sole of the parent's right foot, was slowly raised to the full height of that limb. He then placed his wooden nose on the concave part of his father's left foot, and assumed an inverted position, elevated his heels high in the air, and extended his hands, in one of which he retained his fan.

Takahashi was now supporting two of his sons—one on his nose and the other on the sole of his left foot.

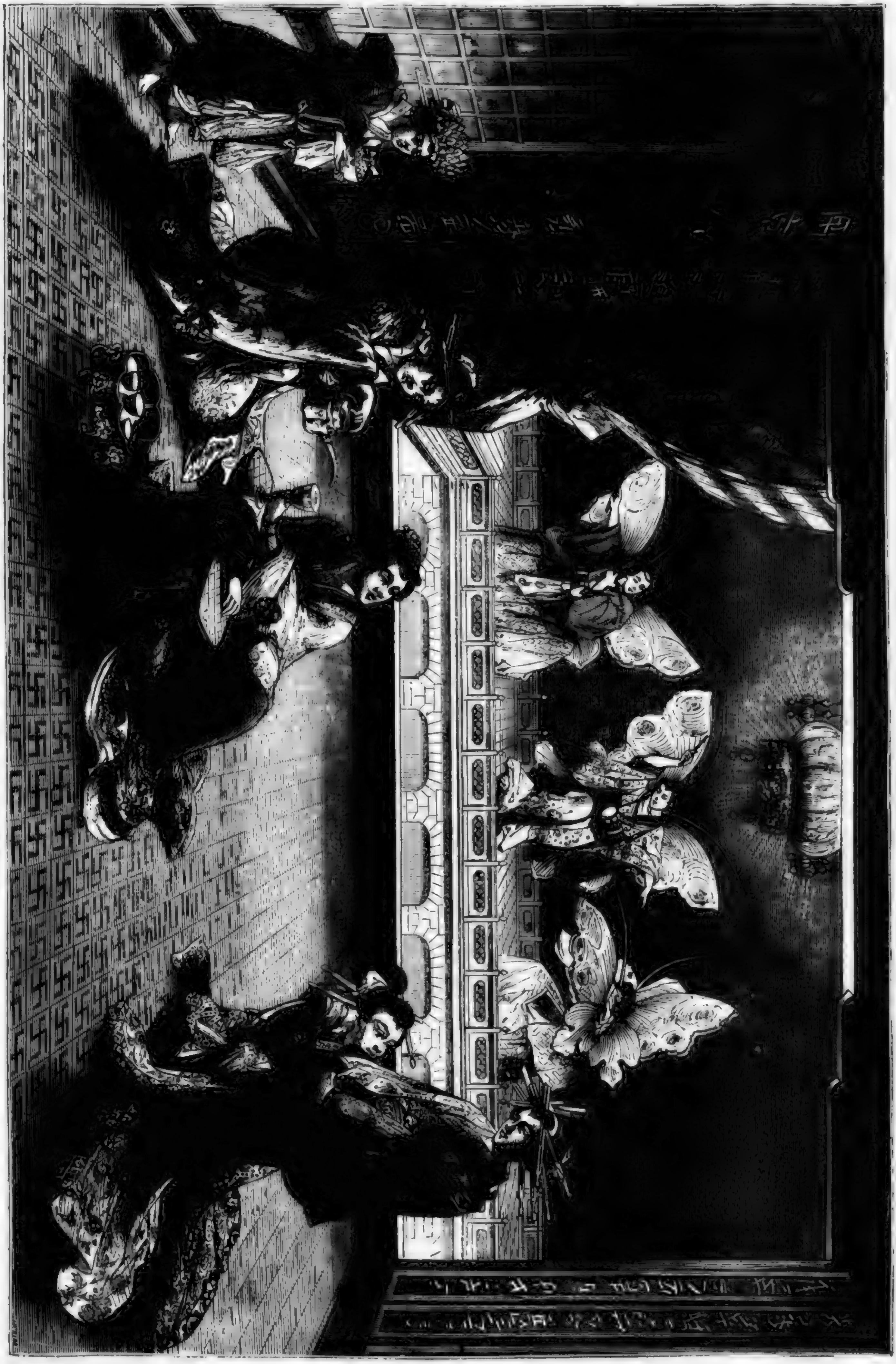
The audience yelled their admiration, and the servants on the stage redoubled their wild cries and contorted their bodies in a most amusing fashion.

When the people quieted somewhat, Atsuwoke, the third son, proceeded to tie a brush, such as is used by the Japanese in writing, to his wooden nose, and to inscribe certain characters upon the screen.

The writing most commonly used by the Japanese is not stiff, like Chinese; the letters, like our own, being often connected with one another by a stroke.

Atsuwoke proved himself a perfect master, his calligraphy exciting the greatest admiration on the part of the spectators.

Having shown what he could accomplish when squatting, in the usual fashion of his countrymen, he stood on



HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.—THE BUTTERFLY BALLET.

his hands, and, while head downward, wrote: "I trust you honorable lords are satisfied with our humble exertions. When the sun shines and the gods smile, the flowers are at their best."

The applause he received was deafening.

I have no doubt but that the combined sentences had another and probably political meaning, the excitement they occasioned being out of all proportion to their literary worth.

I turned my glance from the acrobats to the people, and when I once more gazed at the former, saw them kneeling in a line saluting the audience, with bowed heads.

They then quitted the stage and made a circuit of the house; their attendants, who carried lighted candles held on long sticks, literally illuminating their presence as they progressed.

While the performers were receiving the congratulations of their patrons, my friend noticed a dramatic author among the crowd below, and signaled him to join us.

"That is Hashimoto Tonosuke," he remarked to me. "He is a fine man. You will be delighted to make his acquaintance."

The gentleman presently made his appearance in our box, and, after the usual formal introduction, chatted quite pleasantly about matters theatrical.

He proved to be the adapter of the drama that we were about to see performed.

"Have you ever written an original play?" I asked.

The answer was significant:

"What would avail me if I did? The managers and proprietors of our theatres have not intelligence enough to ascertain, beforehand, what the public requires, nor would they know how to produce a really new piece. So long as we authors play on the old instruments, they are satisfied. They recognize the theme, and say, 'Yes—that always tickles their senses! It is good to have a dragon in a drama. I've got a man in my company who can represent a dragon to the life,' and so on, all through the play."

"Would not the audience appreciate something new?"

"Yes! Our people are fond of fun, and keenly enjoy novelties; but that goes for nothing. The managers sit in their dens, count their money and drink *sake* with the leading actors, who tell them, with many sagacious nods, 'You stick to the old plays! Nobody wants to hear modern rubbish, written by green boys.'"

"Have you no purely domestic dramas, representing the home-life of the people?"

He thought awhile, then said:

"No—not such as I am told are common on your stage. The Niphonese evince little interest in what you call home-life—they say, "We can see that at any time." Our dramas are either founded upon incidents in the lives of mythological beings or descriptive of public life. The people love high-sounding sentences, delivered with ferocious gestures and rolling eyes, and take a delight in the gory scenes. In my drama I have introduced seventeen combats, and they are all applauded."

"What would you substitute?" I asked.

"Lots of things! I would dramatize some of our classics, reproduce, upon the stage, incidents in our national history—make the actor a teacher, instead of a mouther of false sentiment or a buffoon."

In Japan, as in all other countries, the author desires to elevate the tone of the stage, and has the same complaint, viz., that the managers have no knowledge of what the public really want.

It is possible that, were the authors managers, they would be as cautious as the latter in trying costly experiments.

While we were conversing, the stage had been vacated by the acrobats and filled by dancers, who formed in lines, advanced, retreated, fanned themselves in concert, and performed a number of evolutions.

I watched them awhile, but finally became weary, and yawned.

"Would your Excellency like to visit the humble department behind the curtain?" whispered Hashimoto.

I replied, in Japanese fashion:

"If your Excellency would graciously condescend to thus illuminate me, I should feel humbly grateful."

Had I merely said "Yes," he would have deemed me an ill-bred savage.

As it was, he bowed, smiled, and, politely requesting us to follow him, led the way through several intricate side-passages and down a creaky incline, until we passed a curtained door and found ourselves behind the scenes.

The orchestra had quitted their places, the change being rendered necessary by the stage-setting, and were now lounging round in ordinary costume, playing an accompaniment to the dancers, who were partly concealed from our view by latticed wooden screens.

The sight was at once amusing and novel.

We were at the extreme back of the stage, which was divided from the rear portion by wing-scenery, the centre part being half occupied by the before-mentioned screen.

Above this, and to its right, we had a view of the audience and some of the actors.

"Look at yonder fellow, Namikowa!" shouted our guide, pointing to a man on the stage who was dancing with an umbrella in one hand and a dirk in the other. "He would rather fool round in that way than take a part in one of my dramas."

"Possibly he receives better pay as a dancer," I suggested.

The author scornfully elevated his nose, and replied:

"The burrowing mole pretends to despise the sun. The groveling beggar obtains alms by any means."

Further conversation was interrupted by the attendants of the dancers, who slapped together pieces of hard wood, and yelled frantically.

There were no dressing-rooms, green-room nor wings, and I saw that when a very grand spectacle was put upon the stage, the space usually occupied by the performers could be much enlarged by setting the movable screens further back.

The scene was most interesting.

Directly in front of us was a low screen, behind which knelt an actor, dressed as a court lady, who was putting the last touch of powder to his cheeks and surveying the effect in a metal mirror.

"How will that do, Tameji?" he asked of his servant.

"It will about drive them crazy," answered the man. "When you ask for the bucket and flowers, am I to advance one or *two* paces?"

"Two, you stupid!" he somewhat warmly replied.

On the right was the leading man, before whom knelt a servant with a lacquered tray, on which rested an ink-slab and colored pigments.

On the right and at the back of the artist were friends, advising him with regard to his make-up.

He glanced at the mirror, held by one of his admirers, and appeared to hesitate; then, taking a small brush, dipped it in ink, and painted a tiny dot in the corner of each eye.

"Yes," he said; "that makes me look more like the great hero."

Behind him, near a side entrance to the stage, were four dancers practicing a *pas*, while their instructor, an old man with his head swathed in a towel, shouted directions that must have been heard by the audience.

Presently a prompter raised a trap in the scenery, to the right, and shouted to the dancers to go on.

The centre of the space was occupied by various characters, some of whom were dressed as women, busily engaged in reciting their lines, just as one sees actors do at the wings of our own stage.

"I fear those honorable gentlemen are imperfect in their parts?" said our guide. "It is thus our humble work is spoilt."

The director, a grave-looking man, clad in a dark blue costume and socks, stood near us.

"Ah, O-ai," he remarked to a girl whose duty it was to serve the performers with tea, and who had just filled a cup for a man wearing an enormously broad hat—"you must attend to those drum-players," indicating some musicians on the left; "their tongues are hanging out of their mouths!"

He laughed as he said this, and turning to where we stood, was introduced to us by our guide.

In reply to my question as to why he had no curtain to separate the stage from the audience, he stated:

"Our patrons dislike 'waits,' so we abolished the curtain, and keep our stage filled all the time. In our theatre at Kioto we have a revolving stage, but do not find it any great advantage."

He showed us the wardrobe and property-room, which was crammed with masks, dresses, and the thousand and one articles required by the actors.

"Our leading people find their own dresses," he said. "You see, they get lots of presents from patrons, and can afford to spend large sums on their costumes. As it is, the articles we have to provide cost a large sum."

Upon our return to the *salon*, I noticed an actor securing a number of strips of thin paper to the matted walls. He was dressed in his stage-garb, and appeared to be highly pleased with something.

"Have you experienced good luck, most talented Wage?" inquired the director.

"Yes, most honorable master! I am trembling with joy!" replied the dancer. "Thirteen gifts at one performance! The god of plenty has smiled upon me."

We read the papers, two of which ran:

> "Terada Houi, of Yeast Street, maker of beautiful silks, bestowed twenty thousand cash on the admirable Wage, out of respect for the latter's unique dancing."
>
> "Nakamura Buyemon, of the Ogaki wharf, who sells fine *sake*, has given three riyos to the magnificent dancer, Wage."

The walls were covered with these notices, most of which served the double purpose of advertising both donor and recipient.

Noticing that our friend, the author, was growing somewhat anxious, we bade him and the courteous director good-evening, and returned to our box.

The drama had just begun.

It was called "The Immortal Wreath," or "Chaplet," and was a direct steal from "The Story of the Forty-seven Ronins."

Two great lords quarrel, and one pursues the other, finally wounding him. The pursuer, having drawn his sword within the sacred precincts of the castle of Oshiro, is disgraced, and condemned to commit *hara kiri* (suicide by disemboweling), which he proceeds to do before the spectators. His retainers swear to avenge his death, and assume a number of disguises in order to deceive their lord's enemy, who, though equally guilty with their dead master, is, through favoritism, permitted to live. Some of these disguises formed the comic incidents of the drama. Two females—singing girls—sisters of Hashimoto, the head of the "Wreath," or Brotherhood of Ronins, gain admittance to the wicked daimio's palace and cut off his head, which they secrete in a box. In the dead of night, when the snow is falling, Hashimoto and the other "flowers of the chaplet" assemble at the house of their lord's enemy. Then ensued a stage *mêlée* that would have warmed the heart of a Bowery boy.

We beheld single, double, triple and quadruple combats with sword, halberd, dirk and grass-knife; blows were given and taken with a zest that showed the actors had their souls in the work, and did not mind a crack or two. Blood flew, heads rolled off, sometimes revealing a shining pate hidden in the padded neck of the decapitated one, and the victorious men of the "Chaplet" secured the bleeding trophy—the head of the bad daimio; after which the stage was cleared of the living, the pretended dead carried off, and the acrobats once more made their appearance.

"Come," said my friend Taro. "Suppose we visit the restaurant?"

To tell the truth, I was somewhat weary of the noise, and desired to exchange the smoke-laden atmosphere of the theatre for one less charged with the odor of the middle classes.

We descended the stairs, and, without quitting the building, soon found ourselves in a neatly matted apartment, shut off from the main portion of the theatre by paper windows.

At one end was a *tokouoma* (divan), on which were dwarfed trees and flowers in pots, above, against the wall, being a picture of the god of happiness.

The room was lighted with candles, placed on tall stands, and the floor was occupied by a number of customers, divided into groups of twos and threes.

Each party was enjoying itself according to its own fashion, just as though there were no others within hearing.

Singing girls were chanting their weird songs, glorifying lovers who had long ceased to exist; women musicians were playing the *samisen* (banjo) and *koto* (harp), the flute, and a sort of violin, and clapping together oblong pieces of lacquered wood that gave out a sound resembling castanets. Added to this din were the voices of the guests, the chattering of the maids-in-waiting, and, from the adjoining place, the distant shrieks of the audience.

One thing comforted me—although a number of the visitors were smoking, the air was tolerably pure; so we squatted on the floor and ordered a fried fish, rice, tea and *sake*.

In a short time Hashimoto entered, accompanied by his friends.

He called for refreshments, and acted as though very much delighted with the success of his piece.

We enjoyed our repast, and, when the gong rang, rose with the others, in order to return to the theatre and witness the last act of the tragedy.

Upon passing Hashimoto we tendered our congratulations, which he received with a humility unknown among our own adapters.

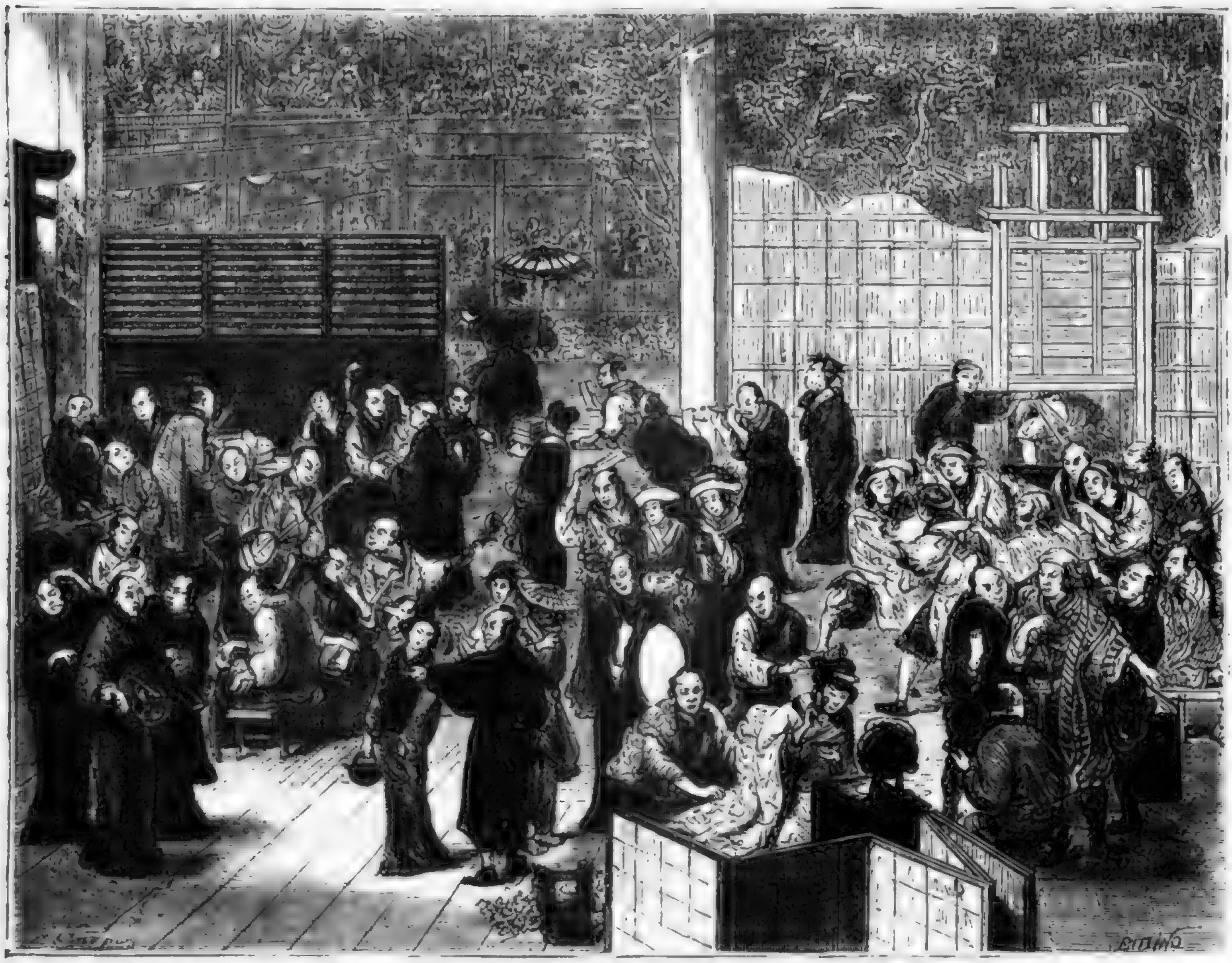
No Japanese ever dreams of praising himself, even conceited persons of that nation being guiltless of this offense.

As we hurried back to our seats we encountered a crowd entering the restaurant.

"Who are these persons?" I inquired.

Taro laughed and said:

"Oh, they are people who profess to know everything



HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.— BEHIND THE SCENES.— SEE PAGE 497.

before they see it! They will remain and eat, until the gong sounds for the climax of this act, when they'll rush to their places and cry: 'How did they do so-and-so?' To-morrow they will give every one their opinion of the new drama."

The last act was even more blood-curdling than the others, and brought tears into the eyes of the women.

I must admit that some of the acting was superb, the speeches of the dying heroes being grandly delivered.

The piece ended with the death of all the principal characters and a blaze of colored fire.

After this came *waki kiyogen* (extra performances), by the most popular of the actors.

It being close upon the "hour of the rat" (midnight), we did not remain to witness the last dances, but, securing our foot-gear, quitted the building.

The foregoing is, as near as I can remember, my experience that evening. I have since visited many Japanese theatres, where the performances began at daybreak and ended at sunset, but none were more entertaining than the one I witnessed at the House of Saruwaka Kanzaburo.

THE STING OF THE SERPENT.

Mrs. Estabrook sat alone in her boudoir, with an open letter before her, which she was not reading, but looking at with an expression of countenance that boded ill for the writer. A handsome woman in her youth, Mrs. Estabrook's beauty was of that queenly character that was perfected by maturity. There were few who could rival her, young or old, for absolute beauty; still fewer who could approach the gracious, winning manner that was one of her greatest charms in society. She aspired to no position of belle, having introduced to society her daughter, Coralie, and her niece, Annie Hartman, the previous Winter, and gracefully assumed the *rôle* of *chaperon* and matron.

Yet society persisted in its devotion, praising her face, her figure, her talents; but above all, her angelic sweetness of disposition. Her dearest friends, nay, her own child, had never heard a harsh word drop from her lips, and it would be impossible to describe the liquid sweetness of her voice, never raised above a melodious pitch.

Looking into her face as she read and re-read the letter lying before her, it was difficult to believe that it was the one ever wreathed in smiles, or gracious, winning sweetness. The low, broad forehead was drawn into a frown, dark and threatening, the large blue eyes glittered with a steely light, and the perfect mouth was firmly closed, as if to stay a torrent of angry words.

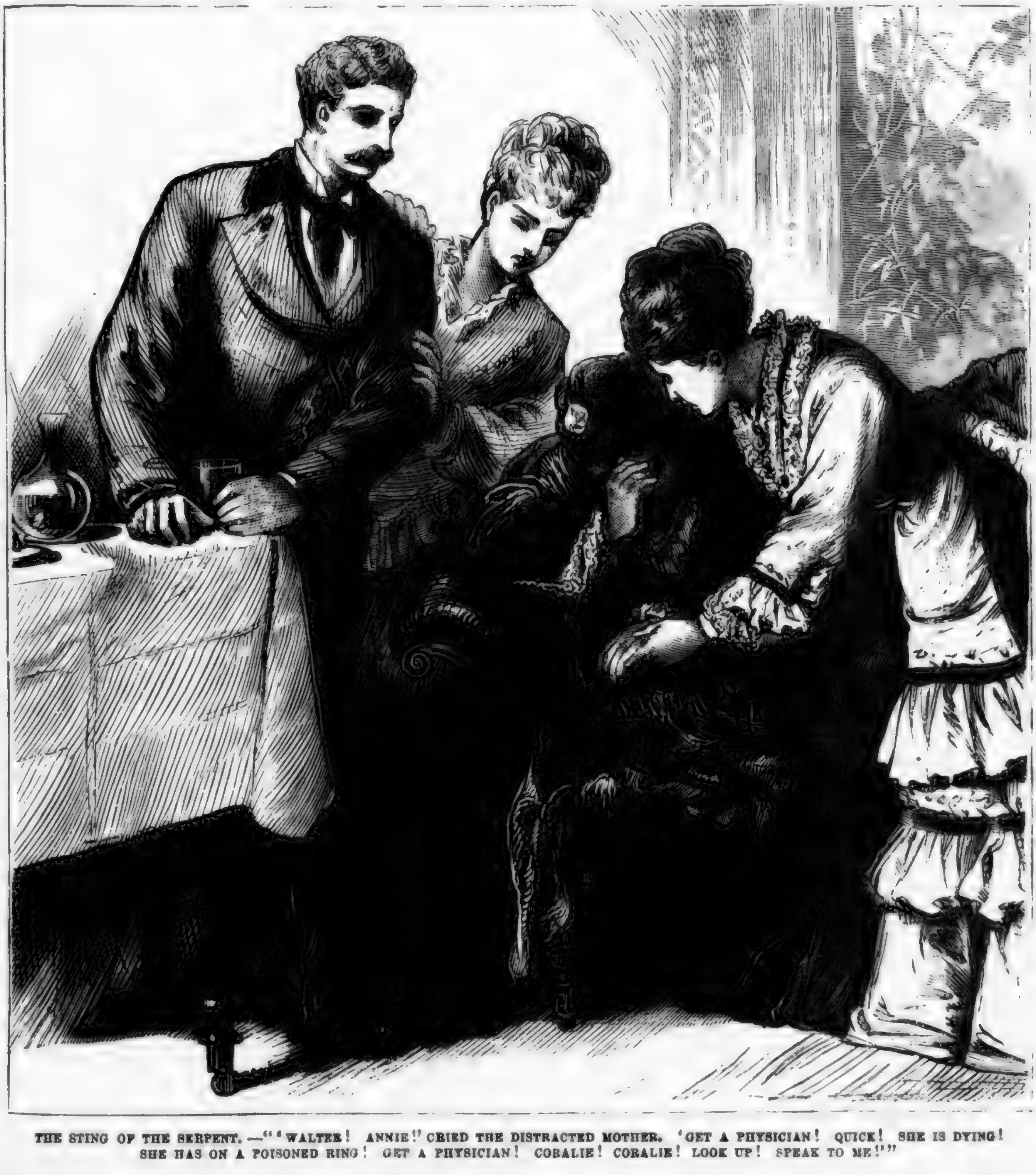
Suddenly she spoke, in a hissing whisper, that was more chilling to hear than the most violent outburst of rage.

"Would ask my permission to pay his addresses to Annie!—Annie! It is impossible. The man is mad. After passing three months at The Groves with Coralie, he wishes to marry Annie! I cannot believe it. It is insulting! How dare he slight my child, when he knows the wish of his father and hers to unite The Groves and Marshall Place by marriage! To dare to write this to me!" and she read, with cutting, sarcastic emphasis: "I am aware, my dear madame, that my deceased father and your husband had other views for Coralie and myself, and I hoped when I returned from Europe to fall in with those views. But I met your niece. I love her, and believe my love is returned. It would be therefore an insult to offer to your daughter a hand that did not imply also a loving heart. Will you permit me, then, to enter your family not as a son, but a nephew, and an affectionate cousin to dear Coralie.' "

There was more, much more, in the same strain ; the writer evidently felt the delicacy of his position, yet every line betokened manly truth, and an honor that could not brook an ignoble action.

Many mothers, reading this letter, would have thanked heaven for a daughter's escape from a mercenary marriage—for Coralie was an heiress, and Annie possessed only a very modest competency. But Blanche Estabrook was a woman who, having set her heart upon any scheme, could ill bear its failure. For years she had looked upon Walter Marshall as the future husband of Coralie. It had been discussed almost from the cradles of the children, and the mothers, dreading a brotherly and sisterly intimacy, had carefully kept the young people apart until Coralie was introduced to society, Walter having just previously returned from Europe. It seemed incredible even yet to the angry mother, quivering under the insult she felt this letter to be. The young heir of Marshall Place had paid Coralie every attention during the Winter, and accepted eagerly an invitation to The Groves for the Summer.

The mother had thought all her schemes prospering, when the letter brought an unexpected overthrow of all her plans. While she mused, her brow growing darker every moment, the door opened, and Coralie sauntered in. Quick as a lightning-flash every trace of anger left the mother's face, and she looked smilingly into the fair one before her. Allowing for difference of age, the younger



THE STING OF THE SERPENT.—" 'WALTER! ANNIE!' CRIED THE DISTRACTED MOTHER. 'GET A PHYSICIAN! QUICK! SHE IS DYING! SHE HAS ON A POISONED RING! GET A PHYSICIAN! CORALIE! CORALIE! LOOK UP! SPEAK TO ME!' "

face was a mask of the elder one. The same creamy complexion, regular features, large blue eyes, and masses of purple-black hair. The same tall, queenly figure, more matronly in the elder lady, yet well developed in her child. Only the smile in Coralie's eyes looked truer and brighter than her mother's ever looked; the tones of Coralie's voice were clearer and more heartfelt than her mother's melodious accents. What Blanche Estabrook *appeared*, Coralie *was*—sweet and gracious, pure, true and tender. Now, as she sauntered in, her white morning dress and scarlet ribbons suiting well her peculiar beauty, there was an amused light in her soft blue eyes, a smile upon her perfect mouth.

"Mamma," she said, "has Walter brought his love-tale to you? He has coaxed Nannie off for a stroll, and I most obligingly had a headache, and could not go."

"You know, then," said her mother, sweetly, "of this swain's desertion of your colors."

"Nay, mamma, he never wore them. Papas may plan, and children prove unwilling. I can never tax Walter with fickleness, for, at the first ball where we met him, he told me he had never seen more beautiful eyes than the soft brown ones of my cousin Annie. Later I patiently heard discourses on nut-brown tresses, fairy-like figures, soft, smiling lips, and so on, through the whole catalogue of charms, till last night he showed me an envelope directed to you, and told me his secret was sealed within. Dear little Nannie! I am glad she has so true a heart to rest upon. She would never shine in society, but I cannot imagine a more charming home-fairy."

"I am glad you feel no disappointment," was the reply. "Your father was very anxious to have the estates joined, and I am afraid I have spoken of the matter with too much confidence to you."

"Not at all. Be very sure, mamma, that I am quite heart-whole. To tell the truth, though Walter Marshall is a dear, good fellow, he is not the man of men for me. I want something higher, grander. A man who is more than other men in himself, not by right of possessing broad acres and large bank-accounts. A man——"

She ceased.

"Coralie," said her mother, noting a warm flush upon the pure round cheek, "have you met this ideal man?"

"I have dreamed of him," she answered, with a soft light in her large eyes. "May not all girls dream dreams, mamma? Mine are only for your ears."

"You dream of an artist, or a poet—a hero, perhaps?"

"Ah, mamma, who can define a dream so closely? But here come the lovers. I will leave you here to give them assurance of your approbation."

She flitted away, not noting the hard, cruel glitter in her mother's eyes.

"Must everything thwart me?" murmured Mrs. Estabrook. "She loves Clyde Gordon. A poet, forsooth!—penniless, and no birth to carry him upward. A waif from some hovel, who has crowded into society upon his book—his poems! How could I dream his great dreamy eyes and handsome face would work this mischief? I'll not bear it. Love or no love, Walter Marshall shall marry Coralie."

And she turned to greet the lovers with tender, gentle words of affectionate encouragement, earnestly thanking Walter for his honorable candor and disinterested love for the blushing girl she caressed so fondly.

It was strange, in defiance of all this caressing encouragement and loving tenderness, that as the days passed on there seemed a constraint, shadowy, undefined, between the young hearts that were so fond and loving.

Walter could not resent the fact, yet could not avoid feeling that Mrs. Estabrook viewed his engagement with a tender pity, as if she felt he had chosen an inferior mind to mate with his own.

She was far too politic to refer to pecuniary difference between the betrothed couple; but in a delicate way she would lament her niece's early disadvantages, and imply deficiencies too vaguely for them to be defended. The fact that Annie was fourteen when her parents died, and her mother's sister having given her a home, gave a groundwork for these insinuations of a deficient early training. To Annie the cloud came in a different form.

With the same cautious confidence, that was half reserve, half freedom, she was led to believe that Walter's marriage would be to him an irreparable injury. The story of the early plans of Mr. Marshall and Mr. Estabrook was confided to her, with a well-acted astonishment that she had not heard it. Under a tender, caressing manner she was led to feel herself a traitress in her aunt's household.

Mrs. Estabrook understood only too well the natures she was dealing with—the outspoken, frank honesty of Walter, the timid, gentle sweetness of his brown-eyed betrothed. She knew full well that Coralie's nature was far too noble to aid her in any underhand scheme, so she contented herself in bringing forward, in a guarded way, all the accomplishments of the brilliant beauty, where they would most strongly contrast with Annie's less showy attainments.

Matters were in this uncomfortable, unpromising state when a letter arrived that gave Annie Hartman a most unexpected claim to equality with the heiress of The Groves and Mr. Estabrook's large fortune.

Mrs. Estabrook was so far ignorant of the family of her sister's husband that she was obliged to ask her niece who was the uncle who, dying, had left her heiress to a large country-house and handsome income.

"I knew but little of my Uncle Willis," Annie replied; "I have never seen him, and certainly never expected to inherit his fortune. He was a bachelor uncle of my father's, who spent his life in collecting paintings, gems and curiosities, spending a large portion of his time abroad, selecting articles to add to his museum of treasures.

"I have heard my father speak often of the costly stones in his cabinet, of the choice works of art in his gallery, and the odd curiosities in his museum. It was a sort of promise that kept me good for many a year, that when I was a big girl I should go to Ferndale and see Uncle Willis and his pretty things. It seems impossible to realize that it is all mine now. Cannot we go up there, Aunt Blanche, all of us, and spend a day soon? It is only an hour each way by rail. Will you go?"

"With pleasure, dear! Apart from the fact that it is yours, your description makes me quite anxious to see the place. You know my love for fine paintings, statuary, and oddities of all kinds. Shall we say next Wednesday? Walter, you will escort us?"

Fairer day never shone than the October morning when the little party of four left the train at Cleveland, and took a carriage for Ferndale. The leaves were putting on their gorgeous Fall foliage, the air was cool but clear, the sun brilliant, and the sky cloudless. The drive was delightful, and the house, having been closed only a few days since the death of the former proprietor, was cheerful and pleasant. Two servants were found in the kitchen ready to answer all questions, and give up the keys of the closed rooms.

'I cannot feel great grief," Annie said, after a description of the sudden death of her great-uncle, "as I never saw him. Does it seem very heartless, Aunt Blanche, to go over the house?"

"Not at all, dear. Sooner or later you must examine the premises. Shall we go first to the room your servant says was built for the pictures and cabinets?"

"Just as you please."

The room was found to be a long, narrow addition to the main building, with three divisions. One, with a glass roof, was devoted to the splendid collections of paintings and statuary; a second was a perfect museum of curiosities, and a third, the smallest, contained cabinets of coins, metals, minerals and precious stones.

The young people were all absorbed in the contemplation of a hideous idol, when Mrs. Estabrook, opening a drawer in the cabinet of jewels, was attracted by a curious ring in a small open box. The design was peculiar—two serpents entwined, the heads meeting for the outstretched forked tongues to hold a large emerald. The workmanship was exquisite, every golden scale being a marvel of fine chasing. Wrapped around the box was a paper, upon which was written, in fine words:

> "The ring in this box I purchased while in Venice, as a specimen of a forgotten art—that of poisoning by pressure. The poison is contained in the forked tongues of the twisted serpents, and penetrates the skin as the ring is passed over the finger. I do not myself believe in the danger, but would warn those handling the gem against removing it from the box, as there is a possibility of the poison actually existing, as described. The gem is called
>
> 'The Sting of the Serpent,'
>
> and is said to have been made by order of one of the Borgias."

Slowly Blanche Estabrook read every word in the minute handwriting, while her eyes shone with a deadly, evil light.

"Once free of this baby-faced heiress," she said, in a whisper, "Walter would turn to Coralie. I am sure of it. Already, I think, he regrets his hasty choice."

Very deliberately she folded the paper, and put it in her pocket; then, placing the ring in a conspicuous place, she joined the young people in the curiosity-room.

"Shall I be taking a liberty, Annie," she said, in her usual soft tones, "if I see what the servants can give us for luncheon?"

"I have already spoken to them," Annie replied; "but if you will superintend them a little, it will be a real kindness."

"I will! Do look at the lovely jewels in the cabinet; I am afraid those diamonds made me forget the tenth commandment."

"Dear Aunt Blanche," Annie said, eagerly, "you may take your choice. Only allow me to have them set for you."

"Thank you, dear. We will examine them together, after luncheon. At present, I am most unromantically hungry."

She left the room as she spoke, and the two went to examine the jewels. At once, Coralie spied the emerald ring, and its exquisite beauty attracted her warm admiration.

"I do not fancy it," Annie said; "I have a horror of snakes, real or artistic."

"But see the tiny diamond eyes, the lovely chasing. I think its being so odd is one of its chief charms. Now and then," added Coralie, laughing, "horrors are charming, from their very novelty. One of my favorite bracelets is a snake."

"Will you not accept this, then, to match it? It is quite small enough for a lady's ring."

Coralie slipped it upon her finger, and, turning her white hand this way and that, admired the sparkle of the serpent-emerald and the beauty of the chasing.

"I must find something prettier for you," Annie said, "or it may prove ominous to give you a serpent. Come, choose some stones, and we will have them set in some other form."

Coralie kissed the sweet face upturned to her own.

"It would take more than a finger-ring to cast a cloud upon our love," she said, tenderly. "Walter, you should take some of these pearls for a bridal *parure.* Are they not lovely?"

So chatting, the minutes flew by, until a servant summoned the trio to luncheon.

Mrs. Estabrook gave one glance at Annie's hands, and shrugged her shoulders a little, thinking:

"She has not put it on. *I'll* manage that after luncheon."

But before the seats were taken, Coralie, reeling a little, sat down upon a sofa and leaned her head upon the arm.

"Do not mind me," she said, while a deathly whiteness gathered round her lips; "I am tired. Very tired," she continued, in a low, dreamy tone; "my hand and arm feel numb, and it is creeping, creeping. Mamma! Annie!"

Fainter and fainter the sweet voice grew.

With a sudden, appalling fear, Mrs. Estabrook sprang across the room, and raised the white hand buried in the folds of Coralie's dress.

It was there! The serpent's sting had penetrated to the life-castle of her own child. The dagger she had aimed at another's heart had pierced her own.

"Coralie! Coralie!" she cried. "Wake up! Say you are not dead!"

The voice, ringing in its despair, penetrated the fast numbing brain of the doomed girl.

"Let me rest," she murmured; "it is like heaven to lie here and sleep."

"Walter! Annie!" cried the distracted mother, "get a physician! Quick—she is dying! She has on a poisoned ring. Oh, how can I save her? Do not stay to question me! Get a physician! Coralie! Coralie! look up! Speak to me!"

But the cry was lost to the ears of the girl, sunk into death-warning stupor.

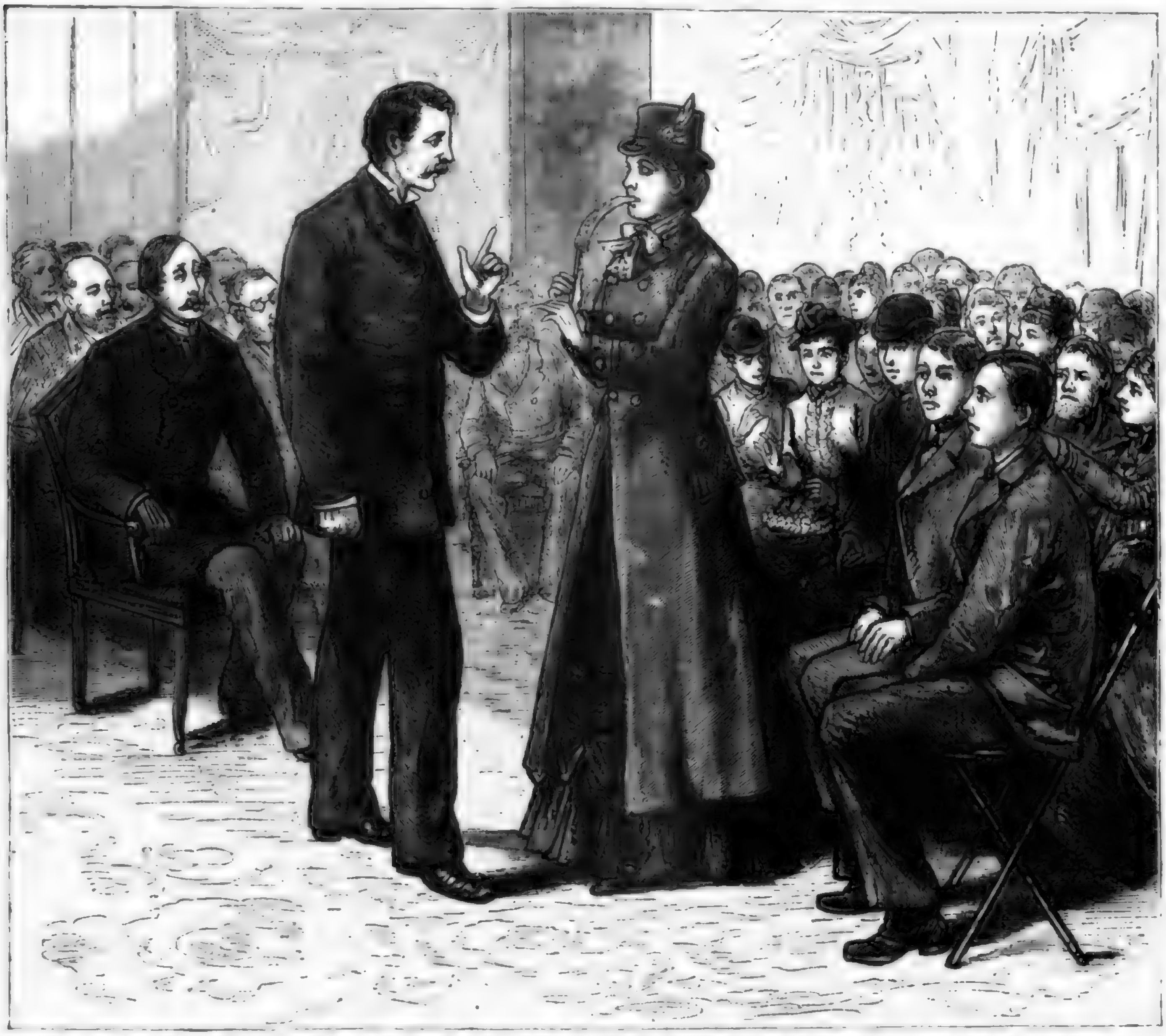
Walter had sped at the first call for a doctor, and Annie was busily helping her aunt to use restoratives and try to bring back life to the beautiful face, so pale and lovely in the deep sleep. The ring seemed to be nailed to the slender finger, it was so difficult to remove; and when it came off, two fine lines from the nail to the knuckle were traced in blood-red upon the waxen skin.

In vain the doctor tried every restorative, every remedy his skill suggested. The deep sleep lasted several hours, the respiration growing fainter and fainter, till every pulse was still, and Coralie lay dead in her mother's arms.

There was no mystery to be explained. In raving grief Blanche Estabrook told every iota of her fiendish plan, and the paper was found in her pocket, when, finally, unconsciousness followed her delirious revelations. For many days it seemed as if remorse and grief must cost her her life. Annie nursed her faithfully through an attack of brain fever, that left her with her health a wreck, her reason permanently unsettled.

Years later, when Annie was a happy wife and a proud mother, Blanche Estabrook, in a cell in a lunatic asylum, lived out her retribution, while Coralie slept in her early grave, the victim of the "Sting of the Serpent."

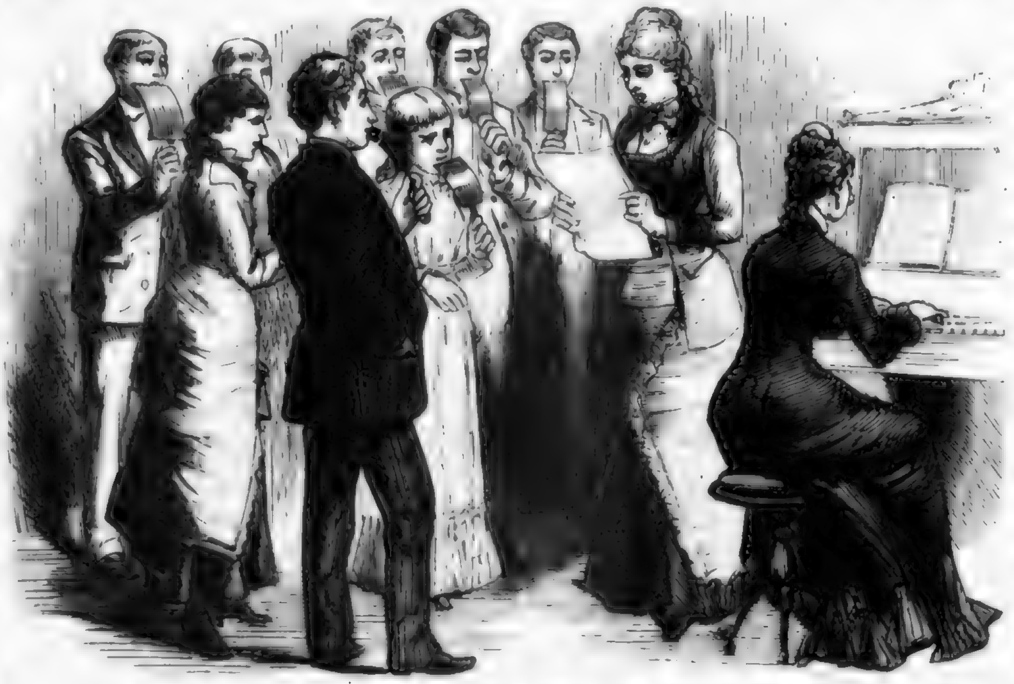
XUM



EXPERIMENTS WITH THE AUDIPHONE ON A CLASS OF DEAF MUTES—A YOUNG LADY HEARING CONVERSATION FOR THE FIRST TIME.

HEARING WITH THE TEETH.

MR. RICHARD G. RHODES, of Chicago, is the inventor of the audiphone, designed to enable the deaf to hear by means of the teeth. Mr. Rhodes describes it as consisting essentially of a diaphragm of hard rubber, somewhat similar to the diaphragm of the telephone, and of somewhat peculiar composition. This diaphragm is very thin and elastic, and cut in the form of a square, with rounded corners, so as to present a collecting surface of not far from one square foot. For purposes of convenient adjustment, it is furnished with a neat hard rubber handle, and in this form might readily be mistaken for a fan of the ordinary Japanese pattern. When in use the edges of the diaphragm are made to approximate toward each other by a silken cord, so as to present a convex surface to the speaker and a concave one to the listener. The cord may be fastened at any convenient convexity of the surface of the auditory disk. When thus adjusted, the upper edge is pressed



A CLASS HEARING, WITH THEIR TEETH, A VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

firmly against the interior edge of the upper teeth, and the deaf-mute is ready to listen.

Experiments on a class of deaf-mutes were recently conducted by Mr. Rhodes in person. The most satisfactory results obtained were those in which the congenitally deaf members of the class were the subjects of experiment, deafness from disease frequently involving loss of sensibility in the auditory nerve, rather than injury to the bony or membraneous structure concerned in hearing, and thus extinguishing the necessary basis of sensation. A young man who had been deaf from infancy heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation. His delight at the recovery of a lost sense affected every spectator.

A little girl who was born deaf indicated by signs and looks of surprise that she heard the sound of voices; but, having never before heard any sound, she did not know the meaning of the words.

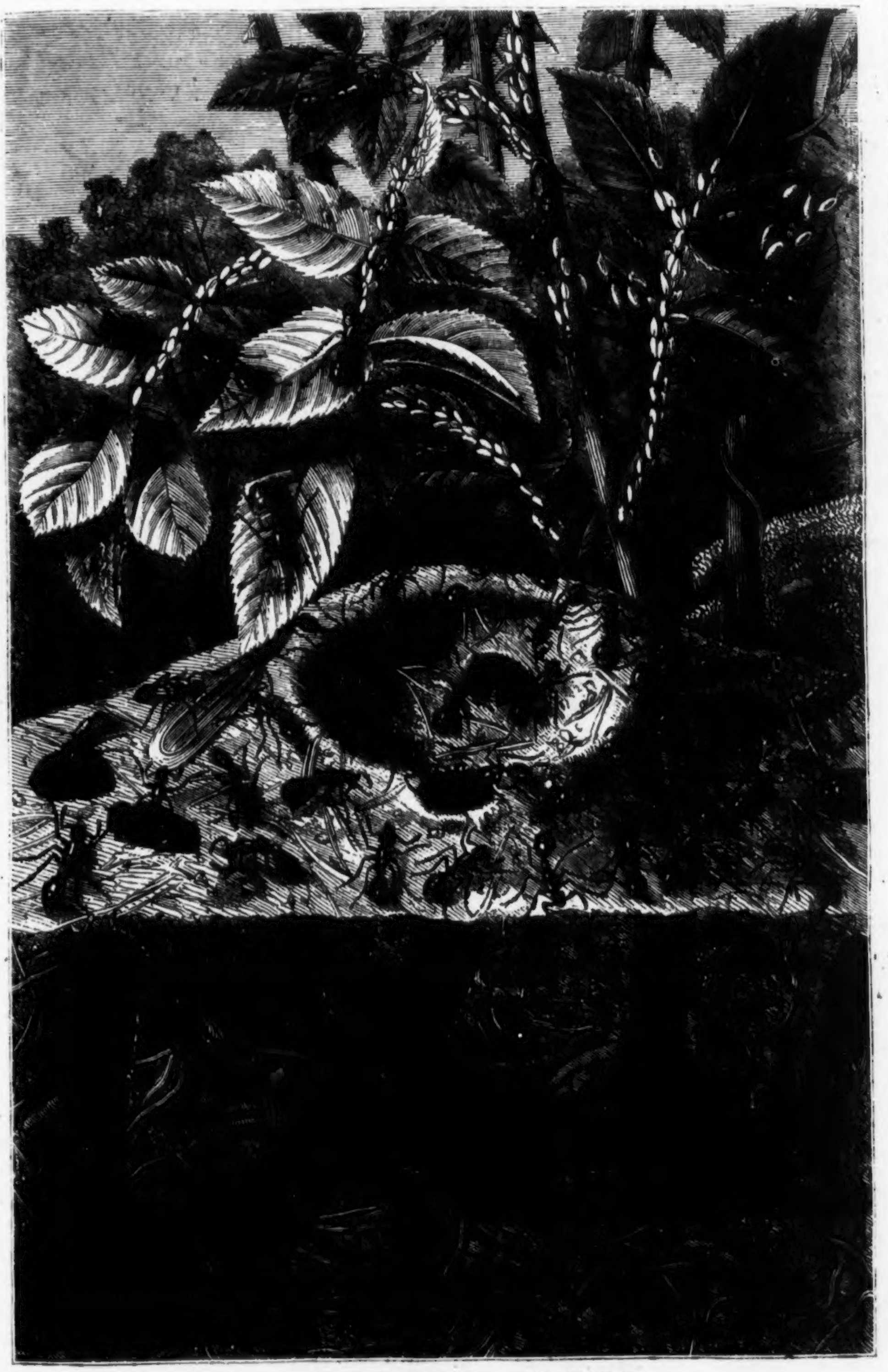
Instruments were placed in the hands of the entire class, and a lady sang, accompanied by an organ. At the sound of the first notes the faces of the mutes expressed great surprise, and when the voice of the singer rose and fell, and the harmony of the accompaniment blended with the voice, the pleasure of the mute listeners was manifested. Their faces lighted up and their hands were moved up and down as the pitch of the air rose and fell. Some of the mutes waved their hands with a peculiarly graceful movement to show that they could distinguish between the volume of the crescendo passages and that of the less loud portions.

The inventor—with Caswell, Hazard & Co.—claims that totally deaf persons may be made to hear ordinary conversation by the use of the audiphone, and that they may then be taught to speak.

ANTS AND THEIR WAYS—THE FARMER ANT.

Many curious and interesting stories have been told of the habits of ants of various countries, and travelers seem never to tire of describing the wonderful performances of these little creatures. They also inhabit all parts of the habitable globe, and naturalists have already described more than a thousand different species of ants, and many still remain unknown to the scientific world, and their story or history unrecorded. To the unscientific eye all ants look very much alike. Some are larger than others, to be sure, or they may differ somewhat in color; but they are merely ants to the ordinary observer, and, as such, scarcely worthy of notice, except, perhaps, for the purpose of finding some means of destroying them.

The ants of foreign countries, and especially those of Africa and South America, have received more attention from naturalists than those of our own country; and it is only quite recently that persons with a taste for studying the habits of such insects have devoted much time to our indigenous species; and this lately awakened interest is probably mainly due to the discovery, in Texas, of what has been very appropriately named "the Farmer Ant."



ANTS AND THEIR WAYS.—AN ANT-HILL.

This most interesting insect was first observed by the late Dr. G. Lincecum, of Long Point, Washington County, Texas, in 1848. After several years of acquaintance and study of its habits, Dr. Lincecum communicated his discovery to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and to friends in Europe, who soon made it public through the various scientific journals. His own very careful observations and statements in regard to the habits of this ant have been fully verified by more recent observers; consequently, there can be no question about the existence of this industrious little agriculturist, or the high degree of intelligence it displays in its operations; and very appropriately we may quote, as an introduction to its history, the proverb:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

"The Farmer Ant" is a large, brownish-colored species, and lives in what may be termed cities, but, like a thrifty farmer, plants grain, cultivates it, and, when ripe, gathers and stores it in regularly prepared granaries. In fact, it seems endowed with sufficient skill and ingenuity to meet all the various exigencies which it may have to encounter in its struggles through life.

The first community of these ants that Dr. Lincecum observed was situated in a nearly barren spot on the top of an elevation in the open prairie, where there was but little grass or weeds to interfere with their seed-collecting labors. The ant-rice is a grass known to botanists as *Aristida stricta*, which the ants carefully cultivate within an open space about their nests, cleared of all other weeds and plants. If a road passes near their cities they quickly avail themselves of it, thereby saving much trouble in clearing the ground.

In establishing a new city or nest, a single female starts out alone in Spring, flying until she finds a place to suit. Alighting, she commences to dig a hole; and after penetrating a short distance her wings are in the way, and so she deliberately comes to the surface and with her sharp mandibles cuts them off as useless appendages. She then continues her labors until the hole is five or six inches deep, and after making a small cell at the bottom the passage above is closed to prevent any intrusion upon her solitude. Here she remains quiet for nine or ten days, then tears away the obstructions in the passage and comes forth to procure food; and after procuring a good meal, returns and commences to lay eggs—twenty or more—these being carefully attended, and the young ants raised to maturity. These are all workers—no drones nor rivals in the way of queen-mothers among them.

The entrance to her kingdom is carefully concealed, and she never again appears in outside society, but remains at home, raising children and keeping them at work, for the next twelve to eighteen months, when, believing her family strong enough to make its way in the world, it throws off all disguise and commences to clear off and establish a farm. This is done by removing all the grass and weeds for a considerable space about their subterranean home, or city, for from this time forward a mound is commenced and raised to a height of one or two feet, in the centre of the farm.

This may be termed the home and granary of the entire community. All the cleared space about this home is planted with ant-rice, which is carefully tended, no weeds being allowed to grow among it, and when the crop is ripe the grain is gathered without threshing, the chaff being left until a more convenient time for its removal, and all carried into little cells in the mound prepared for its reception. After the entire crop is gathered the workers proceed to husk the grain, carrying the chaff not only out of the granary, but across the little farm, depositing it in heaps in the uncultivated land beyond.

If during heavy rains in Winter the granary is overflowed and the grain in it gets wet, it is all carried out the first warm clear day and spread out in the sun to dry, and then carried back early in the evening or before the dew begins to fall.

Dr. Lincecum states that on one occasion he found at least a gallon of the ant-rice spread out on a flat rock to dry, and being a little curious to see how the ants would manage to get so much back again, he returned in the evening to the nest, and was just in time to see the ants come out and carry it all back in five minutes.

The above is but a brief sketch of the history of the Farmer Ant of Texas, and strange and wonderful as it may seem, it is nevertheless true; and while much more might be added, especially the story of their loves and love-making, enough has been told to show the reader that even down among the ants and creeping things of this world there are useful lessons to be learned in economy, industry and government of families and communities, that are worthy of our careful attention.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Dephosphorizing Iron.—A short time ago we heard of a new process for ridding iron of the small quantities of phosphorus which impair its strength. This method of dephosphorizing has, we understand, rather disappointed expectations at home, when brought to trial, although it is said to be in operation at several European works. Other plans are proposed to effect the same end, both by American and foreign chemists, and probably the most successful of these is a process which is now being tried on a practical scale in South Wales, in conjunction with the Bessemer process of making steel. By this process the pig-iron is taken in a molten state direct from the blast-furnace, where it is reduced from the ore, to the Bessemer converter or crucible. Here it is subjected to a very high temperature, kept up by a powerful air-blast forced into the liquid metal. The iron is by this means purified from silicon, manganese and carbon; and the further process of Mr. Bull to extract the phosphorus consists in injecting a blast of steam into the mass. The steam being dissociated into its component elements, the oxygen combines with some of the iron to form a little rust, and the free hydrogen combines with the phosphorus to form phosphuretted hydrogen. In fine, it will be seen that Mr. Bull's process aims at completely purifying the iron by the joint agency of air and steam; and if as successful as is expected, it will give a great impetus to the iron trade of South Wales, for it will be possible by its means to convert Welsh ore into iron equal in quality to the best Swedish brand.

A Gas and Water Geyser.—As far back as 1833, a salt-well bored in the valley of the Ohio spouted up jets of water and gas, to a height of sometimes 100 feet, at intervals of ten or twelve hours; and, since then, a number of wells in the oil regions have kept throwing up volumes of water; but the most marvelous of these artificial geysers is that recently broached in the valley of the Wilson's Run, near the town of Kane, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. The Kane Geyser, as it is called, originates in a petroleum-well drilled in 1878 to a depth of 2,000 feet, but abandoned because no oil was found. Since then the hole has continued to eject a column of mingled water and gas every thirteen minutes, to heights varying from 100 to 150 feet. During the sinking of the well, veins of water were passed through down to a depth of 364 feet, and after that a vein of gas was pierced at 1,415 feet below the surface, so that the water flows into the well on the top of the gas, until the pressure of the confined gas causes an explosion, and it escapes from the orifice with great violence. The discharge lasts about a minute and a half. When the sunshine strikes the fine shower of water-spray and endues it with rainbows, or when the inflammable gas is fired at night, the spectacular effect is very beautiful.

Edible Ferns.—Most of the ferns found in our woods contain more or less starch, and when properly prepared are extremely palatable; so that we hear without surprise that an attempt has recently been made in France to popularize them as an article of food. The tender shoots of the common brake fern, when exposed above the soil to the air and sunlight, become exceedingly fleshy, white and tender. A famous French painter is known to pride himself on his fern omelettes; and the hill tribes of Japan live on fern all the year round. In Spring they eat the tender leaflets, and later in the season they eat the starch extracted from the roots.

Paper Sheathing for Ships.—Some time ago a vessel was undergoing repairs in the Portsmouth dry-dock, and it was then observed that no barnacles or seaweeds had adhered to her bottom at a place on which a piece of paper was found sticking fast. Further experiments in pursuance of this hint have ended in a patent being taken out for sheathing ships in paper. As the latter can be easily impregnated with poison, it may also be made to act as a guard against boring worms as well as ordinary fouling.

A large number of houses have a capital inlet for fresh air through the crevices between the upper and lower sashes of their windows; but these are usually made air-tight and useless by placing on them long, sausage-shaped sandbags. Mr. R. Le Neve Foster, F.C.S., strongly recommends householders to abolish the sandbags, and thus let the crevices serve a purpose for which they are so well adapted.

Variations of the Pendulum.—M. Dejean, of Paris, has been repeating some of the late Professor Foucault's experiments, and finds that for a pendulum suspended on what is scientifically called a universal joint, the plane of oscillation has a tendency to advance in a particular direction, which he describes as constituting the horizontal projection of the earth's trajectory—that is to say, the result of the movements to which the earth is subjected. He states that the pendulum, as soon as put in motion, rapidly assumes the line of that projection, following the impulse of terrestrial attraction, just as a weathercock obeys the action of the wind. Moreover, that projection on the visible horizon (namely, the table or slab on which the pendulum is suspended) undergoes horary variations with great regularity. Four times a day it passes through the meridian, and the hours of this passage change with the periods of the year.

A Cure for Catarrh.—A simple, and apparently very successful, remedy for chronic catarrh has been discovered in sea-water gargling. Prof. Mosler has treated numerous patients in this way, and records his experiences in a Berlin paper. Special rooms for gargling have been erected at some seaside places, where directions are given as to the mode of proceeding. One very necessary proviso is that the water should come in contact with the nasal cavity, but to those who can gargle this movement will not be attended with any inconvenience. A marked improvement in the malady will then quickly be perceived. We are not told that an artificial mixture of salt and water is likely to be effective. A few experiments, however, would soon establish the fact.

A Market for Useless Fungi.—There are several species of fungi supposed to be worthless, or even poisonous, which the Chinese consume in various ways; and New Zealand colonists export the fungus which grows on the decaying timber in their forests, and thereby make a considerable profit. Last year the value of the fungi exported amounted to £11,000, and this success may induce others to venture upon the exportation of the *Hirneola polytricha*, which resembles the "Jew's-ear" variety. The Chinese use these fungi as medicine to purify the blood; they are also used in soups. Great care must, however, be taken to discriminate between the poisonous and non-poisonous kinds.

New Therapeutic Agent.—A new method of treating cancerous growths, tumors, etc., consists in subjecting the parts to a stream of hot dry air. This is proposed, and has been successfully applied, by Dr. G. A. Keyworth. By means of a foot-bellows he caused air to pass through a glass vessel containing calcic chloride, then through a heated iron tube, and thence directed the hot dry air against the surface of a cancerous sore. The treatment was continued for an hour, the effect being to relieve the pain and cause the parts heated to shrink and dry up very considerably. It is believed that this new method will prove valuable when proper appliances are employed to maintain and direct the supply of the air.

In the *Bulletin* of the Paris Anthropological Society, M. J. Geoffroy gives a *résumé* of his great work on the knowledge and denominations of color, in which he attempts to controvert the views of Magnus and Geiger, and those of Mr. Gladstone, which ascribe color-blindness to Homer. On the grounds taken by these writers, he insists that we should be equally justified in asserting that Corneille, La Fontaine and others who happen not to mention in their works any one special color, must have been blind to it. He considers that the delight taken by savages in bright colors is a sufficient proof that the sense of color is not due to culture.

Gold composition for work intended to be bronzed, such as small machine-tools, bookwork, etc., is prepared by a mixture of chrome-yellow and varnish. The chrome is well ground with a muller into the varnish. This gives the bronze, especially the gold, a fuller tint than if rolled with the plain varnish only. It answers equally well for copper, citron or emerald bronze. To give silver bronze a deep appearance, the ordinary black ink may, according to the *Paper Trade Circular*, be used.

Soot-water for Roses.—It is stated that a rapid growth of thrifty rose-shoots may be promoted by the use of soot-water. The application has, at any rate, the advantage of costing nothing. Some soot is to be collected from a chimney or stove, put into an old pitcher, and then hot water is to be poured upon the contents. When cold, the "mixture" is to be used for watering the plants every few days.

The new diving-dress in practical use at the Polytechnic is likely to prove a valuable invention. By means of it a diver can remain four hours under water. Air is not supplied by a tube from above the surface, but is carried down in some way within the dress of the diver. How this is effected remains for the present a secret.

To clean nickel-plated brass or iron which has become coated with burned grease and dirt, without injuring the nickel surface, boil in strong solution of potash or soda, rinse in water, and rub first with moistened and then with dry rouge or chalk.

Prof. Sheldon assumes that 350,000,000 gallons of milk are annually made into cheese in England, and 550,000,000 gallons into butter. The quantity of the former product made is 126,000 tons, and of the latter, 89,285.

The earthquake in Switzerland on December 30th, 1879, is exciting great interest in scientific circles, and arrangements are being made for accurately measuring the duration of future shocks.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A stag is often obliged to run for deer life.

To what rhythm does a sawmill run? Log-a-rhythm.

When is a wolf most dangerous? When he feels sheepish.

How to acquire short-hand—fool round a cutting-machine.

The people who give tone to society seldom give anything else.

"Ah, me!" sighed a pawnbroker's wife, "what a loan-some life we lead!"

Hint for the Winter.—How to keep your rooms warm—keep your grates coal'd.

What word is there of five letters that by taking away two leaves but one? Stone.

Why do cats resemble a certain kind of politicians? Because they are so apt to be on the fence.

An old lady wants to know what good the new French cable is going to do those who don't understand French.

Plaintive.—Upon a modest gravestone in a cemetery appears the plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the cornet."

"Would you know this boy to be my son by his resemblance to me?" "Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

"Here," said a dentist to a victim, "is my reception-room, and that," pointing to an inner office containing a big chair, "is my drawing-room."

Smiles.—"John," said a patient wife to a dissipated husband, "I would rather you'd have one smile on your face than half-a-dozen in a tumbler."

For those about to marry: Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were ugly, and so handsome that you would marry her if she were poor.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked how he was. "Well," he said, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

The Weather.—Said a very good old man, "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all."

An artistic reflection found in a French paper: "A good art critic can be made out of a mediocre artist, just as out of bad wine an excellent article of vinegar can be manufactured."

Skating is very healthful exercise. It not only puts in play all the muscles of the legs and arms, but it creates bumps on the head for future phrenologists to feel of and report on.

Floating Debt.—One of the worst things that any concern can tie to to keep it above water in troublous times is a floating debt. The debt may float, but it's pretty sure to sink the debtor.

Advertising for a wife is as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. "Talk up" to the dear creatures, if you'd marry them. One half the world was born to marry the other half.

The Zulu lady wears her wedding-ring in her nose. A double purpose is thus served. It discourages promiscuous kissing, and she is in little danger of losing her ring—she always *nose* where it is.

Sagey.—Women somehow get over childish notions that men never outgrow. Some men celebrate every birthday as long as they live, while women quit doing so almost as soon as they grow up.

The Beautiful Snow.—There is something soft and tender in the fall of a single snowflake, but when it comes to crawling out in the morning and shoveling away a big drift, it's simply disgusting.

Their One Virtue.—There is one virtue possessed by the colored people of the "Dark Continent" which does not prevail among the whites. If you tell them a secret they are sure to keep dark about it.

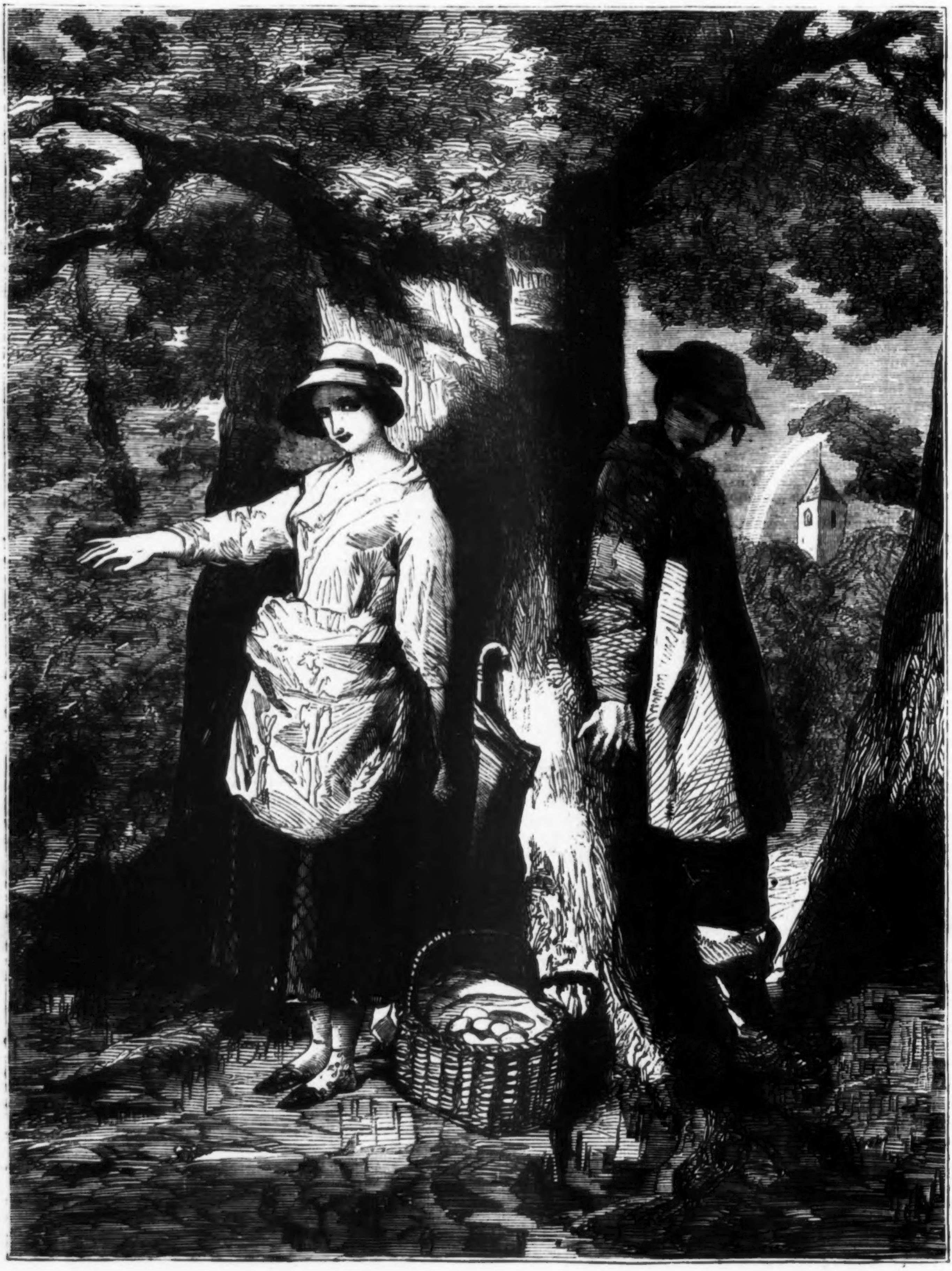
Man's Reign.—The first two years of a man's life he is generally master of the house. From that time onward it is a struggle, until by marriage he surrenders unconditionally, on the plea of "business cares."

Too Much "Yank."—A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying, in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

A Modern Fable.—A boy undertook to torture a wasp by touching a lighted match to its body. The wasp planted a burning sting in the boy's hand, and as it flew away gave him this bit of advice: "Never try to beat an expert at his own game."

"There is one thing about a kiss," said a gentleman to his wife, "that makes life very dear to us men." "Oh, I know what it is," was the reply; "it's a pretty pair of lips." "Yes, indeed, and the satisfaction a man has of knowing that the lady's mouth is tightly closed for a short time."

XUM



SPRINGTIME—AN APRIL SHOWER.